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H. R. H.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE
IN SOUTHERN INDIA

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE, K.G.

H. R. H.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE & AVONDALE IN SOUTHERN INDIA

BY

J. D. REES

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AUTHOR OF 'JOURNEY FROM KAZVEEN TO HAMADAN (EBCBATANA)' ETC.

WITH

A NARRATIVE OF ELEPHANT-CATCHING IN MYSORE

BY

G. P. SANDERSON

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF KEDDARS TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL
SUPERINTENDENT OF KEDDARS TO THE GOVERNMENT OF MYSORE
AUTHOR OF 'TWELVE YEARS AMONG THE WILD BEASTS OF INDIA' ETC.

WITH MAP, PORTRAITS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

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TO

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE

K.G.

PREFACE



THE following narrative is intended to form a record of the recent visit of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to Southern India, and particularly to give an account of his Royal Highness' visit to Hyderabad, and of his experiences when shooting in Mysore and Travancore. The fourth chapter is written entirely by Mr. SANDERSON, the Superintendent of Keddahs in Mysore, who conducted the elephant-catching operations. It is hoped that this portion of the little book, and that relating to sport in Travancore, may be of some use to sportsmen, who intend to shoot in India. I have, by permission of the editors of 'Macmillan's Magazine' and of the 'Asiatic Quarterly Review,' availed myself of articles I have written for those periodicals in treating of Mysore and Travancore, I have profited by extracts from the mine of information contained in Ball's new edition of 'Tavernier's Travels,' and I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. TALBOYS WHEELER, Mr. JAMES FERGUSSON, Mr. FARIDONJEE,

JAMSHEDJEE, Mr. WILLMOTT, and Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF for information extracted from their writings, and contributions to various Reviews. I have also made use, in some places, of 'Narratives of Tours in India,' written by myself, and have noticed, as fully as the nature of my subject allowed, the administration of the three great Native States of Hyderabad, Mysore and Travancore, besides endeavouring to give, by the way, some idea of the life of the people of Southern India.

J. D. REES.

OOTACAMUND : 1890.

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THE DUKE OF CLARENCE. AND AVONDALE
IN
SOUTHERN INDIA

CHAPTER I

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HYDERABAD

THE kingdom of the Nizam, commonly described as the premier Native State in India, was also the first honoured with a visit by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and Avondale during his tour in India in 1889. It covers an area of upwards of 98,000 square miles (including Berar), on which a population of nearly twelve millions is accommodated ; and its capital is the largest town in India, with the exception of the three Presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay—all of which, however, it greatly surpasses in interest, being the most truly Oriental city in India, and perhaps the only one in which the spectacle of Europeans and Asiatics meeting in friendly and unrestrained social intercourse may be witnessed.

His Highness the Nizam is a descendant of the lieutenant of the Great Mogul who in 1713 ruled over the south of India, and whose sub-lieutenants again ruled, under the title of Nawab or Deputy, extensive portions of the administrator's enormous satrapy. His title, being interpreted, means 'the administrator of the country,' and he is the only prince in whose

family the title of Nizam has become hereditary ; this designation having been continuously used since it was bestowed upon Chin Kulich Khan, a Turkoman chief, who held high office at the Imperial Court in the days of the Emperor Aurungzebe—a man of proud and haughty disposition who would not brook an insult, not even from the favourite of the mistress of the emperor, before whom the Mogul subjects trembled. After our wars with the French in Southern India were over, we found that the lieutenant of the emperor at Delhi had become an independent Mussulman prince ruling over a territory nearly 100,000 square miles in extent, and for the most part inhabited by Hindus. Originally, when he came down from the north, the Nizam had been a *primus inter pares*, and the commander-in-chief of the forces, and other great nobles from Upper India were possessed of vast estates, made over to them for the maintenance of their dignity, and still more for the support of troops for the defence and assistance of the Nizam. To this day, the descendants of these nobles occupy positions different to those of ordinary subjects. They raise the revenues in their estates, expend them at will, maintain troops, and enjoy most of the privileges of feudal barons. Such are the Nawab Sir Asman Jah, Minister of Hyderabad, and such was Nawab Munir-ul-Mulk, ‘the light of the State,’ the last surviving son of Sir Salar Jung, who, since his Royal Highness’s visit, has passed away in his early youth. Others of these great nobles are the Vicar-ul-Umrail and the Amir-i-Kabir, Nawab Sir Khurshed Jah, whose high title proclaims him ‘the equal of the sun in dignity’ and ‘the chief of the nobles.’ The Nawabs Khurshed Jah, Asman Jah, and Vicar-ul-Umrail all belong to the great Shums-ul-Umrail family—that is to say, the family of

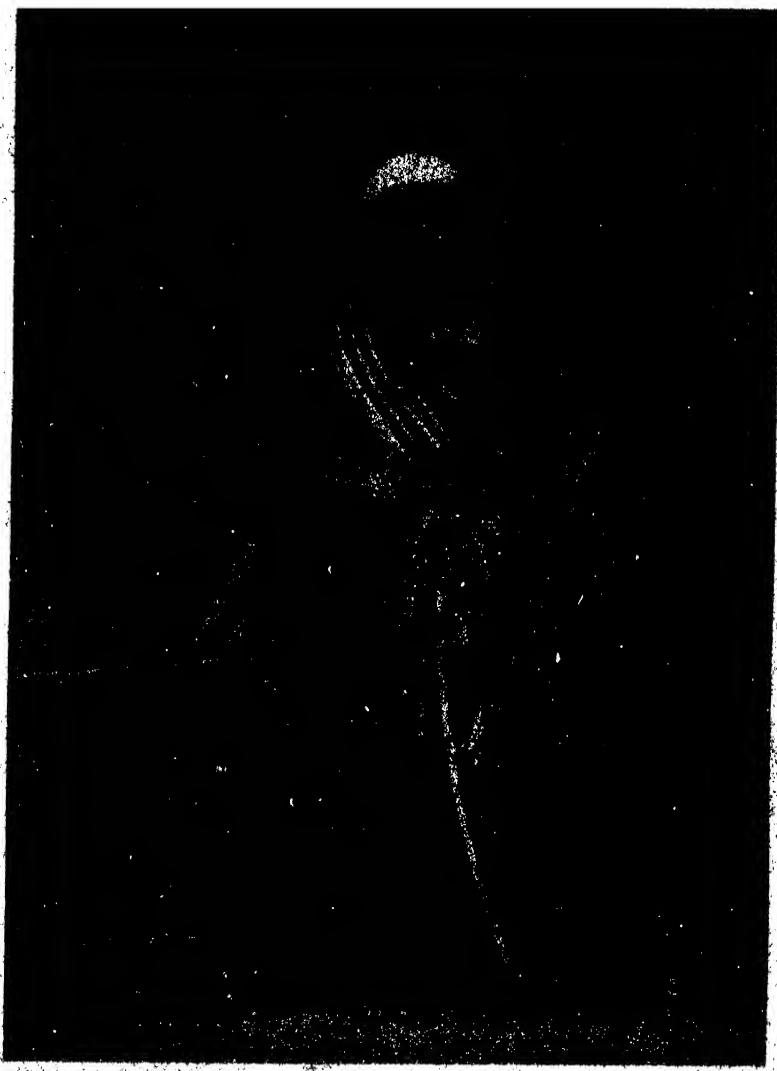


H. H. THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, G.C.S.I.

‘the sun of the nobles’—who wear the royal plume in their caps, and are related by marriage to the family of the late or present Nizam. Nawab Sir Asman Jah, as minister, naturally takes precedence of all other nobles in Hyderabad. His Excellency is a great-grandson of the second Nizam; and previously to his appointment as minister he had already for fourteen years occupied the high post of Minister of Justice, the salary of which, however, he declined to take. He lived on terms of the greatest intimacy and friendship with the great Sir Salar Jung, ‘the leader in war,’ whose duties he conducted, on more than one occasion, with skill and ability. The Nawab is not unknown in England, for he was deputed, on the occasion of her Majesty’s Jubilee, to represent the Government of Hyderabad, and in that year he was appointed to his present high office. To an extensive acquaintance with Persian and Arabic literature he has, in order to discharge more effectually his present duties, latterly added a good knowledge of English. His hospitality is as profuse as it is refined, and he is universally liked and respected by his own people, by the English at Hyderabad, and by his sovereign, to whose sister he is married.

In 1804, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, writing from Jaulna, said: ‘The Nizam’s territories are one complete chaos from the Godaveri to Hyderabad. The situation of the country is shocking; the people are starving in hundreds; and there is no government to afford the slightest relief.’ Up till 1853, when Sir Salar Jung took office, the country continued to be in a more or less chaotic state. Sir Lepel Griffin, in June 1889, delivered a lecture in London in which he drew, in his usual graphic manner, a somewhat dark picture of the maladministration of Native States in India.

One of the most distinguished officials of the Hyderabad State, Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, or 'the benefactor of the country,' has replied with much force in the pages of the 'Nineteenth Century' for October 1889, pointing out that half the country has been surveyed and settled upon terms favourable to the cultivator during the administration of Sir Salar Jung, and that similar measures are now being adopted in regard to the remainder. He further stated that the assessment paid by the occupier to Government was light, as was proved by the facility with which it was collected. Freely allowing that there was neither law nor justice prior to 1853, he has shown that a fair working judicial system has been introduced, that education has been greatly advanced, and that hospitals and dispensaries are spread over the country; while the revenue has advanced from 750,000*l.* a year to 3,250,000*l.* between 1853 and 1888. Those who have read authentic accounts—and such are easily procurable—of the condition of the country prior to 1853 cannot but allow that the improvements subsequently effected have been indescribable, however the administration of the Hyderabad of the present day may compare with that of other Native States, or with that of British India. Indeed, Sir Lepel, in his surrejoinder in the 'Asiatic Quarterly' for January 1890, disclaims any direct attack upon Hyderabad, and contents himself with throwing doubts upon the actual existence of the progress claimed in the Administration Reports of this and of other States. The present minister, Sir Asman Jah, has specially devoted himself to the improvement of the material condition of the masses of the people, to the inauguration of irrigation works, the extension of survey and settlement, and the amelioration of the condition of those classes who, in the



H.E. THE MINISTER OF HYDERABAD,
NAWAB SIR ASMAN JAH BAHADUR, K.C.S.I.

fabric of Hindu society, are born to hardship and degradation. The improvement of the administration of justice has naturally been a grateful task to an ex-minister of justice, while education and medical aid to the people have received their full share of attention. Lady doctors are being educated in Hyderabad and in England, in connection with the beneficent work of Lady Dufferin, which has nowhere received more firm or consistent support than in the Nizam's dominions. The most trusty and able lieutenants of the minister are Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, above referred to, and Nawab Moshtak Hussain, whose honesty of purpose and indomitable zeal have earned for him the well-deserved approval of the minister, and of the Nizam. I would conclude this digression by observing, that the State of Hyderabad is far the largest of the three in India whose rulers are entitled to salutes of twenty-one guns, the other two being Mysore and Baroda.

Landing at Bombay on November 9, 1889, the anniversary of the day on which the Prince of Wales landed in 1875, and after enjoying, as so many less distinguished travellers have, the kind and thoughtful hospitality of Lord and Lady Reay at Poona, his Royal Highness proceeded at once to Hyderabad, passing Sholapoor and Gulburga, celebrated in the novels of Meadows Taylor, whose active life was spent in this locality. The ruins of the latter town may be seen from the railway. It was the residence, in the fourteenth century, of a powerful Mussulman king, who was constantly at war with the neighbouring Hindu monarch, the picturesque remains of whose capital may be seen on the banks of the Tungabadhra at Hampi. In the character of Mahmud Shah, humour and ferocity were combined in an unusual degree. One day a

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA

band of dancing women pleased him so much by their performances that he gave them a draft on his royal neighbour by way of payment. His minister, thinking this a piece of pleasantry, kept back the draft, but next day was taken to task by his master, who said : ‘ Think you a word without meaning ever escapes my lips ? The order I gave you arose not from intoxication but from design.’ The chief musician presented the draft to the King of Vijayanagar; whereon war was at once declared, and the Mussulman king slew without quarter all the Hindus who fell into his power. The strife over, he said : ‘ Praise be to God that I have performed what I promised. I would not have a light word recorded of me in the pages of history.’ Then he died after having slain half a million of Hindus, and on his tomb were engraved the words, ‘ All is vanity.’ Presumably this was not the view of his life taken by the Hindus.

• His Royal Highness’s train entered the Nizam’s dominions at Kharabgaon, or ‘ bad or ruined village,’ probably so called from its want of water, and not to mark its condition, as compared with that of British villages across the frontier.

A recent writer—well known in the south of India—has given a long list of excellent reasons why British India should be preferred, as a place of residence, to a Native State. Having recently travelled myself from British India into Hyderabad, all these reasons had not occurred to me, but it is difficult not to speculate on the relative condition of the people in either case, when passing from her Majesty’s dominions to those of protected Native princes. Officials who have spent years on the frontiers of Native States, must have noticed that it does not occur habitually to the inhabitants on

either side to compare the conditions of British and Native rule, and that migrations from one to another are not very frequent. In fact, the physical conditions of the country must, in a great measure, determine the difference, and the cultivator is not always more highly taxed in Native than in British territory, while he escapes what he cordially detests, the imposition of all taxes devoted to sanitation, all sanitary measures themselves, and the different services of local government. There is, however, one great and all-important difference. It is this. The British Government spends a greater proportion of its revenue in developing the material resources of its districts, in making roads and railways, and in extending irrigation works.

This is a subject which cannot be disposed of in a few hasty words. I do not propose to discuss it here; but to show how many good features there are in Native Governments, when once their position is assured by the protection of the British power, I cannot refrain from quoting a few remarks by one of the most distinguished statesman in India, and one of the firmest friends of British and of Native rule. Raja Sir T. Madava Row, successively minister of Travancore, Indore, and Baroda, mentions, among the good traits of native government which had been ignored by Sir Lepel Griffin, in his recent lectures on the subject, the following:

The revenues are chiefly spent in the country itself.

Taxation and salaries are less liable to reduction, and the latter in the case of higher officials are more liberal.

Taxes are levied with less rigorous exactitude, and remissions are granted with more freedom.

Speaking generally, there is more elasticity and less cast-iron adherence to rule.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA

There is less litigation ; and personal representation to the authorities is more easy.

The worry of the departments is less acute owing to greater centralisation, while subjects of Native States are exempt from the detested income-tax.

Differences of rank and position among the Natives are better understood, and more carefully observed.

The reign of law is less accentuated.

Education is more native in character, and the temples of the gods are managed more to the satisfaction of the people. In fact, the government, though less scientific, is capable of producing more of that repose and quiet content so congenial to the native mind.

Sir Madava concludes his very interesting enumeration by saying that it would be a sad day for India were the Native States to disappear, and the whole country be levelled under the pressure of British rule—a result similar to which, he says, Gibbon deplored, in the case of the Roman Empire, with which the writers of the present day are apt to compare the British Empire in India.

Closely connected with this subject is that of the wealth or poverty of India in the present day, as compared with that of India in the past. In Hyderabad, the country has improved within the last forty years, as one of the British Residents observed, as much as England has in the period which has elapsed since the days of the Stuarts. I have quoted elsewhere what the Duke of Wellington said in 1804 about the chaotic state of the country, and have remarked that it was probably little better up till so late a date as 1853, when the great Sir Salar Jung began his career of reform. In 1884 Sir Oliver St. John,¹ who has had much experience as Resident in many

¹ Since the above was written, Sir Oliver St. John died at Quetta, where he was performing the duties of Sir Robert Sandeman, the Warden of the North-

Native States, recorded his opinion, that Hyderabad was one of the best administered. Meanwhile, in British India the trade of the country has increased in fifty years by upwards of 500 per cent., the revenue has more than trebled itself, chiefly by greater returns from land and taxation, the prices of agricultural produce have doubled, seven millions of acres of land have been brought under irrigation at a cost of twenty millions of pounds, and upwards of 15,000 miles of railway have been constructed, and a corresponding improvement made in communications by road and canal. The population for the same period has increased by about 35 per cent., and, in Madras at any rate, the area under occupation has increased by 50 per cent., while the assessment or Government rate upon the land has decreased by 25 per cent., and land has everywhere become saleable, and in many districts cannot be obtained without competition. The people are obviously better clad, and occupy better houses than in former days. All travellers testify to this fact. The rise in wages has been very great, the number of tiled houses and of head of cattle has vastly increased. There are fewer rich natives in the south of India than there were before, but wealth is much more generally and equally diffused amongst the population. With increasing prosperity, the standard of comfort has appreciably risen, and this may account to a great extent for the cry that the people of India are becoming poorer—a position which cannot be maintained for a moment, transparent fallacies and special

West Marches of our Indian Empire. His death was, humanly speaking, in no small degree due to a journey made in the heat of June, from Mysore, across the burning plains of Sind, to the cold and rarefied heights of Quetta—a change the severity of which can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it.

pleadings apart. Most of the cultivators of the south of India are undoubtedly poor, but they are not so poor as they were.

A recent writer has stated that the condition of the masses in this country is extremely miserable as compared with that of the people in Turkey, Persia, Japan and China. . He does not say whether he has visited those countries, and I can only say that, after having done so, and after having paid particular attention to this subject, I am of an opposite opinion. No useful purpose can be served by comparing the average amount of income and the average amount of taxes paid per head of the population in Europe and in India; and no trustworthy statistics are, I think, available to allow of any such comparison in regard to the different countries of Asia. The one thing we do know is that previous governments in India took from 35 to 50 per cent. of the gross produce from the cultivator, while we take from 10 to 25 per cent., and hold ourselves obliged to make returns in many respects of which our predecessors never thought. It is no doubt true that about a quarter of the revenues actually raised in the country finds its way to England for the purpose of paying home charges; but it is probable that there would be no surplus revenue at all, but for the existence of the English army, and but for the protection of England. As Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has said: ‘This so-called Indian tribute is the price which India pays for English services and English capital, the two things without which she could not have obtained any one of the benefits she now enjoys, saving that of her soil and climate.’ Meanwhile, it is doubtless true that the importation of English piece-goods, yarn, cutlery, iron, brass and copper, has ruined and is ruining the business of a

large number of Native traders and artisans, for whom, however, British capital provides in plantations, mills, railways, &c., other useful, if less interesting and ornamental, occupations.

Whatever be the conclusion at which his Royal Highness or less distinguished travellers may arrive on such subjects as these, there is one respect in which British India certainly does not surpass the India of the Rajas, and that is, in hospitality and in brilliant receptions.

During a recent visit to Hyderabad, I ventured to bestow, for a second title on that city, the name of 'Dar-ul-Ziyafat,' the city of hospitable entertainments. Many of the great cities of the East have a second title, which, in correspondence and in conversation, is habitually used. For instance, it would be somewhat disrespectful to speak of the ancient and royal city of Isfahan without adding its other equally well-known name of Nisf-i-Jahan or 'half of the world'; nor would it be quite polite in speaking of the city of Teheran—the capital of our late Imperial guest the Shah of Persia—not to describe it as 'the footstool of royalty'—that is to say, the capital of the empire. The *raison d'être* of these descriptive titles is not more obvious than that of the name now suggested for the capital of the kingdom of the Nizam; which, it is said, is likely to stick to it. Nawab Sir Asman Jah, whose title of Bushir-ud-Dowlah, or 'giver of glad tidings to the State,' was, on his elevation to the post of minister, raised to that of 'equal of the sky,' proceeded to Bombay to be present when his Royal Highness landed. This meeting of distinguished visitors is reduced to a science in Hyderabad, and there is one Nawab, whose title is 'the full moon of the State'—how this recalls the Arabian Nights!—

who is the incumbent of an appointment the duties of which consist in meeting his Highness the Nizam's guests.

On the morning of November 15 the Prince reached Hyderabad, where his Highness the Nizam, accompanied by his private secretary and aide-de-camp, awaited his Royal Highness's arrival, together with the Resident, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, the staff of the Residency, the officers of the 7th Hussars, and the nobles of the city. His Highness's aide-de-camp is called Nawab Afsar Jung—that is to say, 'the crown of war.' He is an honorary major in the British army, a brigadier-general in the Nizam's army, one of the best riders, pig-stickers and tent-peggers in India, the friend and ex-aide-de-camp of Sir Frederick Roberts, a born courtier, a keen soldier, and a finished gentleman—one of the best specimens of the Hyderabad noble, and, happily, by no means the only one of his class. There were also present Generals East and Stewart, the great Nawabs mentioned above, Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, or the Benefactor, and Mr. Faridonjee Jamshedjee, private secretary to the minister, a Parsee gentleman of great abilities, who will be remembered as a special providence by every visitor to Hyderabad. I never see a Parsee name but I regret the presence of its Hindu affix, all honorific though its meaning be. The money-making Zoroastrian first settled about Guzerat, once the greatest trading centre in India, and the Gujarati called him 'jee,' or sir, and the affix stuck to all his names. But think how such an ordinary title of respect degrades such extraordinarily glorious names as those, for instance, of the emperors Faridon and Jamshid. Take Mr. Faridonjee's names, and those of Cæsar Augustus are only of equal dignity.

The climate of the Deccan plateau in November is delightful. In the morning, a great-coat is by no means superfluous: the grassy uplands are white with hoar-frost, and the road rings under your horse's feet. Nevertheless, it is hot in the day, and the Prince received ocular demonstration of the fact that an Indian sun is not to be trifled with, when a trooper of the escort furnished by the 7th Hussars received a *coup de soleil*, while waiting outside the station for his Royal Highness's arrival. Colonel the Hon. Neville Lyttelton, of Lord Reay's, and Captain Herbert, of the Duke of Connaught's, staff, had accompanied his Royal Highness to the frontier, and Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, Captains Holford, Harvey and Edwards, and Dr. Jones came on to Hyderabad. Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, and Captain and Mrs. Greville, also accompanied the party, which on the way had dined, slept and breakfasted in the luxurious railway saloons of his Highness the Nizam, which no Pullman car, or any other kind of *wagon lit*, can equal. One would think that once upon a time in Hyderabad the dragon's teeth had been sown, for at every large station the platform was lined with troops, generally the levies of one or another of the great nobles of the State. The very distinguished career of Sir Edward Bradford, who was in charge of the Prince's party, was lately described in terms of warm, but not undeserved, eulogy by the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, when unveiling his statue at Jeypore. His success in his present post of difficulty is confidently predicted by his many friends in India who know his character, as remarkable for strength as it is for courtesy and conciliation.

His Royal Highness and party stayed in the palace of the minister, called after his former title 'Bushir Bagh,' or the •

Bushir Garden, a villa in the Italian style standing in extensive grounds. The palace is furnished, as are most of those at Hyderabad, in the English, or rather in the French, fashion. Chairs of imitation crystal covered with brocaded silk invite the traveller to rest, photographs of distinguished visitors remind him of the lapse of time since each in turn paid that cold-weather visit which was the event of a Hyderabad winter, and innumerable musical boxes testify to the existence of a taste for ready-made music.

The roads from the station to the palace were lined with troops, Hindu and Mussulman, Abyssinian and Arab, reformed and unreformed—a varied and most interesting spectacle. Immediately after his Royal Highness arrived, the Nizam paid his visit, which in the afternoon of the same day was returned.

Since the Nizam—then eighteen years of age—was installed in 1884 by Lord Ripon, then Viceroy of India, the public have known but little of his private or public life. An air of mystery, an attitude of reserve, almost necessarily surround an Eastern potentate. The Emperor of China is ‘the son of heaven.’ He lives within the innermost wall of the forbidden city, in the centre of the second of the triple inclosures of Peking, and, when he goes abroad, all eyes are averted from his face, and all his lieges are ordered to keep their houses under pain of punishment. In Japan, the Mikado till lately was unseen of his subjects. King Theebaw, sometime lord of the white elephants and King of Burmah, when he sat upon the throne of Ava, had been immured in the palace and saw and knew nothing of his people. His Highness the Nizam, however, is no purdah prince. He is an expert whip, a keen sportsman and a good shot; and if he does not wear his heart

upon his sleeve, he does not grudge his people the sight of his face, which, the proverb says, should give them grace ; while those who have the privilege of his personal acquaintance speak highly of his capacity for public business.

The friendly attitude of the Nizam's dynasty towards the British in India is a matter of history ; and his Highness the present Nizam has certainly in no respect fallen short of the traditions of his House. In 1885, he offered the Government the services of his troops for employment in Egypt ; and he permitted two regiments of contingent cavalry to join in the Burmese campaign. In 1887 he offered a contribution of 200,000*l.* annually, for three years, to be devoted to the exclusive purpose of Indian frontier defence. The London 'Times,' commenting upon this offer, assured his Highness that his generous friendship would wake a responsive feeling in the breasts of the British people, not merely for the noble proportion of his contribution, but also for the loyal feelings which inspired him to place on unmistakable record before the world the unanimity of opinion in India on the subjects of English rule and Russian aggression. Lord Dufferin, in replying to the Nizam's letter making this munificent offer, said that it was a convincing proof of his Highness's statesmanlike capacity, as well as of his generosity, that he should have been the first among the Princes of India to recognise the principle that Native States are as much interested as the rest of the Indian population in assisting the Government to take whatever measures may be necessary to preserve the borders of the Empire from any dangers which may arise from external complications.

I was present in February 1884 when his Highness was installed by Lord Ripon, and when the late Sir Salar Jung,

then a young man of twenty-three years of age, was appointed minister. Sir Salar Jung's brief life closed in 1889, and Nawab Bushir-ud-Dowlah was appointed in his stead. Of the many distinguished persons present in the durbar hall on the occasion of the installation, the British Resident, Mr. Cordery, well remembered for his great abilities and kindness of heart, has left Hyderabad ; the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, has long since gone home ; the then Governor of Madras, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, has also left India ; but Sir Mortimer Durand, who read the Persian translation of the Viceroy's speech to the young Nizam, still, to its great advantage, presides over the Foreign Office.

I may be allowed to quote, from the graceful pen of Lady Grant-Duff, a description of the Nizam on that occasion, which is equally applicable to his Highness now. 'He is below the middle height and slightly made, with handsome, regular features, more European than Native in character. He wears whiskers and a moustache, and his hair is somewhat longer than is the fashion among young Englishmen. He wears a black coat like an undress uniform, a gold belt with a diamond clasp, and magnificent diamonds on his cap.'

On the occasion of the visits to the Prince and the Nizam, the escort of his Royal Highness was furnished by the 7th Hussars, which distinguished regiment has contributed not a little to the resuscitation of polo in the south, where, as Captain Younghusband recently remarked in his book on the subject, it has not hitherto flourished as it has in Northern India. The police arrangements were made by Nawab Akbar Jung, C.S.I., a gentleman whose romantic and eventful life deserves more than a passing notice. Born at Aurangabad in 1840, he

volunteered his services during the Mutiny in 1857, and was present at all the engagements of Central India, in which he was thrice severely wounded. At the conclusion of the campaign he took part in the operations against Tantia Topee, and in 1860 resigned his commission in order to travel through Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and Arabia. He again temporarily entered our service in 1868, and proceeded to Abyssinia, on the intelligence branch of the staff of Lord Napier, by whom he was employed on a mission south of Magdala, in order to prevent King Theodore's escape. When the king lost his life, and the war was over, Akbar Jung was thanked by the general for his services, and made a Companion of the Star of India by the British Government. Two years later he again served the English as honorary native secretary to Sir Douglas Forsyth on his mission to Yarkand, and again he was thanked by the Indian Government. On his return to Hyderabad, he was appointed Kotwal, or Commissioner of Police, an office in which he has, as might have been expected from his previous record, highly distinguished himself.

A propos of King Theodore and his tragic end, it may be permissible to say a few words about his son, Prince Alamayu, of whom little, probably, is known by the public. He was placed by the English Government in charge of the Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake, successively Head Master of Cheltenham College and of Rugby. I remember him at school : a slim boy with bright black eyes, and an intelligent and attractive face, of the less pronounced African type. He learned to speak English well, and was a very good runner. His victory in a race at the annual school sports was a very popular one, and he was much liked by Dr. Jex-Blake, and by all his schoolfellows.

During the holidays he was sent to see the Queen, and when he came back to school he was naturally a great authority on her Majesty and the Court. He said the Queen was very kind to him, and no doubt her Majesty, like his schoolfellows, was grieved at his early death. He took very kindly to civilisation, and the greatest offence against its laws and customs which, "as far as I know, the poor boy ever committed consisted in roasting chestnuts at the dining-room fire, and wiping his hands on the painted walls.

Nothing better illustrates the general character of a community than the characters of its most representative members. In these pages, too brief a notice has been given to the bold cavalier Nawab Afsar Jung, the man of many troubles and much experience the Arab Nawab Akbar Jung, the polished and accomplished Parsee Mr. Faridonjee Jamshedjee; but our picture gallery would be very incomplete without some notice of Mr. Ali Abdoola, one of the most sporting members of a sporting community, one of the greatest up-holders of the turf in Southern and Western India, and perhaps the best judge of an Arab horse in the country. This gentleman, who holds the responsible post of Superintendent of Studs in the dominions of the Nizam, is an Arab sprung from the Prophet's own tribe of the Kuraish, and from a family settled near Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, famous for its pearl-fisheries, where his grandfather carried on a petty warfare and desultory conflict with the Persians on the other side of the Gulf. In consequence of these troubles, the father went on a visit to India, and only took with him a horse or two, which, however, carried all before them. Pleased with his success, he returned to Arabia, brought more horses over, and finally became domi-

celled in India. After a long and successful record, extending over forty-two years, he was gathered to his fathers, and his son Ali commenced to ride in races in his stead when he was seventeen years old. When the Mutiny stopped horse-racing for a time, Ali Abdoola enlisted in the Madras Volunteer Guards, but, seeing no chance of active service, accepted an offer made by Lord Harris, then Governor of Madras, to go to Persia and Arabia and procure horses for Government. At the age of nineteen he bought 2,000 horses, of which the Government took 1,200 and Ali retained 800, on which he lost heavily. He entirely declined, however, to go through the Bankruptcy Court, as being unworthy of a descendant of the Prophet. His independent and adventurous character now attracted the notice of the first Sir Salar Jung, who offered him the command of a cavalry regiment, which he accepted. He brought this regiment to such a state of efficiency that Sir Hope Grant, when inspecting it, said he never saw a regiment in better order, or one more uniformly mounted, in India. He next married an English lady, remaining himself, of course, a Mussulman; whereupon a fanatic of his own persuasion endeavoured to assassinate him, fortunately without success. Not, by the way, that he broke the law in contracting this marriage, for a Mussulman may marry 'people of the Book,' or believers in the Bible, Christians and Jews. He has continued to run and ride horses almost uninterruptedly from 1855 up to the present time, when he possesses one of the best studs in Southern India. His career on the turf has been from first to last a thoroughly straight one, and he sticks to the sport, though, as he says, but for it he would have been a rich man. He always backs his own horses, as his father did before him; and though he

often has two or three running in a race, they are all ridden out regardless of any declaration to win. It is needless to remark that he is a great friend of all the European sportsmen in the country, and always ready to buy Arab ponies by the dozen for any friend of his who asks his advice in selection.

There is probably no place in the world where ceremonial functions are made so interesting and picturesque as at Hyderabad. Founded in 1589 by the Mussulman King of Golconda, the city was named Baghnagar, after one of his Hindu mistresses—a name which is still frequently used by the Hindus. In 1656, the Emperor Aurungzebe commenced to interfere in Hyderabad politics, and from that date to 1686, when the kingdom of Golconda was finally conquered, the capital of the Deccan was the scene of constant warlike and political contests between the hitherto independent king and the encroaching Mogul, whose lieutenant, the first Nizam, subsequently founded the independent kingdom of the Deccan. In 1683 the Mogul general sacked Hyderabad, the inhabitants of which fled to the fort of Golconda. Native historians give a graphic account of the loot of the city. They tell us that priceless carpets, which were too heavy to carry, were cut to pieces by the swords and daggers of the invaders, who struggled for every fragment. The French traveller Tavernier, who visited Hyderabad in 1652, before the subversion of the Golconda kingdom by the Mogul, gives an interesting description of the visit of a Dutch surgeon to the king. He was led into a chamber by three eunuchs and four old women, who carried him into the bath, and, after they had undressed him, washed him, especially his hands. Then they anointed him with aromatic drugs, and, instead of his own European

clothes, they brought him a robe according to the fashion of the country. After that they brought him to the king; near whom he found four little porringers of gold, which the physicians who were present had weighed. Then he 'let the king blood under the tongue in four places,' and performed his business so well that when the blood came to be weighed, it proved to be the exact amount which filled the porringers, the amount which the king's physicians had ordered to be drawn. The young queen and the queen-mother, understanding what had been done, were resolved to be let blood too, more out of curiosity to see the chirurgeon than out of necessity, for he was a handsome young man. He was accordingly again stripped by old women and washed, more especially his hands, which when dry were rubbed with sweet oil, after which a curtain was drawn, and the queen stretched out her arm through the hole, and was let blood. The Dutch doctor, M. de Lan, possessed great influence in the court of Golconda. In the West we hardly appreciate the position of the medical adviser of the king at an Asiatic court. When the Shah first came to England he asked the Queen to knight the doctor of the legation, Sir Joseph Dickson, who was a powerful personage in the Persian court, as now is Dr. Tholosan, the Shah's private physician, who accompanied his Majesty to England last year. Tavernier describes at length the streets of Hyderabad, the Char Minar, and the palaces, which do not appear to have differed materially from those of the present day.

The drive from Bushir Bagh, where his Royal Highness lodged, to the city, where the visit to his Highness the Nizam was paid, is one long triumphal progress. The native cavalry,

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA

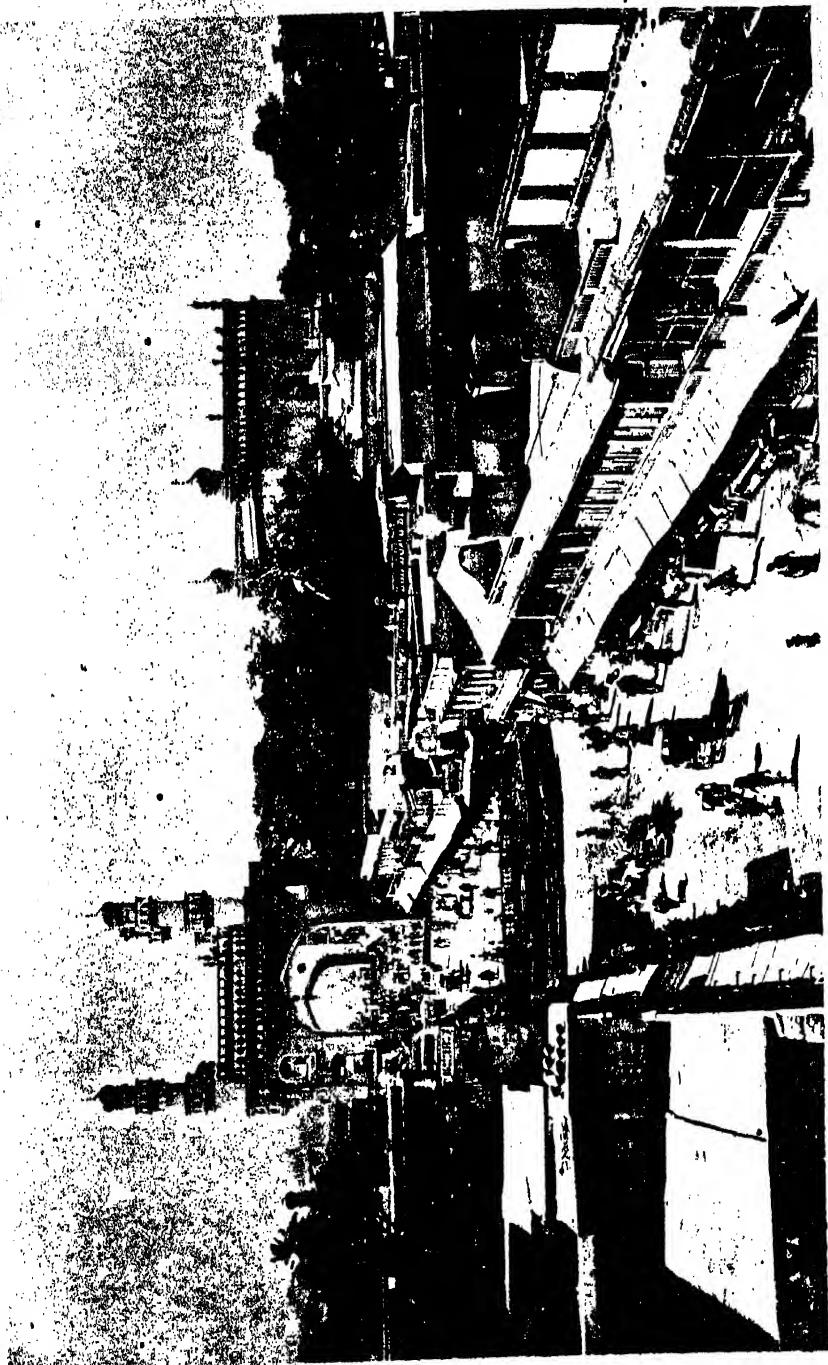
with their picturesque uniforms, bright lances, and fluttering lance-flags, form an admirable contrast to the unvarying smart uniformity of the English Hussars. When Chudderghaut and the large gates that lead to the Residency are passed, a castellated bridge spans the River Musi, on the bank of which Hyderabad is built. The dry bed of the river is cultivated with cucumbers and vegetable marrows, and alongside the thin stream of water in its centre the native washerman beats to pieces upon the stones the shirts and garments alike of his Native and European clients. Camels stretch out their long necks and drink the turbid water; elephants toss it in cooling streams over their backs, and buffaloes, less careful of cleanliness and of appearance, wallow in undisguised enjoyment in the mud. Archways of living verdure here and there span the streets, and present various mottoes in different languages. Nothing, however, equalled an inscription seen at Poona—

Tell Grandma we're a happy nation,
But nineteen crores¹ without education

—which naturally attracted, as it deserved, the Prince's special attention. It is doubtful if all the Directors of Public Instruction in India could put their view of the case in so terse and striking a form. Poona generally bore away the palm for inscriptions. It was there that a Parsee liquor-seller constructed a transparency on which were painted these words: ‘O Prince, few are India's luxuries—we want no more Caines.’ When the river is crossed the procession enters the city by a narrow gateway, pierced in the walls of the city, which are seven miles in circumference, and are flanked with bastions,

¹ A crore is a million.

THE CHINESE MARKET FOR TELECOMS



frowning over the river-bank. Then it follows the galloping Lancers up the broad principal street, which leads to the Char Minar, or four minarets, which tower above the meeting of the ways. From the carriage you may see the inhabitants sitting in their upper-storey windows. The ground floor is generally a shop; in the next floor are very likely bow windows projecting from the façade of the house, which is sometimes profusely painted. In one window, a venerable Mussulman sits smoking his bubble-bubble pipe; in another, a veiled lady peeps timidously out; here, a boy toys with a pet bird, or a man takes a fighting partridge from his pocket. In the shops of the armourers are knives, swords, and long guns, whose thin barrels are bound with brass, inlaid with ivory, or ornamented with silver. In the flower-shops there is a wanton exhibition of roses without stalks, and of garlands of heavy and sweet-smelling jasmine, such as pleasantly asphyxiate the wearer. Bakers' shops are frequent, and the ovens consist of holes scooped out of the floor, containing those cakes cooked upon pebbles, which are particularly toast-like, and of a very fascinating flavour. The crowd blazes with every colour in the rainbow, blending, as do those colours, in perfect harmony. Some of the bow windows are adorned with arabesques, others carved in fantastic fashion. Saints and beggars are equally common, and here and there a wild-looking Hindu, smeared with ashes, and with matted hair, beats his breast and cries, 'Ram! Ram!' with energy and enthusiasm, as though some one denied Ram's godhead. Prancing Arabs and ambling ponies divide the honours, carrying saddles somewhat resembling the humps of a dromedary, in the depression between which the rider sits. The saddle-cloths are crimson,

and covered with kincob—a gold embroidery for the manufacture of which the dominions of the Nizam are famous—so stiff, so heavy, and so golden, that no one who wears it can rest; hence its name ‘kam khwab,’ or little sleep.

A temporary barrier of ever-useful bamboo restrains the many-coloured crowd from pressing on the royal *cortège*. As the carriage reaches the Char Minar, the guard turns out, shrill trumpets sound, and noisy kettledrums are beaten. Here is a little street-garden—wherein no hand, but

any nose
May ravish with impunity a rose

—a garden preserved in all its greenery by a fountain. Beyond, the road turns to the right, and passes dark dens of shops, where deadly knives and a whole armoury of Eastern weapons can be purchased—Persian scimitars, Toledo blades, bell-mouthed blunderbusses, sharp steel quoits, curved swords, two-edged daggers, scorpion-knives, and other weapons of offence known as tigers’ whelps, line-destroyers, and what not. Next the escort turns to the left, dashes down a blind alley, and finally pulls up in front of the gates of the Nizam’s palace, where more trumpets sound, and more kettledrums are beaten, their music drowned in the hoarse roar of the saluting cannon. Leaving his carriage, the royal visitor walks down a corridor lined with files of Abyssinian troops, Sidis and Somalis, and enters a quadrangle of pillared halls, surrounding a lake of water raised above the level of the ground by a wall of masonry. Beyond this again is the great durbar-hall. It stands upon a flight of steps, and is open to the air; its lofty roof is supported by shining white columns of that counterfeit

marble called chunam, and decorated with countless cut-glass chandeliers, dependent from the fretted roof. Great carpets of royal yellow are stretched upon the floor, and in the centre two large gilt armchairs, alike covered with royal yellow, are destined for his Highness and his guest. The palaces of the Nizam and of the Hyderabad nobles are of great extent, and consist of many squares and quadrangles surrounded by high walls, so constructed as to be each a self-contained and separate residence. There is a park within the precincts of one palace in which no less than 200 deer live. In any individual palace, one quadrangle and its accessories will be devoted to public business, a second to State visits, a third to the zenana, a fourth to banqueting, and so on. In the zenana palace are Amazon guards, women in uniform, each with a gun in one hand, and, perhaps, with a baby in the other.

Striking and magnificent as the Native entertainments of Hyderabad are, those of the British Residency are scarcely inferior. The house is an imposing palace in the Italian style, and the great ball-room was filled to overflowing on the night of Friday, the 15th, when Sir Dennis and Miss Fitzpatrick gave a ball in honour of his Royal Highness. Till 1800 the Residents had lived in houses belonging to the Minister, but in that year the Resident of the day caused a survey on a large scale to be made of the site of the present house, and asked the Nizam to grant him the ground. To his surprise the Nizam, after looking at the sheet of paper, declined. The Minister, Mir Alam, observing the discomfiture of the Resident, said : ‘Be not disturbed ; you frightened his Highness by the size of your sheet, which is as big as any map he has seen of his dominions.’ On the occasion of his next interview, the

Resident adopted the Minister's advice, and presented a survey on a small scale, when his request was immediately granted. It is not only Russophobists who are misled by large maps. This story I take from the interesting compilation of Messrs. Syed Hussain Belgrami and Willmott, whence also I learn that the furniture for the new Residency was sold by the Prince Regent to the East India Company 'at a pretty high figure.'

Hyderabad hospitality gives people little time to sleep, and not long after the last strains of the band had ceased to wail waltzes through the Residency ball-room, the Prince started in the early morning for Sirunagar, where the Nizam has a large deer-park, which covers many square miles of undulating rocky country, affording good cover alike to the stalker and the stalked. The place is alive with black-buck, but it is not so easy to kill them as might appear. The antelope is a small animal, and unless you shoot him through the heart or in the neck, he will get away though badly wounded. The Prince and the Nizam shot a buck apiece. The hunting leopard ran down another. No sooner was he unhooded than he disappeared in a deep ravine, and was soon among the deer, which fled before him. He marked down his quarry, however, and sprang upon it, and when the party rode up he was sucking the blood from his victim's throat. He was hooded by his keeper while continuing his sanguinary draught, and immediately let go the antelope, and was taken back to his cart, and given a bowl of buck's blood as a reward for obedience and good behaviour. Mr. Hanna, who made the arrangements for the Prince's railway journeys, one day photographed a tiger in the act of killing a buffalo, on the assurance of the brute's keeper that, when let loose, it would prefer the

buffalo to the photographer. The method pursued by these animals in killing their prey seems from the photograph to be different from what is usually supposed.

The deer are merely preserved to this extent, that no one is allowed to shoot them without a permit from the Nizam. They roam about over the undulating uplands, and are very wary, disliking the attire in general, and the hat in particular, of the European. Long experience has probably taught them that there is some connection between a helmet and a rifle, for though you may see a country cart driving past a fine black-buck without his taking any notice of it, yet no sooner do you commence to stalk him yourself than he is immediately on the alert. What is most distressing is that, though you may get a fairly good shot, it is difficult to make sure of killing. Shortly after the Prince's visit, Lord Marsham and I—who attended Lord Connemara during his stay at Hyderabad—each wounded a black-buck, and both of us, after long pursuit, had regretfully to go home without their heads, and much more regrettably to reflect that we had wounded, without killing, two harmless and beautiful animals.

Charming and enjoyable as are the entertainments of Hyderabad, I will not attempt to describe all those given by the great nobles in honour of the Prince. Such a breakfast as was given by the Minister is a great institution in the capital of the Deccan. The guests assemble at noon at the palace of the hospitable host, and are entertained at a *déjeuner*, admirably served, while listening to the music of a private band. At the Salar Jung palace, in the city, is one room the walls and ceiling of which are completely covered with rare china, and another the walls of which are composed of little bits of looking-glass,

so arranged as to give no complete or continuous, but an ever-varying, piece-meal, reflection of whatever is presented before them.

On the evening of November 16 the Nizam gave a State banquet, at which 400 guests were present ; before which—in the afternoon—the Prince went snipe-shooting around the hill-fortress of Golconda, where, within an outer wall seven miles in extent, six lines of fortifications succeed one another, the last forming the citadel which crowns the low, rocky hill in the centre of the fortified post.

The fortress is situated five miles west of Hyderabad, and was the headquarters of a line of independent kings who reigned from 1500 to the close of the seventeenth century. The Minister of the last king, Mir Jumla, who invited the interference of the Moguls, was a man of great ability and renown. The diamond-merchant Tavernier, who visited Golconda in 1648, gives an interesting account of him. He says :

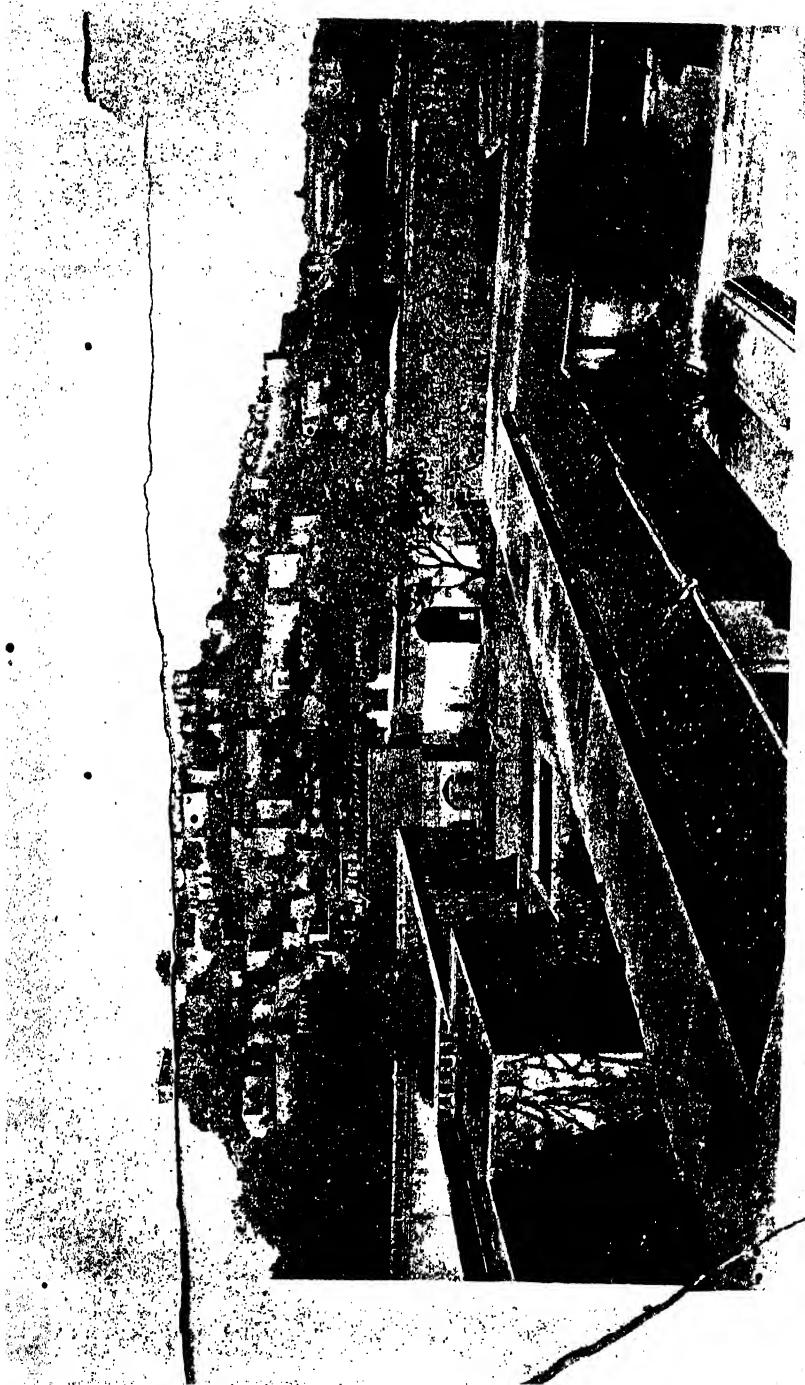
The Nawab was sitting in his tent according to the custom of the country, barefoot, like one of our tailors, with a great number of papers sticking between his toes, and others between the fingers of his left hand, which papers he drew sometimes from between his fingers and sometimes from between his toes, and ordered what answers should be given to every one. After his secretaries had written the answers, he caused them to read them, and then took the letters and sealed them himself, giving some to foot-messengers, others to horsemen—for you must know that all these letters which are sent by foot-posts all over India go with more speed than those which are carried by horsemen. The reason is that at every two leagues there are small huts, where two or three men employed for running live, and immediately, when the carrier of a letter has arrived at one of these huts, he throws it to the others at the entrance, and one of them takes it up and at once sets off to run. It is considered unlucky to give a letter into the hand of the

messenger ; it is therefore thrown at his feet, and he must lift it up. While we stayed with the Nawab, certain officers came to tell him that they had brought certain offenders to the door of his tent. He was above half an hour before he returned them any answer, writing on and giving instructions to his secretaries ; but by-and-by, all of a sudden he commanded the offenders to be brought in, and after he had examined them and made them confess the crime of which they stood accused, he was above an hour before he said a word, still writing on and employing his secretaries. In the meanwhile, several of the officers of the army came to tender their respects to him in a very submissive manner, all whom he answered only with a nod. There was one of the offenders which were brought before him had broken into a house and had killed the mother and three children. He was condemned upon the spot to have his hands and feet cut off, and to be cast out into the highway, there to end his days in misery. Another had robbed upon the highway ; for which the Nawab ordered his belly to be ripped up, and himself to be cast upon the dunghill. I know not what crimes the other two had committed, but both their heads were cut off.

This passage might stand almost unaltered—except, of course, in regard to the punishments—for a description of a high native official in camp, and for an account of the rural postal arrangements of the present day in remote localities.

Thevenot says that it was this Minister who, among other presents to the Great Mogul, gave him the Koh-i-noor diamond, which is now the most famous of the English Crown jewels. The last King of Golconda, venturing to assert himself, incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Aurungzebe, who said that ‘as the cock had taken to crowing, no time was to be lost in wringing his neck.’ Nevertheless, it took him eight months to subdue Golconda, which endured a memorable siege in 1687 ; the besieged on one occasion having been saved from a surprise by the barking of a dog, who was forthwith invested by the

king with a gold collar and plated chain, and was always kept about his person. A Mussulman historian narrates that the smoke arising from the constant cannonading removed the distinction between day and night; that the emperor himself, after observing the rites of purification, sewed the seams of the first of 50,000 cotton-bags which were filled with earth and thrown into the moat to form a bridge for the passage of his soldiers into the fort. Mines were exploded, sallies were made, and an unceasing cannonade was maintained. Many of the king's supporters deserted to the Mogul, but it was by treachery at last that the fortress fell. The brave and unfortunate king ended his life in confinement, his treasures fell into the hands of the Great Mogul, and he was not allowed to occupy in death the tomb below the fortress, which he had built for himself, beside those of his predecessors, which, by the care of the first Sir Salar Jung, have been restored, and, by the solicitude of Sir Asman Jah, are now preserved. The traveller Tavernier dilates upon the fabulous wealth and store of priceless diamonds possessed by the King of Golconda, and asserts that 'he surpassed all the kings of the Indies in precious stones.' He also bears testimony to the honesty of the king's officials. His agent having died at Golconda, during his absence, in possession of a large sum of money, he found, on his return, the gold, silver, and precious stones, all sealed and under the charge of one of the king's officers, who made them over to him on his signing a receipt written in Persian and paying expenses, which amounted to nine rupees!. The shrewd old merchant remarks, with much justice, 'One would not have got off so easily in most places in Europe.' Elsewhere he testifies to the fact that the people of



India were, in the seventeenth, as they are in the nineteenth, century, full of goodwill and courtesy to strangers, and that their idolatry does not prevent them from living "morally well." In the thirteenth century, too, Marco Polo bore witness that the Hindus were 'the best merchants in the world,' saying that 'they would not tell a lie for anything on earth. If a foreign merchant who does not know the ways of the country entrusts his goods to them they will take charge of them and sell them in the most loyal manner, seeking zealously the profit of the foreigner, and asking no commission except what he pleases to bestow.' **15562*

A garrison of 5,000 troops still occupies Golconda, under the command of Nawab Afsar Jung, who took his Royal Highness over the fort, and showed him the troops, which, by his care, have been brought to a high state of efficiency. The versatile brigadier does not, however, neglect the arts of peace, and within the walls of the fortress may be witnessed the manufacture of shawls, which he has introduced from Cashmere. It is a matter of infinite regret that the beautiful manufactures of the Hyderabad State are fast decaying, as indeed are those of Southern India generally. The Warangal carpets, for fragments of which the Mogul's soldiers fought in 1683, are now seldom made; and never again, probably, will carpets be manufactured there worth 100*l.* a square yard, such as once were made, before aniline dyes and quick work destroyed the beauty and the leisure of the manufacture. The delicate buckrams which Marco Polo said looked like the tissue of spider's web, and which no king or queen in the world might not be glad to wear, are not of the present day. Diamonds, sapphires, and other precious stones are not cut

and polished in Hyderabad in the nineteenth century as they were in the seventeenth, when diamond-merchants from France laboriously spent no small part of their lives in travelling thither. Beautiful inlaid work is still turned out at Bidar. Swords and daggers, with ivory and steel handles inlaid with gold and silver, are still made, but the country enjoys now no such pre-eminence in working steel as to induce belief in the legend that it was here that were made the chisels which drilled the granite of the great Egyptian pyramids.

It is a very pleasant ride from Saifabad, a suburb of Hyderabad, across the grass to Golconda ; and Nawab Afsar Jung generally gallops there and back in the morning before breakfast, his little boy, aged ten, riding alongside him. This boy's horsemanship was approvingly mentioned in the London 'Times' of February 17, 1890, where he is described as having acted as galloper to his father. It is small wonder that most of the Mussulman nobles in the Nizam's court are accomplished horsemen when they begin at such an early age. Very few, however, are more at home in the saddle than his Highness himself, who, on the afternoon of November 17, took two pegs out of three, in capital style, before the Prince.

After an afternoon spent in snipe-shooting, his Royal Highness visited the Nawab Vicar-ul-Umrah, 'the dignity of the nobles,' who is commonly and affectionately described as the Vicar. The Vicar is magnificently housed in his palace of Falaknumah, an immense edifice situated on the top of a rocky hill, whence you obtain a glorious view of the Mir Alam tank on your left, and of the fortress of Golconda beyond it. Before and below the palace, stretches the city of Hyderabad, looking, at this distance, like a huge garden, from the greenery of

which minarets and palaces emerge at intervals. Especially conspicuous are the towers of the great mosque which holds from eight to ten thousand worshippers. Beyond, in the distance, the blue waters of the Hussan Saugor tank sparkle in the sunlight; and, farther, the rocky hills of Secunderabad, the barracks of Trimulgherry, and the white, gleaming walls of distant Bolarum. On the right is another little lake, and beyond it the Sirunagar preserves, where a buck was shot in the morning. This is a very beautiful view, and the undulating plain, broken by little hills, and strewn with big boulders of rocks, is covered, as far the eye can range, with the Hyderabad of the present, and the ruins and remains of Golconda, and of the Hyderabad of the past. The Mir Alam tank was built by the minister of the day out of the prize-money obtained from the sack of Seringapatam, in 1799, by our troops and those of the Nizam. The artificial lake is eight miles in circumference, and the embankment resembles a bridge of twenty-one arches toppled over on its side, the arches keeping the water in the lake. This extraordinary embankment-bridge is upwards of 1,100 yards long, and is believed to be the only one of its kind. At Secunderabad is stationed the subsidiary force for the support of which, in 1800, the Nizam ceded Bellary, Cuddapah and Kurnool districts; and at Bolarum is quartered the Hyderabad Contingent, an auxiliary force kept up by the British, for the use of the Nizam, out of the revenues of Berar, which are now administered for his Highness, to whom its considerable surplus revenues are made over.

Breakfasts in the Vicar-ul-Umrah's palace present occasionally some unusual and interesting features. We have all read

in our infancy of the four-and-twenty blackbirds that were baked in the pie, but few of us have had an experience of this character. One day, however, at the conclusion of a great breakfast, when I was present, big bulging buns were handed round—large, indeed, but not so large as to give rise to suspicion, were it not that the guests who refused this over-large *boîte à bouche* at the close of a plentiful repast were admonished on no account to pass the delicacy. The application of a fork showed that it was not solid; the touch of a finger betrayed the presence of life within; and no sooner was an entrance effected than a charming little amaduvad, or waxbill, flew upwards hastily from its pastry tomb, lighted on the épergnes, and flew about the room chirping merrily and rejoicing in its recovered liberty. When the pies were opened, no less than six dozen birds, on this occasion, began to sing.

To ball succeeded buckshooting; buckshooting was followed by banquet-breakfast; and hardly was that over, when snipe-shooting filled up the interval till high tea; and scarcely had the tea-things been cleared away when a State banquet at the Nizam's palace concluded the dissipations of the day. If there is one thing that looks better than Hyderabad by day, it is Hyderabad by night, but on festival days there is no night there. Myriads of little lights, each contained in its own mud saucer, mark out the contours of road, palace, hill, rock, lake, and of any boat thereon, which literally burns upon the water. The Char Minar lifts four fiery columns to the sky, the waters of the fountain near it dance in dazzling lights, the dead walls of the blind alleys are ablaze with geometrical patterns in different colours, and the pillared halls of the palaces are filled with countless candles reflected in the facets of innumerable

chandeliers. The gardens and courtyards are lighted up with thousands of oil-tumblers, and the whole palace is transformed into a hall of light, reflected from the still surface of the water in the masonry lake below. No illumination is so effective as that produced by myriads of wicks steeped in oil, contained in myriads of saucers. Like most things that are simple and effective, it is also expensive. A forest of cocoanuts would hardly supply the oil expended on the occasion of the Nizam's installation, when the main features of the country-side from Bolarum to the palace—a distance of twelve miles—were marked out by illuminations of this character.

To return to the banquet. There is a family resemblance between most good dinners, but one may admire services of gold plate, and be astonished at ice-plates made of sugar.

The Nizam proposed the health of the Queen, and afterwards that of his royal guest in the following words :

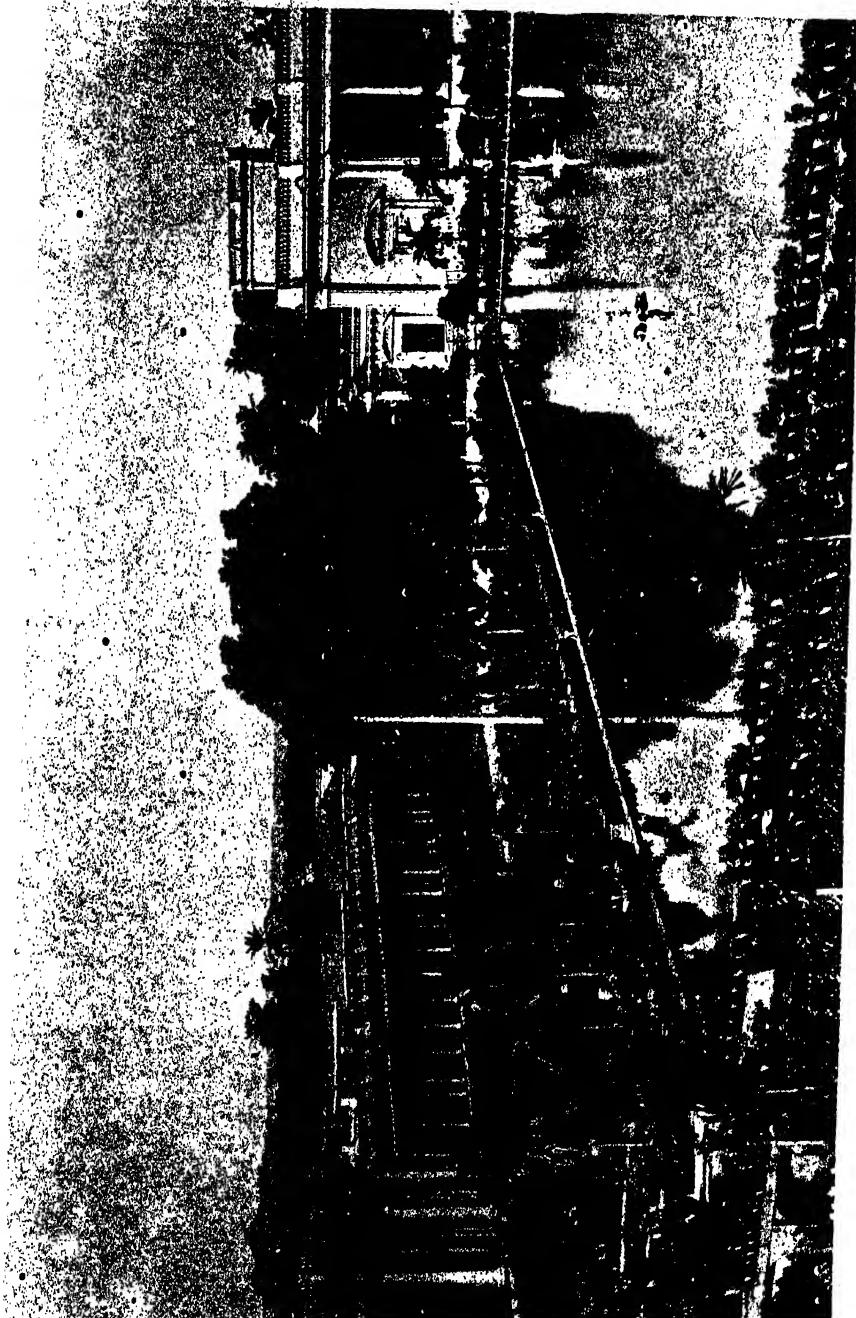
I rise to propose the health of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who has been graciously pleased to honour me to-night. Although his Royal Highness's visit is a private one, we Indians cannot for a moment forget that, after his royal father, he stands nearest to the throne of Great Britain, and of that Greater Britain which includes India. In this splendid empire, over which the sun never sets, he will be welcomed wherever he goes, but nowhere will he be welcomed more loyally than he is here in Hyderabad, both by myself and my people. I beg his Royal Highness to accept for himself, and convey to her Majesty the Queen-Empress, assurances of my devoted friendship and loyalty, and the devotion and loyalty of my subjects. I will now call upon you to drink to the health of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales, with the prayer that God may grant him long life and a brilliant and glorious career.

The Prince then proposed the health of the Nizam, and in a few well-chosen words thanked him for his expressions of

loyalty and attachment to the Queen. After dinner came a display of fireworks. The skill of the Indian pyrotechnist is proverbial. In transparencies, rockets, catherine-wheels, and all the mysteries of his art, he is unsurpassed. One of his most successful efforts was witnessed by the guests of the Nizam. On one side of the artificial lake a fort is constructed, upon which, from the other side, artillery plays. From time to time shots drop into the fortress, which maintains a gallant though mute defence. In the end, however, the magazine explodes, and fort and guns and all the paraphernalia of war disappear in smoke and thunder.

On the morning of Monday, the 18th, the Prince, to the regret of his host, and we may be sure to his own, left Hyderabad, after thanking the Nizam heartily for all his kindness, which, he said, he should always remember with gratitude. His Royal Highness likewise thanked the Resident and the Minister for the kindly thought and care which had been exercised in respect to every moment of his stay. How minute and thoughtful this care was may be realised by a statement of the fact that every culinary utensil used in the preparation of the Prince's food was brought from England, and that every such utensil was inspected by a doctor prior to its use in the preparation of any of the Prince's meals.

Before quitting Hyderabad, it will not be superfluous to remark that its mixed population—Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsee, Sikh, Arab, Abyssinian, Rohilla, Persian, and Bukhariot—now seem to live in peace and quiet. Street-brawls, which were once so common, are almost unknown; and though every other man still carries a gun, sword, or a dagger, these arms are seldom used. There was a time when it was not considered



safe for a European to walk about the city without an escort, but there is now no danger, though every Arab still carries a small arsenal in his belt, though Rohilla bears his blunderbuss and Pathan carries his knife, though Rajput swaggers along shield on shoulder, with beard and moustachios brushed upwards to his eyes. Hindus are everywhere the most tolerant people in the world. They will, and do habitually, in the southern districts about Cape Comorin, bestow upon the Christian missionary, who calls them idolaters, the title of 'father,' which belongs to their own priests. The Mussulman is everywhere less tolerant, as the more religious usually are. There is, however, among the Mussulmans, a great difference, according as they are Sunnis or Shiah. Now, the inhabitants of Hyderabad—indeed, the Mussulmans of the South—are, for the most part, Sunnis. In his recently published, most interesting History of India, Mr. Talboys Wheeler, referring to the dynastic differences which originally divided these sects, states that the Sunni hates idolaters and unbelievers of every kind, while the Shiah is less puritanical and intolerant. I must venture to differ from so good an authority. Perhaps Mr. Talboys Wheeler has not travelled in countries where the Shiah sect is all-powerful. It is difficult to understand why, because the latter holds the three Caliphs who succeeded Mahomed to be usurpers, and Ali, his son-in-law, the fourth Caliph, his first rightful successor, therefore a deadly feud should have existed to this day between him and his brother Sunni, who holds that Abubekar, Omar and Othman were rightful successors of the Prophet, by virtue of their election by a congregation at Medina. Extended travel amongst, and considerable association with, Sunnis and Shiah induce me to agree that there is,

as Mr. Talboys Wheeler says, something more in the controversy than meets the eye, but I certainly have always found the Shiah to be infinitely more bigoted and intolerant than the Sunni. However that may be, the Hyderabad Sunnis are certainly anything but intolerant. Witness the spectacle of Mussulmans and Europeans living together in terms of unrestrained social intercourse, occasional marriages between Mussulmans and European ladies, and the absence of insult or outrage to any European who may wander about the city, or peep into the precincts of the Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque. I have been present at a dinner-party given by the sister of one of the leading officials in Hyderabad, an accomplished and charming lady who has thrown aside the *purdah* and adopted English habits and customs. This is a most exceptional case, but it shows how far from bigoted and intolerant the community is which views unmoved such a departure from tradition—such an occurrence as would be impossible, I think, among the Shiah.

Another matter deserving of notice is the advance of the capital, and the country, in regard to medical aid to the people, and the anxiety of the Nizam to settle, so far as lies within him, important and scientific medical questions which remain unsolved. Not long since, his Highness at great cost appointed a Chloroform Commission, and brought out from England an expert to conduct innumerable operations of vivisection, and to deduce his results. In a population of (more or less) twelve millions, of which eleven millions are Hindus, no public feeling was excited against this measure, which involved, whether it be necessary or not, great pain and suffering to animal life, which Hindus are bound by their

religion to respect and cherish. In fact, generally speaking, no public opinion forms itself or finds expression in the country. Otherwise, it may be doubted whether Hindu India is ripe for chloroform commissions and operations of vivisection.

• The Commission has done excellent work in demonstrating that the administrator of chloroform should be guided by its effects, not on the circulation, but on the respiration, and that sudden death from stoppage of the heart is not a risk attendant on the use of this beneficent anaesthetic.

The habits and customs of the inhabitants of so large a country necessarily differ very much in different localities; but the following picture by Mr. Faridonjee Jamshedjee, the accomplished private secretary to the minister, may be held to apply to the cultivators—that is to say, to the majority of the inhabitants of the Nizam's dominions. The Indian agriculturist is by no means the idle and inefficient cultivator he is sometimes represented to be. It is recorded that the territories of the Great Mogul were 'well cultivated, and the fields inclosed by ditches, each, too, having its own tank or reservoir for irrigation.' In the South of India, the cultivator manures his land when he can get manure, and, in fact, has little to learn from the Englishman in this behalf. The latest expert who has investigated the subject says: 'On the practical side cultivation is, as a rule, thoroughly well understood, and the ryot makes the most of the facilities he has at hand.' Dr. Voelcker urges the encouragement of well-digging and reservoir-making, increase of manorial facilities, and the substitution of wood for dung as fuel. But in fact all this is part of a still larger subject. As the standard of living rises,

so will higher cultivation be adopted, and to these ends elementary education must spread among the masses. That is what is wanted in India, far more than the manufacture of graduates at the cost of the general taxpayer. Not that I would discourage the extension of higher education; I point out a greater need and more urgent call upon our funds. Mr. Faridonjee's description avowedly applies chiefly to the cultivators of the west of Hyderabad, but in my experience it sufficiently well describes also the cultivator of the British districts on the east of the Nizam's dominions, though I am bound to say that drink is by no means unknown in their case. The women of the cultivator class are generally more intelligent than the men, and, contrary to what is commonly supposed, they exercise a great influence over their husbands and families. To quote Mr. Faridonjee:—

The cultivator is a harmless, inoffensive creature, simple in his habits, kindly by disposition, and unambitious by nature. He is honest, and altogether ignorant of the ways of the world. He knows little of the value of money, and when he happens to earn any, he does not know how to keep it. Like Charles the Second's sailor, he makes his money like a horse, and spends it egregiously, like an ass. He is satisfied with very little, and is contented with his lot, however humble. His passions are not strong; he is apathetic, and takes things easily, is never elated with success, nor is he readily prostrated by misfortune. He is a thorough conservative, and has a sincere hatred of innovations. He cherishes a strong love for his hereditary holding and rights, and whenever any trivial dispute arises in connection with these he will fight it out to the very last. He will often suffer great wrongs with patience and resignation, but his indignation is aroused if the least encroachment be made upon his personal rights, though they may yield him no profit, but happen, on the contrary, to be a tax upon his purse. If the regulated place be not assigned to his bullocks, when they walk in proces-

sion at the feast, or if he has been wrongfully preceded by another party in offering libations to the pile of fuel that is to be fired at the chief annual festival, the cultivator at once imagines that a cruel wrong has been done him, and his peace of mind is disturbed. He will haunt the courts of the district officials for redress, and, neglecting his fields, will pursue his object with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. His domestic life is happy and cheerful ; he is an affectionate husband and a loving father. He is a stranger to the vice of drunkenness, and in every respect his habits are strictly temperate. He is kind and hospitable towards the stranger, and a beggar never pleads in vain at his door. In short, the cultivator, within the scale of his capacities, is endowed with most of the virtues of mankind, and exhibits but few vices.

This sounds like the language of eulogy, but those who know the Hindus best ever speak well of them. I have quoted Tavernier above. Hindu patience is proverbial. Our diamond-merchant, two hundred years ago, said very much what Mr. Faridonjee does : ‘ Indians ever do everything with great circumspection and patience, and when they see anyone who acts with precipitation, or becomes angry, they gaze at him without saying anything, and smile as at a madman.’ This is true of the Oriental generally, and not only of the Indian. He considers haste absurd, if not ungentlemanlike, but accepts it as one of the incomprehensible characteristics of the unfathomable European. Some years ago I spent a long and cruelly hot day with the Caiamakam, or Deputy Governor, of Sharaban, in Turkish Arabia, waiting for a horse he was to get me, to pursue my journey to Bagdad. Late in the moonlit night, the trooper sent out on quest returned with a mule. I was so angry and disappointed that my host felt something must be done. He got up, called for a stick, and while the trooper held the hands of the peasant who offered a mule

instead of a horse, he struck him on the back twice or thrice, before I could prevent him. Then, turning to me, he said, ‘Please God, if you lose to-day, you can go to-morrow;’ adding, with Eastern hyperbole, ‘I am much interested in your progress; you have seen how I *killed* the offender with my own hand.’

Shortly after his investiture in 1884, his Highness the Nizam issued a proclamation in which he said that ‘nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to see his people live in peace and prosperity, engaged in the development of their different sources of wealth, in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the cultivation of arts and sciences; so that by their efforts the country might rise to a high state of enlightenment, and the State derive benefit and support from their knowledge and intelligence.’ It is difficult for a visitor to discover how far these benevolent wishes of the Prince are by way of being accomplished, and it is only by long years spent amongst the natives of India, by familiarity with their languages, and by a sympathetic association with themselves, that any true knowledge of their actual condition can be acquired. Few officials in any part of India can pretend to a possession of all these qualities, and the evidence obtained in different quarters differs so widely, that every individual of experience who has examined the subject for himself is entitled to express his own opinion. In that case, mine is, that the Minister and his lieutenants in Hyderabad honestly endeavour to carry out the system inaugurated by the first Sir Salar Jung, and to improve upon it, as circumstances allow or demand. There are not wanting those who, in the case of Native States and British districts alike, assert that the efforts of Government are

unavailing; but I believe a very great improvement is being effected in every direction in the dominions of the Nizam, which consist for the most part of barren or moderately fertile uplands, which, prior to 1853, had for ages been one continued scene of warfare and oppression.

CHAPTER II

MADRAS

LEAVING Hyderabad, his Royal Highness and party travelled over the pleasant uplands of the Deccan, well cultivated with cotton and other crops, and dotted here and there with little walled villages, and great rocks, nature's forts which require little aid to make them defensible. First, the train crossed the river Krishna, soon to be bridged lower down, at Bezwadā, by the East Coast Railway, which, owing in a great measure to the persistent advocacy of Lord Connemara, is soon to connect directly the Madras and Bengal Presidencies. The country between the Krishna and the Tungabhadrā, which the railway crosses shortly after, is now reported to be riddled with ancient diggings and superficial mines, and an expert belonging to the Deccan Mining Company, who recently inspected them, states that these fields are of the same geological character as the gold-fields of Kolar, but of far greater extent. Assays are said to have been made with encouraging results, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the auriferous, as well as the diamondiferous, regions of Hyderabad will soon be thoroughly opened out by the agency of this company, which already is working the coal-fields with great success. May they in the

future have 60,000 men at work on their diamond-mines, as it is recorded the kings of Golconda had in 1665 ; and may they be able to get them, as he did, for less than a penny a day ! Few labourers now get less than sixpence. I wonder whether provision will be made in the company's budgets for fees to Brahmins, who charm the tutelary deities who watch over the gems. Something has been left undone at the Burma Ruby Mines, and perhaps this important precaution has been overlooked. At any rate, it may be said now, as it was in the seventeenth century, that 'rubies are not so abundant in Burma as is generally believed,' nor is the Burma Ruby Mining Company getting at present a revenue of from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* a year, as the kings of Burma did from the mines. I take this opportunity to acknowledge a correction made in the London 'Times' of February 17, of certain statements made by me in a narrative I wrote concerning an official visit lately paid by the Governor of Madras to the Singareni coal-fields. The output of these mines is 600 tons a day, or 150,000 tons per year, and Singareni coal can be sold at Bombay for 17*rs.*—and not for 22*rs.*, as I stated—whereas Cardiff coal costs 27*rs.* Already the output of Indian coal is sensibly affecting the imports from England. Last year 573,000 tons were imported, as against 810,000 tons in the previous year. It has been estimated by experts that the Singareni field alone contains 46,500,000 tons, and as it was only discovered in 1872 by Mr. King, and as working was only seriously commenced in 1888, great development in its outturn may be reasonably expected. The average yield of Indian coal is now said to amount to 1,500,000 tons a year, so that nearly two-thirds of the machinery of the country is worked by

indigenous coal, and probably import would soon be confined to the neighbourhood of the few great ports of the country, were it not for the exorbitant and impolitic rates of carriage charged by Indian railways. Reduction of railway freights, and of home postal and telegraphic charges, are crying wants of the India of the present day.

As regards the future of the gold-fields, the fact that the ancients deserted their works proves little or nothing, for the Deccan was one constant battle-field until the *pax Britannica* was established all over India. Kings of Golconda, Nizams of Hyderabad, French and English, Mahratta and Pindaree, in turns have fought upon this wide and elevated plateau, and the only mystery is how any cultivation or mining was ever done at all. There is no doubt that gold and diamonds are there, and Mr. Lowinski, the energetic agent of the Deccan Company, expects that both will shortly yield a good profit.

The train passes through fields of wheat, maize, and rice, or low scrub jungle; elsewhere the ground is covered with cassia, toddy and date palms, and acacias, whence you can pick with your fingers great congealed drops of medicinal gum. At frequent intervals are mud villages, consisting of -houses with pyramidal palmyra roofs. Each village is surrounded by a mud fort, and the absence of such protective works, and the greater frequency of stone homes with tiled roofs, proclaims the greater prosperity of the people in the neighbouring districts of Krishna and Godaveri, where the great volume of water, which is gathered for the most part in the Nizam's dominions, is caught up as it flows to the sea, and utilised for the good of the British ryot by great and monumental works of irrigation. It bears out my theory, however, that the locality more than

the government determines the condition of the people, that in the British district of Kurnool, which also adjoins Hyderabad, territory, there is little or no difference between the villages, the houses, and the people, and those of the Nizam's dominions. In old times, it was a dangerous thing to have a tiled house, for which a robber made as straight as a mediæval monarch did for a squeezable Jew. The fact is, that the rich portions of Southern India are those which lie below the uplands of Mysore and Hyderabad, and the history of the Deccan and the Carnatic exhibits the spectacle of a constant struggle on the part of the hardy inhabitants of the cooler plateau to seize the wealth of the effeminate inhabitants of the hot and steamy lowlands, where human nature is not up to fighting.

Not long after crossing the Tungabhadra, the railway passes the great rocky fortress of Gooty, from the summit of which the Governor in the olden days used to hurl those of his captives who were so unfortunate and so unskilful as to be beaten by him in a game of chess. Here Mr. Claude Vincent was deputed by Lord Connemara to meet his Royal Highness. Beyond this, the line passes through low hills and grassy lawns covered with groves of tamarind-trees, when another great river, the Penner, is crossed by a new bridge, in building which a gruesome accident occurred. A native diver descended into the water to see whether one of the piers, then in course of construction, had set. While he was engaged in this work, a great iron cylinder subsided a little, crushing his hand between it and the masonry. When, on a signal being given, another diver came down, he found his unfortunate comrade imprisoned under water without hope of escape. After a few moments of mute despair and harrowing uncertainty, a speechless decision

was arrived at, and the new-comer proceeded, with chisel and hammer, to hack off his unhappy companion's hand at the wrist. The prisoner was thus liberated, but died, soon after reaching the surface, from the shock. Never, I think, has an opium-eater in his dreams imagined a more pitiful spectacle of hopeless human suffering.

The train pursues its downward course towards the coast, passes the cheerless town of Cuddapah, the bold and precipitous peak of Nagari, and the long, low and picturesque hills of sacred Tirupati, crowned with temple towers—runs along the low flat seaboard, sights the tiny Mount of St. Thomas, leaves on its right the railway workshops and cotton-spinning mills, on its left stored-up heaps of salt sufficient to feed all Madras for a year, and halts at last in the hot and steamy station, where, on the morning of the 19th of November, Lord Connemara, accompanied by his staff, the Commander-in-Chief, the chief officials of his Government, the Maharaja of Vizianagaram, the Prince of Arcot, and many others, awaited the Prince's arrival. Two members of Lord Connemara's staff, at least, were no strangers to his Royal Highness—Major Scott-Chisholme, of the 9th Lancers, to which regiment he had been attached, and Lord Marsham, A.D.C., a country neighbour. An address was presented, which possessed the merit of extreme brevity, and was illuminated with representations of St. George and the Dragon, who found themselves for the nonce in the unaccustomed company of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva and other Hindu deities. A parallel is offered by the copper coins of Charles II., which exhibit a Hindu god on one side and his Christian Majesty's cipher on the other. His Royal Highness made the following reply to the address :

I beg to thank you most heartily for the cordial and pleasant terms in which, in the address you have been so kind as to present to me to-day, you bid me welcome to this the capital of the Madras Presidency. Ever since I landed in India I have been greeted by its people with an enthusiastic kindness and goodwill to which I know I have no personal claim; but I can assure you that it is all the greater delight to me, when I realise that in the reception given to myself, your loyalty and devotion to her Majesty the Queen-Empress are made so unmistakably clear. It has always been my greatest ambition to see this vast and interesting country, and I had long looked forward to the time when this wish might be gratified. Now that this opportunity has come, I feel confident, from what I have already seen, that my expectations, though large, will be far more than realised, and that my tour will give me a life-long interest in the country, its people, and their institutions, which could not have been acquired otherwise than by a personal visit. Once more let me thank you for your address of welcome.

The usual procession to Government House then took place, across the island in the centre of which Sir Thomas Munro in all weathers sits astride the spirited charger Chantrey has provided for him. Sir Thomas rides without a saddle—an example in this, as in other respects, to degenerate posterity. It is quite fitting that his statue should be one of the first things a visitor to Madras sees, for all over the Presidency, if he stays long in it, he will see signs and proofs of the useful and laborious life of that able administrator, and may even grow to dislike him as the Athenians did Aristides, because he is ever and ever, with somewhat damnable iteration, described as the justest and most perfect type of an Anglo-Indian ruler. Needless to say, the road was lined with troops, though Madras has but a small garrison, and keeps its gunners away at the Mount of St. Thomas. A humorous writer on India some years ago described Madras as being ‘altogether warlike, all for blood and battle.

It is full of generals and regular cavalry in French grey and silver. It keeps a domestic rebellion; it bites its thumb at Burmah; it is a standing threat to Pulo Penang and the Malay Peninsula.' Now, all this is done with very few troops, and, if it is true, it does the Presidency much credit. The Madras Army, however, comprises upwards of 43,000 officers and men, and garrisons Burma, Secunderabad, Bangalore, and many districts and stations outside the limits of the Presidency; and whatever may be the decision as to the further reduction of the number of Madras regiments, and as to the abolition of the Presidency commands, the services in past days of the old Coast Army will never be forgotten. It is probably true that long-continued peace 'breaks the sword and snaps the spear, and bids our courage cool.' Hence it is that recruits are obtained with difficulty, and are not first-class fighting men when they are got. However that may be, the same causes which have cooled the courage of the Madras recruiting-sergeants' material must operate in time, with equal certainty, and in the same manner, upon the fighting material of the Punjab, of Nepal, and of other favoured hunting-grounds of the recruiter. At this present time, a controversy is being hotly carried on between those who assert that self-contained armies, with separate commissariat, ordnance and other departments, are an additional security to the Empire, and those who maintain that separate army corps would be equally effective and less expensive. On the side of the latter, it must be admitted that the existing presidential armies are hardly self-contained and separate armies, since they have now no commissariat and ordnance departments of their own, and the Madras Army, at any rate, no longer manufactures its own ammunition. It is

only natural, after all, that the inhabitants of the oldest and most civilised province in India should be the least warlike. At the same time, excellent soldiers can be got in the Presidency; for the Sappers and Miners, a most distinguished corps, is raised within its limits, and in the Maravars and Kallars, could they be persuaded to leave their homes and enlist, Madras possesses raw material which indeed ‘delights in blood and battle,’ if it be not ‘altogether warlike.’

His Royal Highness had just time to dine and snatch a little sleep, when he started next morning for Chingleput to shoot snipe under the care of Mr. Price, a high official of the Madras Government, who is an expert in the use of pen and gun alike, and can provide minutes or snipe with equal facility. There are few places where better snipe-shooting can be got than about Madras, but a radius of ten miles or so around the town is so much shot over that ordinarily not much of a bag can be made without going far afield.

The Prince and Captains Holford and Harvey bagged between them forty-nine and a half brace in the day. The little town of Chingleput is situated within a picturesque fort upon the banks of a large artificial lake which irrigates the ground that grows the rice in which the snipe secretes himself and digs for worms with his long bill, till the sound of the sportsman walking through the water surprises him, when he rises on the wing, and with a little expostulatory sound, not unlike the croaking of a baby frog, flies away with astonishing celerity. He is, however, far easier to hit than the English, Scotch, or Irish snipe, who always zigzags as he rises. The more sporting Indian bird flies straight, and as you generally shoot in the daytime, and can count, about Madras at any rate,

on a fine sunshiny day, the little brown bird, with the blue sky above and the green rice beneath him, is a very conspicuous object on which the eye can draw a bead ; not that anyone who waits to do that is likely to shoot many snipe. It is far otherwise under a grey sky, which is not unlike the colour of the ground, when the wind blows and the mist rises, and the bird is very apt to be missed. Everything, however, has its compensations, and if you cannot shoot anything like the number of snipe in a day at home, so do you escape the long tramp, up to your ankles in mud, and the wet legs, and the hot head, that result from a day's snipe-shooting in India, which, none the less, most people find, as did his Royal Highness and party, a very agreeable variety of sport.

To snipe-shooting succeeded a State reception in the banqueting-hall, built in the time of Lord Clive—a Grecian temple after the style of the Parthenon, devoted to the worship of Terpsichore, and probably the finest ball-room in India. Upwards of a thousand guests were present at this reception, and as many as possible were presented to his Royal Highness, who wore the uniform of the 10th Hussars. The excellent band of the Governor of Madras played, amongst other things, an original composition entitled ‘A Welcome to Prince Albert Victor,’ by Monsieur Stradiot ; or should I call him, as Count de Hübner does, in his most valuable book on his travels round the world, *Le grand Stradiot?*

On the 21st, the Governor drove his Royal Highness to the Fort, where a monument of Lord Cornwallis before the Secretariat, and St. Mary’s Church, the oldest Protestant place of worship in India, demand attention. Among the tablets in the church is that of the excellent missionary Dr. Schwartz, of

Tanjore, who was sent by Governor Rumbold to Seringapatam in 1778, in the hope of pacifying Hyder Ali with messages of peace. The inscription upon his memorial tablet, which runs as follows, is of great interest, and of considerable literary merit. The sixth and four following lines might have been written of the illustrious cardinal, and greatest witness for the faith, whose recent death a sorrowing England and a poorer world deplore :

Sacred to the memory of

THE REVEREND FREDERICK CHRISTIAN SWARTZ,

Whose life was one continued effort to match the example of his Blessed Master.

Employed as a Protestant Missionary from the Government of Denmark,
And in the same character by the Society in England for the Promotion of
Christian Knowledge,

He, during a period of fifty years, 'went about doing good,'
Manifesting in respect to himself the most entire abstraction from temporal views,
But embracing every opportunity of promoting both the temporal and eternal
welfare of others.

In him religion appeared not with a gloomy aspect, or forbidding mien,
But with a graceful form, and placid dignity.

Among the many fruits of his indefatigable labours was the erection of the church
at Tanjour.

The savings from a small salary were for many years devoted to the pious work,
And the remainder of the expense was supplied by individuals at his solicitation.

The Christian Seminaries at Ramnadpuram, and in the Tinnevelly Province,
were established by him.

Beloved and honoured by Europeans,
He was, if possible, held in still deeper reverence by the natives of this country
of every degree and every sect,

And their unbounded confidence in his integrity and truth
Was on many occasions rendered highly beneficial to the public service.

The poor and the injured
Looked up to him as an unfailing friend and advocate.

The great and powerful
Concurred in yielding the highest homage ever paid in this quarter of the globe to
European virtue.

The Hyder Ally Cawn,
'In the midst of a bloody and vindictive war with the Carnatic,
Sent orders to his officers 'to permit the Venerable Father Swartz to pass un-
molested, and show him respect and kindness;

For he is a holy man, and means no harm to my government.'

The late Tuljajee, Rajah of Tanjour,

When on his death-bed, desired to entrust to his protecting care

His adopted son, Serfojee, the present Rajah,

With the administration of all affairs of his country.

On a spot of ground granted to him by the same Prince, two miles east of Tanjour,

He built a house for his residence, and made it an orphan asylum.

Here the last twenty years of his life were spent in the education and religious instruction of children,

Particularly those of indigent parents, whom he gratuitously maintained and instructed.

And here, on the 13th of February, 1798,

Surrounded by his infant flock, and in the presence of several of his disconsolate brethren,

Entreating them to continue to make religion the first object of their care,

And imploring with his last breath the Divine blessing on their labours,

He closed his truly Christian career, in the 72nd year of his age.

The East India Company,

Anxious to perpetuate the memory of such transcendent worth,

And gratefully sensible of the public benefits which resulted from its influence,

Caused this monument to be erected Anno Domini 1807.

Another interesting inscription which deserves attention is given in full below; for the names of great missionaries should not be forgotten in India, where their lives and characters have done so much to raise the estimation in which Europeans were, and are, held :

Sacred to the memory of

THE REV. CHRISTIAN WILLIAM GERICKE.

Destined to labour in a peculiar vineyard

(That of the conversion of the natives of India),

He fulfilled his sacred office

With primitive simplicity and purity.

Worthy associate of the venerable Swartz,

Like him he toiled through life

With sedulous but temperate zeal

To plant in every accessible soil

The pure spirit of Christianity.

Pagan, uninstructed Christian,

And especially their children,

Were the objects of his unceasing labours

Of faith and love.

He was called to receive the eternal reward

Of his patient and unwearied course of usefulness

In the year of our Lord 1803, aged 62 years.

It may be that those the gods love do not die young, for here are two useful lives prolonged, like that of Cardinal Newman, for the benefit of less holy and less gifted men. .

Here also are buried Lord Hobart and Sir Henry Ward, Governors of Madras, who died 'doing their duty' in the city, and Sir Thomas Munro, whose body was conveyed hence from Gooty, near which place he died. He, too, was 'doing his duty.'

The first foundations of St. Mary's Church were laid on Lady Day 1678, during the governorship of Mr. Streynsham Master, whose descendant, Mr. Charles Master, C.S.I., till last year was one of Lord Connemara's colleagues in the government of the Presidency. In those days all persons absenting themselves from morning or evening prayers were fined by the governor, as well as all persons guilty of telling lies, swearing, cursing, banning or blaspheming; getting over the fort walls, being out after eight o'clock P.M., and drinking more than half a pint of brandy or a quart of wine at a time. That these regulations were no dead letter is proved by the case of Thomas Burrett, unearthed from the records of Fort St. George by Mr. Talboys Wheeler. On June 5, 1682, Mr. Burrett 'in his cups did most impiously drink a health to the devil,' whereupon the governor, 'in regard to a crime so notorious, and of so black a dye, did order him to run the gantlope (or gauntlet), and to remain in prison until an opportunity of ships presented to send him away from hence to be an example, and to deter others from committing crimes so hellishly wicked.' Notwithstanding the condign punishment meted out to offenders, the Company's chaplain was constrained to report to his right worshipful masters that the lives of the writers, or civil

servants, were not a little scandalous—that they played at cards and dice, and found time and leisure for such things, but could not find any time to attend service at St. Mary's; so that, after waiting long enough, he was often forced to begin duty with only three or four persons present!

It is to be hoped that the attendance at St. Mary's improved as time went on, but Mr. Wheeler's examination of the records shows that in 1685 two other civil servants were found guilty of excessive drinking, swearing and cursing, so as to be unfit for Christian society. Further, they had impudently reflected upon the governor and his council, who accordingly ordered that both offenders should be confined to their chambers, and have nothing given them to eat or drink but boiled rice and water, such punishment to continue till they were truly repentant and begged for forgiveness, which they very soon did, objecting above everything to the copy of their sentence being set up in the dining-room of the fort 'to their utter destruction.'

Fort St. George and the city of Madras in those days were very different places to the fort and city of to-day. Mr. Talboys Wheeler tells us that when the gun was fired in the morning there was a gradual stir of the inhabitants, the measured tramp of the European soldier, the little, stately peon, or messenger, with his sword and buckler, the rush of noisy, naked coolies, the appearance of English apprentices in half-Hindu costume, the assembly for the morning prayers in the little chapel, the opening of the factory and the display of European goods for sale, and in the evening the orderly dinner, at which all were present, from the governor down to the youngest apprentice. Those who were absent from church on Sundays were severely

checked and fined by the governor, and it was ordered that both officers and soldiers on every Sabbath day should wear English apparel, on penalty of forfeiting one month's allowance. Cadets were to rise at daybreak, to dine at two o'clock, to sup at eight, to put out their lights at nine, and to retire to rest immediately after. The utmost economy in every respect was to be observed, and it was ordered that no meal should last longer than an hour—a custom which might be introduced with great advantage into the Madras of the present day, which owns a bad pre-eminence for lengthy repasts. Cadets seemed to have been well looked after, and the habit of lounging from quarter to quarter in a white waistcoat was expressly forbidden. What particular form of profligacy was associated with the wearing of this garment does not appear.

The officers of the infantry regiment which garrisons the fort still live therein, but they may lunch at Nungumbaukum, they may dine at Pursewalkum, and may sup at Nantambaukum, as they please, without any pass from the governor to visit these suburban villages, or without the necessity of making friends with the local Hindu chiefs. There are few people besides the officers and men in the regiment who now hear the gun fire in the morning, and there are few inhabitants in the fort besides the officers and soldiers till eleven o'clock, when the officials of Government pour into their respective offices. The business of the day, too, is somewhat different from what it was, when it consisted of displaying European goods for sale, and haggling with natives for the produce of the country. It is difficult to give any idea of an average day's work of an Indian provincial Government, but I will take the day on which I write. Petitions for mercy come in from prisoners under

sentence of death, one from the far north, nearer Calcutta than Madras, where the Telugu people dwell, another from a half-Arab and half-Hindu district of the western coast, where hybrid Mussulmans still run *amuck* among their peaceful Hindu neighbours. A dispute regarding the right to bathe in a sacred waterfall comes up from Cape Comorin, and a scheme for the fresh settlement of a district ceded by our neighbour the Nizam in 1800. A box which two men can hardly carry brings the records in an appeal by a subordinate dismissed five years ago on a charge of having cruelly treated newly captured elephants. The Government architect sends plans for the erection of a new building for the High Court at Madras at a cost of 90,000*l.*, and a careful administration endeavours to reduce the charges by making the tower do duty for a lighthouse, for much do mariners on the Coromandel coast need such 'kindly lights.' One evening a ship drove right on to the Marina, and only the triple line of surf separated the wreck from rows of children making mud puddings on the beach. Of 55 municipal towns and upwards of 340 local boards, at least half a dozen will claim attention for their water-supply or finances; and of 22 heads of districts, perhaps half will have some business to transact with Government concerning the collection of a revenue of nearly 11,000,000*l.*; while the management of an army of subordinates, from the heads of 51,996 villages up to the senior member of the Board of Revenue, necessarily claims daily attention. A great irrigation work requires repairs; more than one railway has to be pushed on a stage towards completion; a prosecution has reluctantly to be sanctioned of an officer who, not being authorised in that behalf, has unwittingly committed an offence by solemnising a

marriage ; a new Bill is referred to a Select Committee of the Legislative Council ; a resident reports some trifling details from the native court to which he is accredited ; a great landowner dies, leaving an infant heir, and Government takes over the management of the estate. Some one applies for a pension ; some one else must be appointed in his stead ; and, over and above all, hundreds of petitions arrive *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. An army of 43,000, officers and men, will claim some attention, as will the administration of excise, customs, forests, and salt revenue. The provision of a public park for polo, cricket and football will prove a congenial occupation to a Government which includes more than one sportsman among its members, as will the consideration of a new Game Preservation Act, and the encouragement of physical training in schools. In a leisure moment Government will peruse the reports on the vernacular press, and will learn 'that if a European magistrate kills his servant no inquiry is held,' 'that the number of hotels should be restricted by law, because the sight of cooks in dirty clothes is more annoying than that of a pariah, while in such establishments the inmates are so utterly wanting in cleanliness and decency as to serve up next day a *réchauffé* of yesterday's food.' The authority is not given, and the result is not stated, but it appears that a rich American has offered the Sultan a large sum to turn Christian. The members of Government hear with surprise, from one source, that Ootacamund and Bangalore are 'suitable for drunkards and profligates,' but are reassured on being told, from another, that these towns are geographically, strategically and climatically infinitely superior to Madras, which is the Cinderella of the Presidency sisters.

In all the multifarious subjects that come before Government there is no buying and selling, nor does it happen nowadays that the governor in council censures an officer for marching his soldiers over the cloths of the Honourable Company, spread out in the squares to dry. It is possible that now a cadet—or, rather, a subaltern—might lounge from quarter to quarter in a white waistcoat without danger.. On the other hand, should a European now strike a native, he would be, and very properly would be, punished ; but in 1708 we find it recorded in the Minutes of Consultation that Governor Pitt, the grandfather of the great Lord Chatham, had twice or thrice thrashed, with his own hand, the clerk in charge of the boatmen who landed the goods, for not keeping those troublesome persons well in hand ; further, that he ordered peons to be nailed by the ear to a post for stealing cloth. There is only one man living now who can keep the Madras boatmen in order, and, whether he uses it or not, he always carries a big stick. He has great influence over these unruly spirits, who are as turbulent as the triple line of seething surf over which they fearlessly ride, kneeling on three logs tied together with string. This individual—a native, of course—has been covered with medals invented for the occasion by grateful governors ; and when dismissed for misconduct had to be restored because commerce could not go on without him. We may infer, however, that the governor would have been lenient in regard to horse-dealing, for two entries in the Minutes of Consultation for 1708 showed that Governor Pitt indulged in somewhat doubtful transactions himself. On one occasion ‘the Nawab being very pressing for a Persian horse of the governor’s for which he has been often offered 450 pagodas, but the Nawab

being willing to give no more than 400, it was agreed that the Company should allow the 50 pagodas'—that is to say, Mr. Pitt charged the difference to the Honourable Company, his masters. On another occasion ‘the Company having a sorrel Persian horse, good for little, and there being some people about to buy him, it is agreed that the governor sells him for what he can get.’

All the Europeans then lived in or near the fort; but the present city of Madras comprises the enormous area of twenty-seven square miles, over which a population of 449,000 odd is scattered. When this is compared with the twenty-two square miles and 806,000 inhabitants of Bombay, it becomes more astonishing than ever that the average death-rate of the southern capital should be 42·6 per thousand, while that of Bombay is but 27. In the case of Madras, the death-rate has run up from 38·8 to 42·6 since 1880, while it has declined from 33·7 to 27 in Bombay. The area which has to be served by municipal taxation is altogether too great, and the amount spent on the maintenance of roads between the scattered villages of which the total area is made up is probably disproportionate to the expenditure on sanitation. Perhaps the expenditure of municipal funds should be more concentrated, and confined to the few large and densely populated portions of the municipality. It is somewhat startling to read in the most reliable book of statistics yet published that no large city in Asia has so high a death-rate as Madras, that only one city in Europe—St. Petersburg, situated on malarious marshes—has a worse record, and that in the New World its death-rate is only exceeded by Vera Cruz, infamous for yellow fever, by Valparaiso, shaken by

earthquakes, and by pestilent Rio Janeiro. The death-rate of the Presidency generally is but 22 per thousand, or very little more than that of London, one of the healthiest cities in the world; and a comparison between the Presidency and its capital exhibits the latter in an even more unfavourable light than does a comparison between it and the other great cities of the world, showing as it does that the death-rate of Madras cannot be put down to the unhealthiness of the climate.

In most cases extended area would conduce to sanitation, but here it does not; for the populous portions are compact and overcrowded, while a small revenue has to conserve large, thinly populated areas included within municipal limits. It is impossible for the revenues of Madras to deal with an area of twenty-seven square miles. The Paris of Napoleon III., with upwards of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, covered twenty-eight; Berlin, with upwards of 1,000,000, covers twenty-six square miles; and these great cities have enormous revenues compared with those of Madras. I question if any other town in the world with 400,000 poor inhabitants covers so large an area.

Around St. Mary's Church, and in the cemetery belonging to it, which is situated across the island, are some tombs with interesting inscriptions. One says of a departed member of the governor's council that he died with the character of a '*generally honest*' man. A 'Titus Oates,' too, lies buried here. The caretaker, an old Tamil man, who speaks English, does the honours with ludicrously matter-of-fact solicitude. Paying the cemetery a visit one day, I dispensed with his company, and as I was leaving, he said: 'Master seen G——?' mention-

ing the name of a recently deceased friend. ‘Yes,’ said I. ‘Master seen R——?’ mentioning a young officer, of whose early death I was not aware. ‘No,’ I replied; ‘is he here?’ ‘Yes,’ said he, briskly; ‘came last June’—delighted at once to show his familiarity with his silent charges, and the necessity for his company as cicerone.

During the Prince’s progress a flag, floating on the top of one of the shops in the town, exhibited a Welsh motto, and one arch bore the inscription, ‘Long live happy Prince Eddie,’ a literal translation, perhaps, of ‘Felix’ which would be quite in order. Some of the arches showered down rose-leaves and avalanches of chopped-up coloured paper upon his Royal Highness’s devoted head; and here and there the effigy of a stout lady overhead would empty a tray of flowers upon the passing carriage—‘*Quicquid calcaverit hic rosa fiat.*’

A visit was paid to the lying-in hospital, which is entirely supported by a public-spirited and generous citizen, Sir Ramasawmy Moodelliar, the Peabody of Madras. Sir Ramasawmy has now added a new ward named after Prince Albert Victor.

Next, the ever-unfinished Madras harbour was visited, and so through a long, unlovely lane in Black Town to Government House, while the Prince’s and the Governor’s staffs were driven in a break drawn by four horses by Major Scott-Chisholme, an excellent whip, all whose skill was required to pilot the horses through the crowded, narrow streets.

It is sincerely to be hoped that when the next royal visitor comes to Madras, he may at least see a finished harbour. The discomfort attending on embarking and disembarking has caused many a traveller to leave the place with other than

grateful feelings. Witness the following lines, which were left behind him by a recent visitor :

Where all things slumber by the sea-girt beach,
Or slowly move in an unchanging way,
Stretches the lotus-land, which once you reach,
Upon its shores you are apt to dwell alway.
Trains hardly find it, steamers rarely call
And from its shattered haven seldom creep :
Traveller, avoid it, and, whate'er befall,
Leave the benighted undisturbed to sleep.

Never, I think, did the turbulent surf and unquiet water of this misnamed haven behave worse than on a memorable day when I myself, feeling excessively sea-sick, went to receive the fallen King of Burma, who was despatched to Madras after the taking of Mandalay. I made the ship with difficulty, and my sword kept jumping out of the scabbard into my face, as the boat heaved on the tumultuous swell of green and gruesome water, alongside the comparative safety and stability of the troopship's ladder. The officer commanding the escort took me down below, and I saw King Theebaw and his two queens, who said they had been most kindly treated boardship. Golden vessels and silken garments were lying about on the bunks and in the cabins. All was eloquently suggestive of a hasty leave-taking, of a hurried flight. The elder queen, though in a condition to claim more than the usual indulgence due to her sex, jumped from the ladder into the heaving and yawning boat, filled with twenty naked and screaming boatmen, just when she was told, with implicit confidence and with royal indifference to results. Luckily she landed safely, but some loose rubies were shaken out of a golden cup she

carried in her hand. These I picked up and gave her. Meanwhile a Burmese clerk, with splendid *nonchalance*, had prepared a list of items for which he thought a receipt might be given. ‘One king, two queens, twelve maids of honour, an astrologer, and sundry jewels.’ Was not this the height of superb impertinence? The maids of honour, like their mistress, behaved extremely well during their debarkation, and shortly afterwards were all smoking cheroots in the house provided for them. The Burmese lady is a charming person, ever bright and smiling. Even the cigar she loves she will put away to talk to you, fixing it behind her ear as some folk do their pens and pencils. As we drove from the ship, King Theebaw looked about him and said: ‘I would I had seen my country while I was yet a king!’ For he had lived the life of a prisoner in the fort at Mandalay. There can be no indiscretion, I think, in repeating one anecdote of the elder queen, Soopayalat. One day, when out driving, she saw an ayah, or native nurse, with two European children. She stopped the carriage and said, through her interpreter, ‘Where is the mother of these children?’ ‘Missis gone to tennis-party,’ said the nurse. ‘How,’ said the queen, ‘can the mother of such beautiful children leave them to a nurse?’

Theebaw spoke a little English, but was loth to do so. I think his acquirements in this respect have been greatly exaggerated, but it is said that he was at an English school in Rangoon for a short time. The story goes—whether true or not I cannot say—that when the king, his father, sat upon the throne of Ava, King of Kings, and Lord of White Elephants, he one day paid a visit to the school of Dr. Marks, the well-known and much-respected missionary and educationalist.

Said the doctor, ‘If your Majesty would send one of your sons to my school, it would do more for the cause of education than any other step that could be taken.’ ‘Certainly,’ said the king. ‘What age should he be?’ ‘About fifteen,’ rejoined Dr. Marks. Turning to the minister in attendance, quoth the king, ‘Have I a son of sixteen?’ The answer came, ‘Oh, yes; several, your Majesty’! And so, as I have heard, King Theebaw came to go to school.

To return to the harbour. Madras is difficult of approach by sea, but now that Lord Connemara’s darling project of the East Coast Railway has been sanctioned, she may hold up her head in future, and at no distant time will be accessible from Calcutta directly, and not after a journey from east to west, and from west to east again. Railways are in course of construction all over the south of the peninsula. A country must be known to be appreciated, and little enough has been seen, said, or written of Madras. The London ‘Times’ of February 17 of this year observed: ‘Madras has been termed the benighted Presidency; it will not be the fault of Mr. Rees if the name continues applicable, in so far, at least, as the attention of Englishmen to Indian matters goes.’ My poor pen can do little, but railways can do much. All the Madras Presidency needs is that it should be more often visited. The Presidency town, guarded by a triple line of raging surf, and mocked by an unfinished and ineffectual harbour, gives an impression to a casual visitor that a closer acquaintance with the Province would remove. The Presidency, through and through, is better educated and more advanced than most other parts of India; perhaps portions of Bengal and of the North-West Provinces and Oudh alone need be excepted. In 1800 Lord

Wellesley deputed Dr. Buchanan Hamilton to investigate the state of agriculture, arts, and commerce in Madras and Mysore ; and Dr. Hamilton was struck, as I have been, by the greater prevalence of good houses in Madras, the more frequent occurrence of large villages and towns, and the superior condition of its cattle. English is becoming quite the *lingua franca* of the towns of the south, and higher education is yearly making vast strides. Primary education does not, perhaps, receive quite so much attention ; but an advance, to be successful, must be made all along the line, and there is much reason to believe that if State aid to higher education were withdrawn or largely reduced, the effect on primary education would be disastrous. Remove the top rungs of the ladder, and fewer aspirants will start on the lower bars. It is often urged that higher education produces a class of discontented agitators, and it is true we see only too much of the schoolboy element in the new Hindu reform movements ; but the fact must not be forgotten that higher education has also brought forth a personnel of Government servants far superior to their predecessors of no distant date, to the very great, abiding and admitted improvement of the administration.

In wealth, commerce, population, and appearance the capital cannot compare with Calcutta and Bombay, though its much-abused climate, for Englishmen who can afford to live in the suburbs, is probably not inferior, on the whole, to those of its rivals. It is just a question whether it is better to have no cold weather, or to pay for it by going through a very hot summer. When a traveller compares the winter in Madras with that of Northern India, he naturally considers that no comparison can be drawn between such different regions,

the one keen and bracing, the other enervating and hot. But it is possible that the experience of a year of violent change, compared with one of equable heat, might alter his opinion, though, to the Englishman, nothing can make up for the loss of even a comparatively brief spell of such weather as may brace the sinews and string the nerves of the Atlantic islander.

Soon after his arrival the Prince proceeded to visit the statue of the Queen presented to the city by the liberality of Raja Gajapathi Row, a great landowner of the Vizagapatam district. The statue, which has been set up on the Marina, is a reproduction of that upon the staircase at Windsor, and was sent out by the late Duke of Buckingham, remembered in Madras as the bluff King Hal of the long line of governors, and deeply regretted as a just and conscientious man. The country-people come up to Madras on their holidays to see the image of the Queen, around which crowds are generally collected.

Walking home once at midnight in the moonlight, I saw several Tamil boys blindfolded, groping around the statue, and in the street, while others laughed and mocked their efforts. Entering into conversation with them, I learnt that it is a favourite game with young Madras to start blindfolded from the Queen's statue, make a certain point, and return thence to the feet of her Majesty. The first back wins the stakes, and there is generally something under a rupee on. 'To find the Queen' will soon become as proverbial as 'to dine with Duke Humphrey.'

On November 21 the Prince visited the museum, for the purpose of inspecting the Amaravati marbles, some of which may be seen on the grand staircase of the British Museum. These celebrated Buddhistic remains have been removed from their

original position on the banks of the Krishna river, not far from the spot where it is to be crossed by the East Coast Railway. They consist of beautiful carvings in the marble that is met with in abundance in that storied region—a very *locus fabulosus*, whence the Pitt and Regent diamonds came, and where, it is believed, Sindbad the Sailor saw the Hindus throw lumps of flesh into the valley, that eagles might bear them back encrusted with diamonds. Whether Sindbad spoke the truth or not no one can tell, but the Deccan Mining Company are certainly at this present time examining the ground for diamonds, and not without success. As to Sindbad's veracity, if any there be in an age of scepticism who dare to doubt the truth of the most fascinating of a series of tales never yet surpassed in interest, Mackenzie's history of the Krishna district tells us that Marco Polo in the thirteenth and Nicolo Conti in the fifteenth centuries repeated the story, and it is supposed that it is founded on the Hindu custom of sacrificing animals to propitiate malevolent spirits. However that may be, in ages past a religious warfare had been waged on the banks of the sacred Krishna between Buddhism and indigenous idolatry. Buddhism triumphed, but in turn was driven out by Brahminism, which to-day holds the field. Perhaps the most beautiful existing monuments of a bygone age in India are these marbles, from the stately temple which once stood under the feathery tamarind-trees on the river-bank above Bezwáda, which now, in the Madras Museum, attract no mean crowd of pilgrims to view their glories and read, in the stone that breathes and struggles, the traces of a religion and a civilisation that did their work and went their way—from India, that is—a thousand years ago.

We are all familiar with Buddhism in its most refined and beautiful aspect from the poems of Sir Edwin Arnold. These sculptures exhibit that religion in another light, as an absorbent of the indigenous tree and serpent worship, traces of which are to be found in Druidism, in Judaism, and in the religions of Greece, Rome, Phœnicia, Africa and South America, and in the Scandinavian myth of the world ash and the great serpent which encircles the world. Mr. Fergusson, the distinguished orientalist and archæologist, expresses the opinion that Indian Buddhism was little more than a revival of the coarser superstitions of the aboriginal races, purified and refined by Aryan morality and Aryan intellect. Buddha himself, he says, rejected serpent-worship, but tree-worship was adopted as an important element in the new faith. Subsequently, however, the serpent re-asserted himself, and in the sculptures of Amaravati he occupies as prominent a place as the tree, the relic-shrine, the sacred wheel of the law, the holy quatrefoil, and other symbols of later Buddhism. The complete adoption of the serpent, says Mr. Fergusson, probably dates from an epoch immediately preceding the Christian era, when a hierarchy and a formal doctrine were also created for the faith, and idolatrous absurdities were grafted on to the simple creed of Buddha. The revelations of recent travellers in Thibet have somewhat shattered the high ideals of the Anglo-Buddhist, and I myself, fresh from an appreciative perusal of Arnold's beautiful poem, have been rudely shocked to see upon a tawdry altar in British Sikkim, underneath the shadow of the mighty Kinchinjunga, flowers contained in empty bottles of Highland whisky and Plymouth gin—bottles which were sufficiently shameless to retain the emblems of their former use.

Tree and serpent worship is by no means extinct in Southern India. Mr. Fergusson conjectures that it is probably more or less prevalent along the Western Ghauts down as far as Travancore, and I can from personal experience confirm the accuracy of this conjecture. It is no uncommon thing in a house on the western coast for cobras to be regularly fed with milk ; and temples now, as of yore, are ever built in deep, religious groves, in the recesses of forests, or, if near dwellings, under umbrageous trees. I have never seen ‘an idol, in the form of a serpent entwined about a staff, elevated by the priests,’ as Tavernier tells us he has ; but he says this happens among the Brinjaras, or carrying tribes, of whose manners and customs on their long marches carrying rice and salt from sea to sea, we are admittedly very ignorant. The natives of the country know very little of them, and say they have an astonishing acquaintance with the devilries of enchantment.

From grave to gay : from Buddhism to polo. Not that this greatest of games is to be looked on as a frivolous amusement, or that the religion and the game do not trace their origin to the same region of the earth. Polo is fast acquiring a literature of its own. One day on the ground on which the Prince played, we were waiting for the Maharaja of Vizianagaram, when a little note came for me to say he could not play that day, and containing an excuse in Persian from one of the poets, who had written of a prince deterred by other business from taking part in the game. Readers—and who is not a reader?—of Omar Khayyám will find in the frontispiece to Fitzgerald’s beautiful, if free, translation a representation of a game of polo, which is quite as like the modern game as the picture in this year’s Academy. It is well known that

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA

‘polo’ is of Thibetan origin, and that the word is Thibetan for ‘ball.’ It was first adopted by our countrymen at Calcutta in 1864, and first played in 1871 at Aldershot, when it was looked upon as a game invented by British officers serving in India. Those learned Orientalists Sir Henry Yule and Mr. Burnell have, however, shown that the game had previously to 1864 been introduced into the West. It came from Persia to Byzantium in the Middle Ages, and thence to Languedoc, and originally differed very much from the straight-up-and-down-the-ground game now played in England. At Hurlingham, a man who tried to turn the ball around would be knocked over, and probably not allowed to play again; but originally, when the players were mounted on small ponies, it was the usual thing to dribble the ball along and turn it around, and to *finesse* up and down the ground, whence came the word *chauganer*, or *chicaner*, to zigzag or proceed the reverse of straight. Hence, strangely enough, smart ladies who watch the game, and describe their own appearance as *chic*, are, in reality, without knowing it, using a word derived from the tactics of the game of polo, known, from the Persian name of the stick, *chaugan*, as the game of *chaugan*, or *chicane*. The ‘Saturday Review’ tells us in September 1881, that the word *chicane* is derived from the word *chick*, an old Romance word signifying *finesse* or subtlety, and originally skill or cunning at polo. When last year a few devotees of the game played by electric light at Ranelagh, they little knew that they had been anticipated by the Emperor Akbar at Delhi in the sixteenth century. It is recorded that his Majesty played *chaugan* on dark nights, and that the balls which were used were set on fire. The emperor

was reprobated by the Mussulman priests for so great a devotion to mere amusement, just as cavalry officers have lately been reproved by Sir Frederick Roberts for preferring polo-ponies to chargers; but in the eyes of the sportsmen of the present day, Akbar's fondness for polo will strengthen his claims to the title of 'great,' by which he is ever known, he and Charlemagne being the only kings in history with whose name this designation is inseparably connected. The King of Persia surnamed 'the Just,' Nousherwan, was particularly addicted to the game, as was the great Saladin, our worthy and chivalrous antagonist in the Crusades. Moreover, polo was much played at Constantinople in the eighth century, and the chronicler of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus describes it as a slippery and dangerous game, the emperor having had a bad fall. Here, however, the game was played with a racquet, and not with a stick as in the East. So distinguished was polo, and so much in favour with kings, that at the Mameluke court there was a high official called the Lord High Polo Stick, just as we have, at the English court, Gentlemen Ushers of the Black Rod, and Lords Chamberlain who carry white wands.

The question is just now being debated whether riding off by a player who does not carry a stick is allowable. There seems no doubt that it is in order, but two out of three commanders-in-chief in India being in favour of smaller ponies and the abolition of hustling and riding off, the opposition raises its head. Quite recently the Governor of Madras's Staff team were playing in the final match in the South India Polo tournament, when Mr. Beresford put out his forefinger. He could not hold a stick, but he could and did

interfere most successfully with the other side's 'back,' and his side¹ won the match. Can it reasonably be argued that they should have lost the services of their forward because he did not carry a stick, which he could not possibly do? This is merely one of many very important issues raised during the present controversy, of which the Indian press is full. Posterity will see these matters settled, and will read the decisions arrived at, in some manual, as I have the past history of the great game, in the marvellous storehouse of information compiled by Sir H. Yule and the late Mr. Burnell, one of the brightest ornaments of the Indian Civil Service.

Having proved that princes have ever shown a fondness for the royal game, let me give the sides on this occasion :

<i>Reds.</i>	<i>Blues.</i>
His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor.	Captain Custance, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
Major Scott-Chisholme, 9th Lancers.	Captain Harvey, 10th Hussars.
Captain Fowle, 21st Hussars.	Major Carden, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
Mr. Rees.	Viscount Marsham.

The ground was sloppy, owing to recent rain, but a fair game was played. The excellent local paper records that the Prince played very well and made some remarkably good runs. Perhaps I may be allowed to agree, as sensible men generally can, with the 'Madras Mail,' to the accomplished editor of which, Sir Charles Lawson, most patriotic of Madrassees, the Presidency is in so many respects indebted. Sir Charles is a just and a fair man, though he would have

¹ Hon. J. Beresford; Mr. Rees; Captain Fowle; Major Scott-Chisholme.

the Madras Government grill in Madras all the year round and never ‘be joyful on the mountains.’ He forgets what Sir Henry Maine said, to the effect that heat and discomfort were so long necessary adjuncts of work in India that some people think no work can be done without them. But what can conduce more to good work than a cool head? An Englishman feels the hot weather more than the Great Mogul, who, with his court, spent his summers in the Himalayas.

The night of the polo-match, Lord Connewara gave a ball in the great banqueting-hall, to which no fewer than a thousand invitations were issued, as his Excellency was anxious that society, in its widest sense, should have the honour to meet his Royal Highness—a decision which gave great and general satisfaction.

Had I the graceful pen of Lady Dufferin, I could describe, as she has in her lately published Diary, the events of a State ball; but I will only say that the Prince and the Governor opened it by dancing with Lady Collins and Lady Arbuthnot respectively, and that all went off admirably, while the drops in the chandeliers, swayed by the breeze from the beach, played a voluntary to accompany the band, and eminent men associated with Madras in the past—from the Duke of Wellington and Lord Wellesley down to the Duke of Buckingham and Mr. Adam—looked down from the walls at the first Prince of the Blood who had ever danced in the hall in which their pictures hang. *À propos* of the Duke of Wellington, it will appear almost incredible, but it is true, that there is an old man now living in Madras who was his army contractor in 1799, when he marched with the first Lord Harris upon Seringapatam. He is a hale and good-looking

old gentleman, and very fond of talking of Arthur Wesley Sahib, as he always calls him. Whenever he falls ill, he always announces the fact, and so far, happily, he has also always been able to announce his recovery. He invariably writes 'Centenarian' after his name, and is prepared to tell anyone how to live to be a hundred years old.

Next day the Prince received a private visit from the Maharaja of Vizianagaram, which he did the Maharaja the honour of returning. His Royal Highness thus paid the Maharaja the same compliment that the Prince of Wales in 1875 had paid his father. Dr. Russell, in his narrative of the Prince of Wales's tour in India, says that the fine presence and face of the late Maharaja made him more conspicuous than any of the chiefs seen in Madras. Most of my Indian readers can recall his Highness's manly form and handsome face, and all who knew him cherish his memory as that of an honourable gentleman, a firm, constant, and ever-generous friend. His son follows in his father's footsteps, and has always been in the van in every scheme for the enlightenment and improvement of his country and his countrymen ; but only those who have visited his great estate of upwards of 3,000 square miles know the affection with which he is regarded by his own people.

The presence at one and the same time in Madras of the Raja of Bobbili and the Maharaja of Vizianagaram recalls to the mind a not far distant date when these two chieftains would hardly have met and saluted one another with unaffected friendliness.

In 1757, when the French and English were yet disputing for the supremacy of Southern India, M. Bussy undertook to reduce the Hindu chiefs of the Northern Circars to submission.

Two of the most important then, as now, were Bobbili and Vizianagaram. They were at deadly feud with one another, and Vizianagaram joined with Bussy in the hope of humbling his rival. Bobbili retired to a fortress in the jungle, and, after enduring a long siege, finding he could hold out no longer, gathered all the women and children of the garrison together, in a house in the centre of the fort, and set it on fire. When all their families had perished, the defenders of the fort rushed upon certain death and were cut to pieces, but the son of the chieftain was saved from the general massacre. Four of the Bobbili chief's relatives swore to revenge his death. One of them penetrated to the Raja of Vizianagaram's tent, stabbed him to death, and was immediately hacked to pieces by the guard. Three others, who remained within reach to assassinate the Raja, had their comrade failed, were thus enabled to return to their own folk, and tell the tale, which to this day is celebrated in song in the villages around Bobbili and Vizianagaram.

CHAPTER III

MYSORÉ

THE time had now come for his Royal Highness to leave for Mysore, where Mr. Sanderson was to exhibit keddah operations, and to show what sport he could in the time at his disposal. The word keddah means a ‘trap’ or ‘inclosure,’ and is applied to the system of catching wild elephants by driving them into an inclosure, which was invented by Mr. Sanderson, as distinguished from the system of catching them in pits, which has always been, and to some extent still is, adopted by the natives of the country.

A visit to the Seven Pagodas, which had been proposed, had unfortunately to be abandoned. These interesting relics of a former age are situated on the coast thirty-five miles south of Madras, and consist of Buddhist and Hindu remains. There are monolith temples, cave-temples, and carvings on precipitous rocks, recalling the celebrated sculptures of Besitoon, and more modern, but deserted, temples of Vishnu and Siva by the sea-shore. In these remains archæologists trace the religious history of the south of India, from the palmy epoch of Buddhism, through the dark ages which preceded and followed its expulsion, down, through the times of purer and earlier Hinduism, to the poly-

ROCK CARVINGS AT SEVEN PAGODAS



theistic extravagances of the present day. The visitors' book at the bungalow, maintained by the Madras Government for the use of travellers, contains the following lines by the Countess of Jersey :

Where Vishnu slumbers in his sea-girt shrine
 And Siva o'er his dusky race bears sway,
 Sleeps on the lake the lotus-flower divine,
 Whose petals hold the pink of parting day :
 Here, where the past can sculptured glories boast,
 The present doth a welcome kind display,
 For which the grateful travellers thank their host
 And wish him fortune on his future way.

Other travellers have followed Lady Jersey's example, but the first poem will suffice, as it is also the best.

There are still a few Jains left in India, modern descendants of the Buddhists, and you may see them wearing respirators, lest in breathing they suck down a fly and deprive an animal of life, and carrying fans wherewith to brush the seat on which they sit, lest unhappily an insect's life be sacrificed. So they conform to the letter of the edicts of King Asoka, who, in the third century before Christ, forbade the slaughter of animals, and abolished the indulgence of two peacocks and one deer allowed daily to the royal kitchen. 'Meritorious,' said this royal reformer, 'is obedience towards father and mother, towards friends and acquaintances, meritorious is liberality, meritorious is abstention from reviling the heterodox, and meritorious the abstention from killing living creatures.'

On the night of the 22nd his Royal Highness left Madras, and, travelling across the Arcot and Salem districts, ascended to the Mysore plateau, passed Bangalore, and proceeded to

Mysore, where his Highness the Maharaja awaited him, halting *en route* at Seringapatam, which ancient fortress the royal party entered with more ease than did the first Lord Harris and the Duke of Wellington in 1799. The railway bridge is not in keeping with the surroundings, but nothing can mar the picturesqueness and beauty of the spot. Feathery bamboos hang down to the water's edge, and spreading roots are completing the destruction of the walls, begun by British guns. The fort and town are situated upon an island four miles long, which causes the stream to bifurcate into two branches.

The Prince visited the corner where the breach was made by which the troops entered, and the place where they divided into two parties—one to push Tippoo farther backwards into the fort, and the other to complete its circuit and to slay its master as he sought to gain his palace and there make a last stand. The fort is not in itself particularly interesting, but its site on an island, around which flows the sacred Cauvery, is at once strong, striking, and picturesque. The local apothecary, Mr. Basappa, who has written a book on the subject, told his Royal Highness everything about Seringapatam. He explained the paintings on the walls of the Daria Dowlat, a beautiful garden house of open halls and verandahs, painted most gorgeously, yet most tastefully, in red, yellow and gold. The boughs of trees penetrate into the upper chambers, and on the walls are depicted Hyder and Tippoo on the march to defeat Colonel Baillie. Either prince sits on a State elephant, in a golden howdah, or elephant-castle, smelling a rose—the traditional attitude in which Eastern kings are painted. Farther on, they meet Colonel Baillie, and proceed to demolish

WHERE TIPPOO SULTAN FELL



him and his army. Heads are flying on every side in this Homeric contest, and in the centre Colonel Baillie, splendidly attired in full-dress uniform, and seated in a palanquin, bites the thumb of disappointment. Close to him a magazine is exploding, and one native water-carrier, with a skinful of water, essays to quench the flames. The presence of Count de Lally on a prancing steed leads the apothecary, himself a native, to explain that ‘the French always joined with Native States—hence their downfall.’ He also says that Tippoo’s general, Meer Saduk, was a traitor—‘ same like the Christian Judas.’ This summer-house is called the ‘sea of wealth,’ and its lavish decorations, which cover every inch of wall from first to last, from top to bottom, recall the palaces of Ispahan, and resemble nothing that I know in India. The common tomb of Hyder and Tippoo somewhat resembles the Taj Mahal, at Agra, in design, though not, of course, in size or beauty. A walk, bordered by a double row of areca palms and cypresses, leads in a straight line to a white Saracenic dome, raised upon a platform, and supported by black marble pillars. The tombs of the conquered have been well cared for by the conquerors, and everything suggests reverential regard for the dead. The doors of the mausoleum are of rosewood inlaid with ivory, the gift of Lord Dalhousie, the windows are of fretwork carved in black marble; incense burns within, and silken cloths cover every tombstone. Solemnity and simplicity, here as elsewhere, characterise the last resting-place of Mussulman princes.

Prince Albert Victor also visited the tombs of the men of the 33rd Regiment who fell in the siege of Seringapatam. One interesting relic of past times he did not see—the lonely

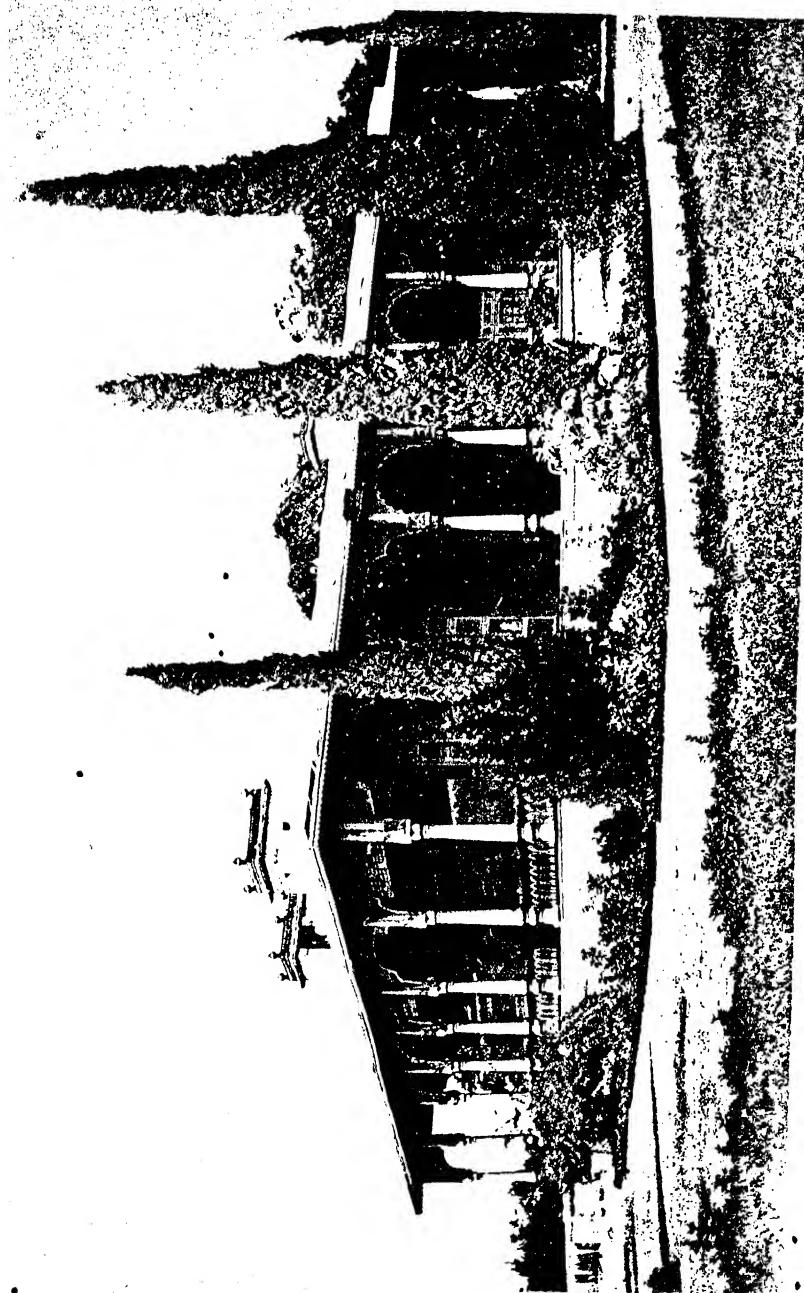
bungalow on which Aliph Cheem (Major Yeldham) has written an affecting little poem in the well-known 'Lays of Ind' :

There stands on the isle of Seringapatam,
 By the Cauvery, eddying fast,
 A bungalow lonely,
 And tenanted only
 By memories of the past.
 It has stood, as though under a curse or spell,
 Untouched since the year that Tippoo fell.

It is said that a colonel lost his wife and two daughters in one day, by cholera, and left his house pronouncing a curse on anyone who should inhabit it again, and no one is said to have removed the furniture, or to have interfered with its disposition from that day to this. Even thieves respected the spot or dreaded the malediction of the colonel. At any rate, as lately as 1877 it was exactly in the condition described by Aliph Cheem :

The mouldering rooms are now as they stood
 Near eighty years ago :
 The piano is there,
 And table and chair,
 And the carpet, rotting slow ;
 And the beds whereon the corpses lay,
 And the curtains half time-mawed away.

Before leaving Seringapatam, I must again refer to Mr. Basappa, one of its leading features, who gives the ladies of that fallen fortress a bad character. They are, he says, 'long-tongued, indifferent to their husbands, and frequently to all males.' In some other work on the war, or the fort, I chanced to find that when citizen Tippoo appealed to the Republican



THE DABIA GATE, THE SEVEN-STOREY WOODEN TOWER

Governor of the Isle of France (Bourbon) for aid against the hated English; he offered his wished-for allies ‘ everything that was necessary for making war with the sole exceptions of wine and brandy.’

One more tale of Seringapatam. Hyder Ali affected to maintain the ancient Hindu dynasty while actually ruling in Mysore ; and, on the death of the puppet raja of the day, found it necessary to select, from half a dozen children of the royal house, one that he might place upon the empty throne. To discover which had the right stuff in him, he offered the little ones a lot of toys, amongst which was a dagger, and the child who chose the dagger was the one he chose for king.

After luncheon the Prince and party again crossed the Cauvery, passing the terraced steps, where Hindu women bathe their shapely limbs, and look like mermaids, their long blue and yellow silk cloths clinging in part to their figures, and in part floating down stream. At Mysore his Highness the Maharaja, attended by his able minister, Mr. Sheshadri Iyer, C.S.I., met his Royal Highness, besides a complimentary escort consisting of the Commander-in-Chief of the Mysore forces, of Red Lancers, gaily caparisoned elephants, scarlet Mysore infantry, carriages drawn by teams of white horses wearing pink aigrettes, and other paraphernalia of Eastern magnificence.

When Tippoo Sultan had lost what Hyder Ali had won, the English placed upon the vacant throne a representative of the ancient Hindu kings, who were descended from the local chief, who had held Mysore under the imperial house of Vijayanagar. The restored Raja’s name was Krishna Raj, and until his majority the State was admirably administered by a Brahmin minister. The Raja himself, however, on taking his

seat on the musnud, or royal cushion, proved improvident and imprudent to such an extent that in 1831 the British Government assumed the administration of the country, and carried on the government through the agency of a chief commissioner, who continued to rule Mysore till 1881, when his Highness Chama Rajendra Wodeyar, the present Maharaja of Mysore, came of age and was installed. The government of the country has, however, been continued on the lines laid down during the British occupation, and no important changes have been introduced, except that Native has to a great extent been substituted for European agency.

Previously to the rendition, during fifty years of peace and progress, a revenue settlement had been introduced assuring to the holder his right in the soil and the benefit of his improvements, security of person and property had been guaranteed, and the judicial system had been thoroughly reorganised. Last, but by no means least, all that solicitous care and anxiety could suggest and dictate had been expended upon the education and training of the young Prince who was to play so important a part in so momentous an experiment. His Highness was given a most liberal education, and, fortunately, did not require the spur to profit therefrom, while to manly sports he took with natural aptitude. He has been most fortunate in his mentor, Sir James Gordon, and in his first and second ministers, Messrs. Rungacharlu and Sheshadri Iyer. In no part of India has Native administration had a chance of success comparable with what it has had in Mysore ; but it must not be forgotten that a terrible famine had in 1877 and 1878, shortly before the rendition, emptied the public purse, devastated the country, and carried off one quarter of

its inhabitants. Notwithstanding this calamity, the province quickly recovered itself, and the administration has been in a position to expend a large proportion of its income on railways, irrigation and public works; hospitals have been built in every town, and the material welfare of the people has been the first care of the Government. Out of revenues amounting in 1889 to 1,320,000*l.*, of which 839,000*l.* were derived from the land and 160,000*l.* from excise, 245,000*l.* were paid as subsidy to the British Government, 138,000*l.* were debited to land revenue charges, 72,000*l.* to military force, 74,000*l.* to law and justice, 59,000*l.* to police, and 198,000*l.* to public works. The civil list charge amounted to 130,000*l.* In some Native States the amount of such expenses is not easily ascertainable.

Ten years ago, the gold-fields of Kolar began to attract the attention of British capitalists, and tracts supposed to be auriferous were taken up by *concessionnaires*. During the year 1889 eight companies succeeded in extracting from the Kolar gold-fields 39,000 tons of quartz, which yielded 35,000 ouncees of gold, of a net value of 193,000*l.* After a period of disaster resulting from the enormous prices paid for land, when gold-mining first began, this industry is now taking up its legitimate position. Several mines are paying dividends, and at least one property has been a splendid success. The Oregum Mine bids fair to rival that of the Mysore Company, and Nundydroog and several others are daily exhibiting a marked improvement. Fresh companies are getting to work in other parts of the province, and it seems likely enough that the country will, as a high official of the State told me a few days ago, be riddled with gold-mines in the future. Quartz of a superlatively auri-

ferous character has quite recently been found near Arsikere, through which the new railway passes which connects Bangalore with Poona and the Southern Mahratta system, and prospectors are on the alert in all directions. The prospector's method of procedure is this. First, provided with a crowbar, a pestle and mortar for pounding quartz, a hammer, and a gold-washing dish, he make friends with the local revenue official and the goldsmiths of such villages as possess schistose and possibly auriferous rock. Then he inquires for old pits, shafts, caves, or drives, and may experience some difficulty in obtaining information, as superstition leads the native to believe that malignant spirits guard the gold, just as the deadly cobra guards the ruby in its head, and the Div or Jinn zealously protects the turquoise of Nishapur. Either in old works or in watercourses draining rocky hills, auriferous quartz may be found; and if the prospector is satisfied that he has come upon a reef worth working, he may, on depositing a thousand rupees and marking off the block he requires, lease a gold-mine *in posse* from the Mysore Government for thirty years, on payment of a land-tax of eight annas (tenpence) an acre, and a royalty of 5 per cent. on the gross yield of gold. No geological or mineralogical survey of the country has yet been made such as that inaugurated by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff in the neighbouring province of Madras. Such a survey would probably repay its cost a thousandfold in the course of time.

The comparatively small amount spent in Mysore on military force is noteworthy. In return for the subsidy, the British Government undertakes to maintain a considerable garrison within the State, and by such subsidies loyal Native States can far better assist the paramount power than by wasting their



H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE, G.C.S.I.

resources in keeping up large, and probably to a great extent useless, armies.

Those who are all for representation will watch the progress of the Mysore administration with especial interest, for a representative assembly was instituted by the late Dewan, Mr. Rungacharlu, one of the Madras-born band of native ministers and statesmen, as is his friend and not less able successor, Mr. Sheshadri Iyer.

On the occurrence of the chief Hindu festival of the year, the *Maharaja* sits in state *coram populo* upon a gorgeous throne in his palace at Mysore.

All the people can see their sovereign up above, from the open square, but only the rich and great file by him, as he sits silent and immovable upon his cushion of cloth of gold. Athletes fight and wrestle below, trumpets blare, elephants scream, cymbals clash, torches flare, and the air is heavy with the scent of ceremonial flowers. The Hindus say that the eyes of mortals blink because the tears which for their sins they shed have weakened them, but the eyes of the deathless gods blink not at all. Hence an attitude impassive and immovable; even to the negation of a blink, is that to be achieved, as far as possible, on this most interesting and truly Oriental occasion. A raja, when he assumes the god, should *not* affect to nod. Not only can any Mysore peasant then see his sovereign face to face, but then, too, is convened the representative assembly, composed of two or three of the most influential private residents of each division of the State, before which the minister, by the *Maharaja's* command, makes a statement of the administrative results of the past, and of his proposals for the ensuing, year. Suggestions and criticisms are invited and disposed of,

or noted down for inquiry and consideration. The landed and the moneyed interests are represented by a systematic selection made by the heads of districts, while local boards and municipal councils depute their own members. The privilege of representation is also accorded to sundry associations in the chief towns of the State, and opportunity is thus afforded for the discussion of proposed social and political reforms, which often prove on examination to be unsound and unpractical.

There are those who decry this embryo representative system as a sham and imposture, but there is no reason to think that the Mysore Government has any object in view other than that of interesting the people of the State in its administration, and so gradually educating its subjects till they shall become ripe for some sort of franchise. The Dewan's annual statement is an abstract of the administration report, couched in simple, untechnical terms, and cleansed from all departmental jargon. The address of October last commences by giving the receipts and charges under the main heads, and points out that wherever public works and high rates of wages prevail, the consumption of liquor increases. Railways and gold-mines have increased prosperity and drink; favourable seasons and the cheap price of food-grains have tended to the same effect. It is instructive to compare what the Dewan of Mysore says with what the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just said of the 'rush to alcohol' which has accompanied the revival of trade. The liquor traffic has lately been placed under a system of centralised control, in order to guard against adulteration, unfair combination, and illicit distillation. The Dewan is glad to inform his hearers that the debt due to the British Government, for its expenditure from imperial funds during

the famine, has been liquidated. He points out that the outlay on irrigation, the subject nearest their hearts, has increased from 30,000*l.* in 1881 to 100,000*l.* in the present year, and he calls the attention of the members of the assembly to the detailed list of smaller irrigation works to be repaired in the coming year, and invites representatives of different localities to point out any serious omissions therein. He refers to the interest shown by the Government in education—an intelligent interest which does not commit the cardinal sin of English educationalists, from Lord Macaulay downwards—viz. that of entirely ignoring Eastern literature in educating Eastern minds—and he points with pride to the improvement exhibited in female education. The minister next commends some divisions of the State—counties, as we should say—for their readiness to help themselves in repairing their minor irrigation works, a network of which extends all over ‘the wide, stony wolds of the Deccan,’ and contrasts their behaviour in this respect with that of others who are indifferent or supine. In the concluding paragraph of an excellent and most practical address, Mr. Sheshadri Iyer announced in these words the approaching visit of the Prince :

It is now my pleasing duty to announce to you that his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, the grandson of our beloved sovereign the Queen-Empress, has been pleased to accept our invitation to visit Mysore in the course of his tour through India in November next. The Durbar, I need hardly assure you, have adopted measures for welcoming the royal visitor in a manner befitting his exalted rank. Her Majesty the Queen has, by according her gracious sanction to this visit of the Prince, given us another proof of her love to India and its people. To the royal house of Mysore her Majesty and her Government have throughout been particularly kind, and his Highness feels that the

expected visit of the illustrious Prince will further strengthen the interest her gracious Majesty takes in all that concerns the well-being of Mysore.

It is quite possible that these proceedings—the germs of an embryo parliament—will appear of greater moment in retrospect, than they do in the present day. The spectacle of a Native State governed on English principles, and under the general control of the Indian Government, like Mysore, endeavouring, however tentatively, to introduce representative institutions, is one of great interest. In every respect, and from every point of view, the Mysore State demands a peculiarly sympathetic attention at the hands of the English nation. The Nizam was a powerful and practically independent prince when first we began to treat with him, and he and the English, acting in concert, and as equal powers, liberated the Mysore State from the usurpation of Tippoo Sultan, placed an infant representative of the ancient Hindu house upon the throne, and divided the territories of Tippoo among themselves and the infant Raja, who was confirmed in the possession of the hereditary territories of the Hindu house of Mysore. By a subsidiary treaty the British Government is entitled to impose its authoritative advice in any matters connected with his Highness's interest, the economy of his finances, and the happiness of his people. We occupy, therefore, a more parental position towards this State than we do towards that of the Nizam, and this difference is reflected in the administration, which, in the latter case, is conducted less on the lines whereby we govern ourselves and our Native subjects in our own territories. The third Native State the Prince's visit to which is recorded in this little book, Travanc-

core, occupies in some respects a different position to either Mysore or Hyderabad. After some difficulties, in 1808 the management of this State was assumed by the Madras Government, but five years later the administration was restored to the Maharaja, and with the exception of these five years the government has at all times been in native hands. From its position in the extreme south of the peninsula, Travancore, like the neighbouring State of Cochin, has never taken that part in the political history of the past, which would otherwise be expected in the case of a State of its size, fertility, and importance. In the commercial and maritime history of India, however, both States once occupied the very foremost rank.

To return from this political digression. On the occasion of the Dussera, social amenities as well as official business receive their full share of attention, and the Maharaja annually entertains a very large party of his European friends and officials. The whole ceremony is unique and pleasantly suggestive of such friendly relations as *can* exist between those who cannot eat and live together. Nowhere in India, perhaps, were European officials more beloved by the natives than were the officers of the Mysore Commission, generally representatives of families connected with that State for several generations, some of whom are yet employed by the Government; and surely no Prince in India is more beloved and respected by his own people and by ours alike than the Maharaja, whose unaffected, but withal dignified and kindly, disposition endears him to all.

Sunday, November 24, was devoted to church, to a visit from, and return visit to, the Maharaja, and to a visit to the

Maharani's caste girls' school, which comprises five hundred well-dressed, much-bejewelled, and intelligent girls, running from six to sixteen years of age, who sang English, Sanskrit, and Canarese, and played on the vinah, the violin, and all kinds of instruments. They learn, amongst other things, chemistry and physiology, hygiene and needlework, and are much devoted to the Maharani of Mysore, and that warm and true friend of Indian women, Lady Dufferin, who from the walls encourages their studies. Not only are they well educated, but many of them are extremely pretty, and not a few leave their babies daily to come and improve their minds. Herein they seem to surpass their Western sisters in the race for knowledge, but then the babies appear at what their Western sisters would consider a rather early date.

The Prince expressed his satisfaction with what he saw, and his intention of informing the Queen of the progress of this model school. The interest her Majesty takes in Indian women is well known to her female subjects in this country, and has provoked a feeling of personal gratitude, which strengthens the bonds of their loyal attachment to their sovereign. Appreciative references to her Majesty's fondness for her Indian subjects are of frequent occurrence in the Native press. A vernacular paper informed its readers the other day that the Queen spoke Hindustani very well, and was particularly kind to her Native servants. The Native press teemed with similar notices of the kindly courtesy of the Duke of Connaught, than whom no public man has ever been more beloved in India.

Nor is it yet forgotten that in 1875 the Prince of Wales sternly reproved any rough treatment of Indians by Europeans,

insisting on all occasions that equal courtesy was due on either side. In recent years frequent visitors from England have, by their example, done much to enforce the same lesson. On behalf of offenders, who are not unknown among a certain class of Europeans, it must be urged, in extenuation, that the *genius loci* takes a lenient view of personal correction, and that a Governor of Madras and grandfather of an English Prime Minister, in 1708, thrashed a clerk for disobedience of orders. An Indian bishop once told me he had such influence with the natives that when he placed his hands on their backs they burst into tears. Such a result, it is feared, is not unfrequently brought about by an action of the like nature, but of different intent. The use of moral suasion, or an alternative recourse to law, is not yet by any means universal, but it may confidently be asserted that the ill usage of natives by Europeans is rare. The people of India greatly admire good manners, which, indeed, they generally possess. In Sir Edward Bradford, the Prince of Wales in 1875, and his son in 1890, had upon their staffs an officer whose firm, but withal courteous and conciliatory, bearing exactly realises the native ideal type of a well-bred Englishman. How quickly and how sincerely they learn to appreciate such a man is evidenced by the frequent regretful allusions made by the Native press to the early death of Sir Edward's eldest son, a youth of great promise, and of charming manner, too soon lost to India, after a brief but not fruitless career in the Bengal Civil Service of little over a year.

Many references were naturally made by the vernacular press to Prince Albert Victor's tour in India. In every case of such mention, the Queen was thanked for sending her

eldest grandson to India, and on very many occasions approval was expressed of her Majesty's orders that the visit should be treated as private; an order which Sir Edward Bradford, as I can testify from personal observation, took infinite pains to carry out. It was naturally very difficult for local authorities in India to appreciate and accept this decision, but wherever its spirit was flagrantly contravened the Native press took exception to such disobedience to her Majesty's orders, and further urged that the Prince should have an opportunity of seeing the country and the people as they were, and not only in their holiday attire—that he should visit the outlying villages, and learn for himself what a Hindu hamlet and a Hindu peasant were really like. Governments—Indian, provincial and municipal alike—were frequently reminded that one of her Majesty's objects was that the country should not be put to any unnecessary expense; and, while urging that every possible respect should be shown to the Queen's grandson, the Native press was, generally speaking, averse to too profuse an expenditure of public money to this end. At the same time, wherever, in the case of any individual town, a parsimonious reception was proposed, strong objections were raised; and a proposal in Calcutta to commemorate the Prince's visit by the erection of a leper hospital *only* was, with stormy indignation, negatived, though permanent memorials in the abstract were approved. A leper hospital was suggested on account of the interest taken in the condition of these unfortunates by the Prince of Wales and by Prince Albert Victor himself.

The Prince was described in some papers as having 'so strong a resemblance to his charming mother as to be already

familiar to the people.' Prints of the members of the Royal Family, it may be observed, are scattered broadcast in the country. Here and there his Royal Highness was importuned to reduce the salt-tax and to allow the Hindus to carry arms; but such requests were rarely made, and the character of his Royal Highness's visit, and his position as regards the Indian Executive, were in general well understood. Her Majesty's order that no valuable presents should be given, which was most strictly construed and most carefully carried out by Sir Edward Bradford, was also approved by the Indian press. His Royal Highness's fondness for sport generally found favour. In some cases, separate entertainments by the poor were proposed as a means of expressing, 'in a simple and unostentatious manner, the profound respect the people of India had for the Royal Family.' Ladies wrote odes on his Royal Highness, and his arrival was celebrated in verse in almost every language spoken in the country. The above refers, of course, merely to vernacular papers; and no notice appears necessary of the comments of the Anglo-Indian press, which were just what might have been expected from Englishmen in India welcoming an English Prince. One extract, from the 'Samvad Prabhakar,' will suffice as an example of the terms in which the vernacular press spoke of the Prince's departure and of the Indian idea of loyalty:

India has not been fortunate enough to see her Empress. She has had the honour of being visited by three of her Majesty's sons and by one of her grandsons. The people of India have heard her name, and of her kind and amiable disposition, and of her exalted character, and that is all. They are grieved at heart that they have not had the good fortune to see her in person.

The Indians are a remarkably simple and tender-hearted people.

They will quietly suffer any amount of oppression at the hands of their rulers, if they are only allowed to see their sovereign from time to time, and if they have the good fortune to hear words of consolation from her own mouth. They will feel attached to their sovereign all the more closely and lovingly if their sovereign lets herself be seen by them and talks with them in person from time to time.

The visits of the members of the Royal Family have clearly shown how strong is the desire of the people of this country to see their sovereign. And it need hardly be stated that a visit to India by her Majesty in person will be productive of more good than can be achieved by a thousand benevolent acts and enactments of the Government.

The palace at which his Royal Highness visited the Maharaja is a very interesting building in the indigenous native style. The forests of Mysore are renowned for teak and sandal, and other stout and scented trees. The tall pillars of these halls are all of native wood painted red and yellow, as are the ceilings. Beyond the hall is a courtyard, in the centre of which is a canopied circus, wherein the little princes will learn to ride under the eye of their father, a very good horseman himself. A dark and narrow passage, lighted by lamps in the early afternoon, leads to a covered and barred inclosure, where pearls, diamonds, and rubies, silver cords and golden bowls, worth in all perhaps 300,000*l.*, are spread out for inspection on a carpet embroidered with pearls and other precious stones, itself worth 20,000*l.* There are, too, castles of gold and of silver for the backs of elephants, ‘howdahs’ they call them. Let us pass on to the armoury, and wield the sword of Tippoo Sultan—‘a very practical weapon,’ as Sir Harry Prendergast described it. There is another and a most disagreeable dagger with a spring. You drive the blade home, and squeeze the handle, and out spring a few saws and knives that, with

ordinary luck, must catch something vital. Next comes the library, where are books scratched by a style upon palmyra leaves, bound with laths, with silver, with steel, and with ivory, all length and no breadth, and arranged like children's bricks in neat towers, with the title of each written on ivory or graven on metal, as the case may be. In every room are pictures of white-limbed and deep-bosomed divinities, who seem to have accomplished that bisexuality of which the late Laurence Oliphant told us so much in his latest revelation. To the picture-gallery you pass through doors of ivory with carved panels, and within you see other doors of silver with big bosses; a pattern originally adopted, they say, because of the discomfort it occasions to elephants and other living battering-rams. The pictures are most quaint or interesting, the floor is black stone inlaid with brass, and silver is freely used in all the appointments of the rooms, which are low and dark, and have the fascinating air, uncommon in the East, of having been occupied, valued, and cared for, through many a changing year.

After an official banquet the Prince was driven round Mysore to see the illuminations. The large tank to the east of the fort was lighted up by thousands of wicks, burning in oil-containing earthen saucers. Eight circular basket-boats were scattered over the surface of the little, rippling waves, their gunwales being picked out with lamps, the reflecticns of which shimmered down the slowly moving surface of the water. In the centre of the lake was a glittering white house built of pith and talc, all, of course, one blaze of light. The banks, the bridge, and the adjacent dairy of the Maharaja were also marked in outline by lamps on the same mud-pie-and-saucer

system. 'The dairy, oddly enough, contains cows and tigers, the presence of the latter being calculated, it is believed, by the natives, to drive away cattle disease. The tigers are not loose, neither do they and the cows lie down together, the Mysore millennium not having yet arrived. These curious superstitions are not unusual either in England or in India, for I cannot think that the goat, sometimes kept in English stables, would really lead the horses outside in case of fire. There is nothing to prove that a horse will follow a goat, but the belief is widely held, as the Piccadilly goat testifies. So they say in Mysore that the tigers in the Maharaja's stable are most efficacious in protecting from disease the mothers of the milk. The one story is as good as the other.

An entertainment at the town hall presented some unusual features. On either side of the vestibule were transparencies exhibiting types of the various classes of people who inhabit the Mysore country. These were all in pairs, male and female, in national costume. There were : (1) Saranas (people who serve at the temple), the male carrying a bell in his right and a bunch of peacock feathers in his left hand, and an umbrella under his left arm ; the female also carried a bell, and wore a rough bead necklace and bead wristlets. (2) Vurbatidasaiyas (fire-eaters) ; the man carried a saucer of fire on his head and in his left hand a lighted wick, the end of which he now and again put into his mouth ; the female carried faggots under her left arm. (3) Jainkuruba (honey-drawer), dressed in very simple costume, with only a cloth girt about his loins, and carrying a stick. (4) Bettakuruba (the coolie class, which works on the planters' estates), carrying only a stick, and all but naked. (5) Chestia fakeers ; the male smoked a hookah, which

he carried in his left hand, while in his right was a birdcage—his head-dress consisted of a long basket arrangement, which rather resembled a bishop's mitre; the female was fully and neatly dressed, and carried a fan and a brush in her left hand, and a string of beads in her right. (6) Pennakonda fakkeers; the male was dressed in a long, green coat, with a neatly tied turban, and carried a small begging-tray in his right hand; the female also was well dressed, and carried a tray. (7) Mutta-daiyas (a wandering class which is very numerous in Mysore); round the male's neck was large horse-shoe iron from which chains hung, in his left hand he carried a trident, in his right hand was a bunch of peacock-feathers, and his cap was drawn well over his ears and forehead; the female carried a bag, a stick, and some feathers. (8) Jogeess (fortune-tellers); the male carried all his paraphernalia of office, with a tray in which some scorpions were shown moving about; the female carried a gong, and on her head was a tray containing various articles exposed for sale. The Coorgis were also shown in their most picturesque national costume, the ample skirt and long, hanging sleeves of which resemble those of the Japanese Keimono.

On Monday morning the Maharaja drove the Prince forty-six miles on his way to the keddahs, where charge of the party was taken by Mr. Sanderson, who has contributed to this little work the following chapter, containing an account of the elephant-catching operations. For the benefit of those of my readers who may be sportsmen, I will reveal one secret of Mr. Sanderson's great success. To have acquired his fame argues the possession of many great qualities, but his infinite solicitude for his subordinates, assistants and shikaries, is no small factor in the case. He thinks far more of his followers than of him-

self, and, if they are on any occasion insufficiently remunerated, will pay them at a personal loss rather than allow them to retain any feeling of having received other than the most generous treatment. In the next chapter the personal pronoun refers to Mr. Sanderson, and not to myself. The illustrations to that chapter were taken at great expense, and under conditions very different to those usually attending photography, by Mr. Brown, an excellent artist, of Bangalore, who has kindly permitted Mr. Sanderson and myself to use his illustrations.

CHAPTER IV

By G. P. SANDERSON

THE KEDDAHS

BEFORE giving an account of the elephant-catching operations witnessed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor in Mysore, in November 1889, I propose to describe shortly the country in which the hunt took place, and the circumstances which led to this spectacle being available for his Royal Highness's entertainment.

The Mysore province is an elevated plateau of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet elevation, rising to 6,000 at some points, and may be called the 'uplands' of Southern India, as compared with the 'hills' (the Neilgherry and other minor ranges). The northern, western, and southern borders of Mysore are well wooded, and here wild elephants roam in large herds.

Wild elephants have been protected from being shot or interfered with for many years in Mysore, as in other parts of India, and to prevent their numbers becoming unduly large it was sought, some years ago, to reduce them by capture. The first attempt was made, at my suggestion, and under my supervision, in 1874, and fifty-five elephants were captured in one drive. These elephants were sold, and a handsome profit

realised. Before further operations could be undertaken, I was transferred to Bengal, in charge of the elephant-catching operations there, and nothing further was done in Mysore until 1888. In that year, the Government of Mysore, being desirous of reviving elephant-catching, made an application to the Government of India on the subject, and as a result I was ordered to proceed to Mysore to re-establish the enterprise.

I was now in a position to do this with certainty. I had had eleven years' experience in Bengal, and I brought with me well-trained men, as also twelve trained elephants (called 'koonkies,' or 'assistants'). In a fortnight from the time of our arriving (in July 1889), we caught a herd of fifty-one elephants, and we were to have returned shortly to Bengal, when the intended visit of his Royal Highness to India was announced. Upon this his Highness the Maharaja of Mysore expressed a desire that a second catch should, if possible, be made for his Royal Highness's entertainment. The Supreme Government readily assented to his Highness's request, and during August—November 1889 preliminary arrangements were completed.

The locality chosen for the intended royal hunt was the Billigarungun hills, a small range some thirty miles in length by ten in width, which forms a portion of the southern boundary of Mysore. These hills are an isolated range, and though wild elephants occasionally traverse the country intervening between them and certain jungles situated to the east, the Billigarungun hills may be said to be practically surrounded by open and well-cultivated country. They are inhabited by but a handful—probably under 500—Sholigas, a

wild tribe, who maintain themselves chiefly upon jungle-roots, wild vegetables, honey, and the flesh of any small animals and birds which they may trap. They also cultivate small quantities of plantains and of 'raggi' (*cynosurus coracanus*), a grain closely resembling turnip-seed, and which forms the staple cereal food of many millions in Southern India. The Sholigas are a shy, inoffensive race, who flee at the approach of strangers, but who, when their confidence is gained, are excellent assistants in tracing and finding their scarcely more wild fellow-denizens of the forest, the elephant, bison (or Indian wild bull), sambur, deer, bear, and tiger.

It is interesting to remark that these hills were, as lately as one hundred years ago, comparatively well populated and cultivated in many places. The localities where the wild elephant and the bison now roam were then occupied by villages and cultivation, and many of the names by which the Sholigas still know them—such as 'the tax-gatherer's house hill,' 'the dancing-girls' village,' 'head-man Timmalii's rice-field,' 'the place of the gamblers'—sound strangely in presence of the giant trees and creepers, the long grass, and the air of solitude which now overspread them. The abandonment of the hills was, doubtless, directly caused by the wars between the British and those usurpers of the Mysore throne, Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo (the 'Tiger' of Mysore). For some twenty years prior to 1799, when the taking of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo Sultan brought complete peace to Southern India, the forces of Hyder Ali and Tippoo made frequent descents by the passes at both ends of the Billigarungun hills to the plains of Madras and of Malabar; and not only were the troops themselves lawless and given to plunder, but each march was

accompanied by hordes of Pindarries and Sookaligas, who carried grain for the army upon pack-bullocks, and robbed the defenceless villagers for many miles on each side of the line of march. There is every indication in Mysore that prior to the Mussulman usurpation, from 1763 to 1799, peace, quiet, and comparative security of life and property prevailed; but that an interregnum of disorder then seized this quiet Hindu state, and that bad characters from within and without were let loose on the defenceless people. One result was the ruin of villages and the abandonment of whole tracts of country.

This was what occurred at the foot of the Billigarungun hills, on the Mysore side. There are many men yet who remember their fathers' and grandfathers' accounts of the incursions of the Pindarries, who seized everything of value in their villages, tortured and ill used the people, and drove off their cattle *en masse*.

Much of this pillage was carried on by bands of robbers apart from the *employés* of the armies, and who had little to fear from the law in those disturbed times. Hyder Ali, in some of his leisure intervals, certainly seems to have made examples of some of these, his imitators on a small scale. Where my jungle bungalow, eight miles from the foot of the Billigarunguns, is built, formerly stood a village of Bayders, a hunting caste, who have ever been suspected of combining thieving on occasions with their ordinary occupations; and it is said that one day a descent was made on the village by Hyder's orders, and all the men who could be caught, numbering a hundred, were hanged, without more ado, to trees which are still pointed out.

The abandonment of the large villages in the open country along the foot of the Billigarunguns must have led naturally to the rapid decadence of the hill villages, which were, doubtless, mere offshoots of the former, and dependent on them in many respects. The survivors of the raids of the freebooters doubtless betook themselves to the better populated parts of the country, where numbers afforded some protection, and the Billigarungun hills lapsed into forest. The withdrawal of man—except, perhaps, a very few who remained, and who are now, possibly, represented by the Sholigas, who have neither customs nor physical peculiarities other than may have arisen during four or five generations to distinguish them from the present inhabitants of the low country—must have been quickly followed by an increase in the wild animals. I have satisfactorily ascertained that before about the beginning of the present century, wild elephants were unknown in the hills, and some of the oldest Sholigas relate the accounts which their fathers gave of the advent of these astonishing, unknown beasts. They are said to have come from the hills and jungles to the east. It is difficult, however, to account for the first incursion of elephants. Wild elephants are exceedingly conservative in their habits, each herd, or set of herds, keeping to its established paths and within its recognised territorial bounds with undeviating regularity; it is thus not easy to imagine that herds previously unacquainted with the locality should occupy it. It seems probable that the elephants may have been gradually dispossessed of the hills through the incursions of the villagers, whose occupation, in its turn, may not have lasted long enough to destroy the remembrance among the elephants of their old haunts; or some, probably a

few wandering, solitary elephants, may have continued their visits to the hills, which must always have had many jungly nooks capable of sheltering them. By either of these means, or even by the agency of escaped elephants, which regained their freedom during the military operations of Hyder and Tippoo, and which might act as connecting links between the then haunts of the elephants and the newly available country, the elephants may have found their way to the Billigarunguns. There are probably now 300 or more of these animals in the hills, apart from 143 which have been caught in the three hunts conducted by the Mysore Government, viz. one in 1874 and two in 1889.

The site of the keddah, or trap, in which the elephants were to be secured for his Royal Highness's entertainment was originally selected, and partly prepared by me for elephant catching, in 1877, but a disastrous famine then occurred in Mysore, and hunting was deferred, and my transfer to Bengal in 1878 put a stop to the work. On being deputed to Mysore in 1889, I had the old work put to rights and completed, and without difficulty caught a herd of fifty-one elephants at the first attempt. I will now describe the situation and construction of the trap.

The Billigarungun hills, it has been already stated, are about thirty miles by ten broad, running due north and south. On their west or Mysore side, and about their centre, a gap or gorge cuts deeply into the hills, and forms an easy and natural road by which the herds may reach the low country jungles, and again retire to their fastnesses. It is the custom of the elephants to leave the higher hills pretty frequently from May to November. This is the Monsoon, or rainy season in Mysore.

The reasons of the herds quitting the hills are : to escape the discomfort of the long grass and of the almost constant rain and mist of the upper ranges ; to avoid the large stinging flies which abound at that time ; and to feed in the low country on the young bamboo and tender grasses, which are not found above 3,000 feet elevation. During breaks in the rains the herds often return temporarily to the hills ; also if they are alarmed in the low country ; and about the middle of November they usually betake themselves finally to the hills ; as the grass in the low country becomes overgrown and dry and the sun powerful.

Elephants are very particular in selecting the easiest general lines of country for the paths by which they migrate from one tract to another ; and these main roads, as well as the minor paths which lead to drinking places and feeding grounds, are laid out with a skill which amounts almost to a special engineering instinct. It is, of course, necessary for such heavy creatures to take the easiest way up and down ascents and declivities ; for, though elephants move with ease in such localities, it is only their skilfully laid-out paths that enable them to do so. These lines of communication are the admiration—not to say convenience—of every elephant hunter and traverser of the forest. The most skilful engineer could not, it may be said, if unassisted by tools and dynamite, improve upon an elephant path in its admirable qualities of directness between two points, combined with due regard to a comfortable gradient. The human inhabitants of the jungles, and deer and all other larger animals, make exclusive use of the excellent roads provided and kept clear and well trodden by the elephants, which always, when marching, move in single file.

The Neerdoorgi or Water-Fall gorge, of which I have spoken, forms the chief pass in and out of the hills for elephants on the Mysore side. At the point of its debouchure into the low country it is about two miles across ; this width decreases to a quarter of a mile at three miles farther within the hills. Up to this point the valley—it cannot here be called a gorge—is level, densely clothed with the giant bamboo, and producing various valuable trees such as the sandal-wood, black wood and teak. Here were formerly situated a native fortress, and more than one large village, whilst the waters of the bright rushing stream that flows down the valley were diverted for useful purposes. Now the fort is a favourite midday retreat of elephants, which rest under the trees which have outlived the inhabitants who planted them, and of whose simple mode of life one may form an idea from the disused hand-millstones, and stone rice-pounding implements lying about ; the substantial stone floors of their small houses and cattle yards, and from the traces of their apparently sole industry of smelting, in small furnaces, iron from an iron sand of excellent quality, which is found in a hill near. This valley is quite uninhabited, the nearest low-country villages being ten miles away, and in it the elephants have their chief low-country haunts, undisturbed and well provided with an abundance of food and water. They occasionally extend their wanderings several miles nearer civilisation, for, unlike the bison, his *confrère* in the interior jungles, the wild elephant is very tolerant of, in fact he may be said to show a decided liking for, the proximity of man. In their wanderings, elephants will often show interest in newly thrown-up embankments, telegraph poles, and mile stones, young avenue trees alongside roads, deserted huts and similar works.

of man ; and in their idle but quite unmalicious manner they frequently do much injury, as by throwing the fresh earth of an embankment over themselves, and ploughing through it with their huge feet ; pulling up telegraph and mile posts, and idly knocking down unoccupied huts. I have heard wild elephants playing all night with a long and heavy chain that was left in the jungles.

About three miles from its outlet into the plains, the Neerdoorgi valley contracts to a quarter of a mile across, and the hills which form its sides here rise precipitously to 500 feet or more above the stream, alongside and frequently crossing which are the elephants' paths. Viewed from these heights even elephants look almost like goats wending their way up the valley ; and it is quite impossible for them to climb the hills. In this almost natural trap the keddah, or inclosure, was located. It consists of a tolerably regular quadrangular figure, containing probably 150 acres, and surrounded by a trench one mile and a quarter in length, and generally about eight feet wide and deep. In several places the natural slope of the hills, supplemented with a little scarping, render a trench hardly necessary. The trench is discontinued at the points where it would cross the elephants' paths, which are chiefly alongside the fine stream which flows down the valley. In place of the trench at these points are ponderous gates made of logs, which, when not in use, are hauled up between trees which serve as gate-posts. The bed of the stream is secured by a barricade of heavy chains, which can be unhooked and stored on the banks when not in use, as, were they left in position during the rainy season, the trunks of fallen trees and other driftwood brought down by the raging torrent which

then takes the place of the ordinarily gentle stream, would form a dam which would burst the chains, or carry away the trees to which they are secured.

The gates and the bed of the stream being kept open at ordinary times, the elephants pass along their accustomed paths, or rest and browse in the inclosure, unconscious that the former may be closed and the latter be turned into a prison on some fatal day! Wild elephants are entirely unsuspicuous, and if the immediate presence of man be not detected, they are rarely alarmed at any of his works, but examine them with curiosity. Before I understood this fully I was once superintending the digging of a trench when a herd of wild elephants unexpectedly approached. I withdrew all the workpeople, but watched myself, and the herd soon came to the trench, where many tools and baskets were lying, and amused themselves by throwing the freshly dug earth over their huge bodies. It will thus be understood that the somewhat extensive works necessary to convert the gorge into a trap have not been found to alarm the elephants in their natural passages through it; in fact, after a few months in an Indian jungle luxuriant vegetation hides almost everything but the beds of running streams and daily used paths.

The capture (the first that had been made) of fifty-one elephants in July 1889 had just been effected in the keddah above described, when, in accordance with the wishes of his Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, plans were devised for a second hunt in honour of his Royal Highness. The chief difficulty was that during the latter end of November, the proposed time of his Royal Highness's visit, it was almost impossible to hope for the presence of a herd of elephants in the low

country ; and it was quite anticipated that extensive arrangements might have to be made for driving a herd out of the hills into the gorge at the time of the hunt. The feasibility or otherwise of this undertaking was submitted to the consideration of my jungle council, the members of which were all Sholigas, who would have fled had anyone but myself desired to be present. The question of his Royal Highness being invited to witness an elephant-catch trembled for long on the decision of these wild men of the woods. At last it was decided that, though the undertaking was a very extensive and difficult one, it might be attempted if the hearty support of certain jungle deities were secured, towards which end I readily promised the necessary gifts. The general details of the driving operations were then discussed in a preliminary way, and we parted to pass the intervening three months of the rains, the Sholigas in their little grass huts in the dripping jungles, I in head quarters in Mysore, fifty miles distant.

The cessation of the rains in the middle of October brought us all together again. The Sholigas reported that herds of elephants had been very numerous in the low country, for the rains had been exceptionally heavy in the hills, and this always drives them down ; but by October 15, the last herd had ascended the hills, and, except under inducement, it was not likely any more would come down.

A large number of low-country coolies were now employed in repairing the damages done to the keddah inclosure by the rains. Unsound posts were replaced ; landslips into the trench removed ; the river-bed barricaded ; the gates put upon single ropes ready to be dropped ; huts were built at the base camp, four miles from the keddah, to accommodate some 400

hunters, who were to be assembled from the villages in the low country ; signal stations were prepared on certain hills ; stores of ‘raggi’ flour, salt, oil, chillies, turmeric, coriander, tobacco, earthen pots, and similar provisions for feeding the to-be-assembled multitude were laid in ; ropes were twisted from cocoa-nut fibre for lashing barricades, &c., and many other preparations made. In the beginning of November parties of Sholigas were despatched into the hills to watch the movements of any herds near. It was found that a large herd of about eighty elephants was about six miles away, but in two detachments, of which the large one, containing about sixty individuals, chiefly the females and younger members of the herd, was in one place, and the remainder, consisting chiefly of male elephants and young unencumbered females, about three miles away. It was decided to try, by very slightly disturbing them, to induce the larger part of the herd to come down into the valley ; should the elephants not take this slight hint they were not to be seriously alarmed, but to be left until a considerable number of hunters from the low country could be brought up to assist the Sholigas, when more comprehensive measures were to be adopted.

Fortunately no rain interfered with our plans ; the bright moonlight nights enabled the trackers to follow easily the movements of the elephants ; and what must be called royal luck attended our efforts to move the elephants. Two Sholigas only were deputed for this delicate operation, the others being distributed among certain adjacent passes by which the herd might have gone astray ; but, as if the elephants retained pleasant recollections of the low-country jungles, they trooped away down hill as soon as they discovered the presence of the

Sholigas, who, by simply going to windward of the herd, made their whereabouts known; and to our delighted and almost unbelieving eyes the whole herd wended its way shortly to the low country. This was on the morning of November 7, and as the herd reached the keddah valley by 9 A.M., we knew it would not move at least till evening, as the sun was hot, and the cool shade and water to be found in the valley were not available elsewhere.

The next thing to be done was to collect the 400 hunters required for driving the elephants in the trap, and for guarding them therein until they should be secured. The Sholigas numbered only twenty men, and were very useful as scouts and trackers. In driving elephants a large number of men is required to occupy the different paths by which they may seek to escape, as well as to urge them forward in the direction of the trap; and I had arranged for these among the two hunting castes of the open country, the Ooplidas and Torreas. These men are accustomed to catch hares, deer, pig, bears, and even tigers and leopards, by using long lines of nets. These are stretched across large tracts of jungly country, and the game is then driven forward, and is speared by men in ambush when entangled in the nets. The caste organisation and the practice they have make these men very useful for the higher sport of elephant-driving, and, in 1874 and in July 1889, I had successfully employed them for this purpose. In innumerable hunts for smaller game, from tigers downwards, which we have had together during a period extending over twenty-two years (I had hunted with these excellent men in 1868) mutual confidence, and I may even say warm friendship, has been established between them and myself; and, in

connection with elephant-hunting, they only required to be trained to do anything that men could do under the circumstances.

As on former occasions, so on the present, 400 men had been enrolled from about fifteen villages. All these men had a piece of tape, yellow for the Oopligas, red for the Torreas, to tie round their arms to distinguish them as the 'Government hunters,' a title of which they were very proud; and as I arranged that this distinction should carry with it various small but important privileges, such as immunity from being called on for certain free labour, which is an inseparable condition from Indian village life; free grazing for their cattle in jungles in which they would otherwise have to pay a small fee, &c.; the distinction was a profitable as well as a proud one. It was necessary for these hunters to collect at very short notice, and as their villages were scattered, and as they might not even be in their villages when messengers reached them, the following method of summoning them had been adopted by me on former occasions.

There was a hill, some 400 feet high, and pretty centrally situated with reference to the villages; on this was a small temple. I posted four men on this hill, who found shelter in the temple out-buildings, and kept watch in turns day and night for any signals which might be made to them by me from the jungles. They were provided with six gun-cotton rockets, such as are carried as distress signals by most ocean-going vessels. These are fired by a fuse out of a sort of small mortar, and ascend to 400 or 500 feet, where they burst with a noise which may be heard to a distance of ten miles, accompanied by a brilliant light. The signals were to be fired

when the watchers should see certain fires lighted (if at night) on certain agreed-on points, or (during the day) by a flash from a heliograph, which I always carried with me in readiness. The hunters were warned to start for the base camp the moment they heard the signals, each man to bring his axe and blanket only, as food would be provided for them.

On the present occasion, as soon as the elephants, which we counted as they crossed an open space and found to number sixty large and small, were fairly on their way into the valley, I flashed a signal to Beacon hill, which was just ten miles distant. After a couple of minutes' anxious waiting my Sholigas and I were delighted to hear the distant boom of the first rocket, and subsequently of five others, and through my glass I could see the smoke of a large fire of green wood which had been collected and fired as an additional signal. I now descended to Boodipudaga, a locality situated at the mouth of the keddah valley, thus named and selected by me as a base camp; and here the royal camp was subsequently made. Boodipudaga is the site of an old, long-abandoned village; it is situated four and a half miles from the keddah, and eight from the nearest low-country villages, between which and it lies scrub jungle, more or less dense, frequented by tigers, bear, and deer, and through which herds of elephants occasionally roam when in the low country. The lower ranges of the Billigarungun hills rise at once from Boodipudaga. Here the Sholigas lived, and the huts for the hunters, store-houses for tools and keddah appliances, lines for the tame elephants, and my own jungle bungalow, were built.

Only a few hours had lapsed since the firing of the signal rockets from Beacon hill when the first hunters arrived, hot,

covered with dust, and tired with the speed they had made to get first to camp, as a couple of sheep had been given on former occasions to the villagers that arrived first, and with this inducement there was a great race for Boodipudaga.

The villagers of Hurdenhully and Umchwaddi were the first to arrive, and they carried off the promised prizes with great glee. As the others came in their numbers were tallied, and they then went to the store-house to obtain cooking-pots and materials for their simple evening meal. The daily ration of each man throughout the operations consisted of 2 lbs. of raggi-flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of gram (a legume), with chillies, ginger, and other spices, and two large partly-dried leaves of tobacco, a foot and a half long and four inches wide each. On the present occasion an extra day's ration was issued, as it was not known what chance the men would have on the morrow for cooking, and they were therefore ordered to carry cooked food with them.

The simple meal of the Mysore villagers, raggi 'pudding' as it is called for want of a better term, is easily prepared. The flour is simply put into a large porous earthenware pot, at the rate of 1 lb. for a meal for each person, and water is added in the proportion of one quarter more by measure than the flour. This is boiled for somewhat over half an hour, being stirred with a stick from the nearest hedge, till the mass is so stiff that it can with difficulty be moved with the stick. It is then taken off the fire, and when sufficiently cool is made into balls as large as a small child's head ; these are of a very dark brown colour. This pudding or dough is eaten with such vegetables or condiments, often only a little salt, as may be available ; and that it is nourishing and sustaining food is evinced by the well-conditioned and enduring peasantry who

live solely upon it. The raggi-eating ryots care little for rice, except as an occasional luxury, having but a poor opinion of its sustaining power.

It was not intended that any attempt should be made to drive the elephants into the keddah on the day they descended into the valley : for the hunters would not be collected much before evening, and no proper and complete arrangements could then be made for the purpose. The rest of the day was spent in telling off the men to their different positions, and in instructing them regarding observing silence, looking out for directing signals from certain hill-tops, and other matters. In the evening some of the Sholiga trackers came in with the gratifying news that the elephants were disporting themselves, and feeding contentedly in the keddah valley, and they then returned with food to their companions who were on guard at two or three of the most important passes out of the valley.

Few of us slept much that night. The importance of the impending operations was understood to some extent by perhaps every one but the impassive Sholigas. Every preparation that months of forethought had suggested had been made, and every precaution taken. The luck of getting the elephants down into the valley with so little trouble had been quite unexpected, and we all regarded this as a good omen. For what other purpose but to be caught could they have thus, seemingly, as it were, placed themselves in our power ? As I went round among the different groups of hunters, who, after their simple meal, were smoking and chatting in the bright moonlight round their fires, I found this to be the common sentiment ; and when we occasionally heard a distant trumpet from

the elephants, they cracked many little jokes about the herd calling us.

We were all astir betimes. The cooks of the different groups had the unfailing raggi pudding ready before daylight, and the men applied themselves to this very early breakfast with the happy adaptability natives display on the march, when the rule is to eat when the chance offers. I had my coffee and rice cakes, so none of us suffered any inconvenience, though it was eight at night before any one again touched another morsel of food. In fact, some of my Bengalies got cut off by the exigencies of the case, having to guard special distant points, and they got no food for thirty hours! I provided myself with a pony and riding elephant for getting rapidly from point to point when necessary, the elephant to be used in thick cover where neither a pony nor a man on foot could move. The hunters were divided under the leadership of my best men, and these latter were provided with hand fog-horns for signalling. In thick jungles these are most useful, as the advance, halt, move to right or left, and other orders can be readily conveyed by their means; and any one can use them, which is not the case with a bugle.

We proceeded in Indian file and in strict silence, 420 of us, up the keddah valley (of which the accompanying illustration gives an idea), to a point agreed upon with the trackers, to the foot of the Muniguddah or 'Hill of the Spirits,' a hill some 600 feet in height, crowned with a pile of rocks in which the simple Sholigas believe gnomes and sprites have their dwelling. The Sholigas and I had occasion to sleep at the foot of this hill one night, many years ago, but this they would never have done without my sustaining presence, and even so I do not think



they took much sleep on the occasion. Here we now mustered, waiting for the report of the trackers who had gone after the elephants at daybreak to find their exact position. It was evident from the time which elapsed before any news came that the elephants had moved to some distance: and it was not till half past nine that information was brought that they were near Poonjoor, a locality some four miles along the foot of the hills. This only meant a little more trouble in bringing the elephants from a distance to the keddah valley, as there was no road of escape for them into the hills which, between the debouchure of the valley and Poonjoor, were too steep to be attempted by elephants. Until the herd was actually got into the keddah valley half a dozen Sholigas were sufficient to drive it forward, as the place where it now was afforded no secure cover, and on slight alarm the animals would make for the dense and extensive thickets of the keddah valley. Whilst Gorrava, Bussava, Madah, Mulla, and other picked Sholigas bring up the herd into position for the actual drive, let me describe the arrangements made in the keddah valley for directing the elephants into the trap.

In the first place, along each side of the valley, and half-way up the slopes, a line had been cleared through the forest, and the grass and undergrowth had been kept down sufficiently to allow of men moving along these lines freely. At every fifty yards or so, a heap of stones were piled; this indicated a beater's post. At one or two places, especially near to the trap, where the elephants had paths leading out of the valley, and where they were likely to make special attempts to escape, the men were more closely posted, and in addition, longcloth, in forty-yard pieces, was stretched from tree to tree. This

alarms elephants very greatly, by its ghostly white appearance and fluttering, and saves both expenditure of men and danger to them in exposed places.

The above-described side, or guiding lines, joined the trap, leaving the gates of ingress and the bed of the stream between them. At the trap all was silent and undisturbed, no one being posted about the entrances. The gates on the far side of the trap, which were a quarter of a mile or so from those by which the elephants would enter, were closed and guarded by men who were detached early in the morning for the purpose ; thus, after entering the trap, the elephants would have to go a quarter of a mile before ascertaining that they could not pass up the valley, and, before they could return, the gates by which they had entered would be securely closed.

In addition to the two side lines, which were about two and a half miles in length each, there were three lines cleared across the valley to a width of twenty feet each, designed to afford a view of the elephants as they crossed them on their way up the valley, and to enable the beaters to re-form their line when they reached these clearings. These proved of great use, for when the elephants passed over them, often far in advance of the beaters, a ‘gone away’ signal with a fog-horn brought the men up without loss of time, and the beat was recommenced from the cross line onwards.

It is now time to return to the herd, which has been disporting itself in the small river near Poonjoor, until the sound of the tapping of an axe-handle against a tree causes the leaders to listen. Their fears are well founded, for now more than one such sound leaves them in no doubt as to the proximity of their dreaded, their only enemy, man ; and, followed by their calves,

WILD HERO IN FOREST BEFORE DRIVE



the ponderous mothers of the herd quickly climb the opposite bank, and all are speedily lost to view in the bamboo cover which borders the river. The poor unsuspecting animals are not aware that for the past half-hour the sharp eyes of Gorrava and of his comrades have been watching their every movement, and that Mulla and Madah have been despatched ahead to stop a certain gap in case the herd should think of leaving the direct line. But they have no such intention. They think of the pleasant cool covers, where they have never been disturbed, in the keddah-valley, and they shape their course in that direction, marching slowly in Indian file. After going a mile they came upon a morass, which tempts them to linger and to break their order of march. But to their alarm the instant tapping of axes on the trees behind them, discloses that their disturbers must have been at their very heels the whole time, and a shout or two puts them to immediate flight. The former order of Indian file is no longer observed ; the unencumbered animals get to the front, the mothers with young calves fall behind, and where there is room for more than one or two to pass at a time among the trees and bamboo clumps and broken ground a struggle ensues to get to the front. The nature of the danger behind is not known. Had a Sholiga discovered himself close to the herd, some one of the females with young calves would assuredly have charged him, and, could she have caught him, have trampled him to death ; but unknown dangers have the same terror for elephants as for human beings, and nothing but flight is now in their thoughts.

The herd, however, has reached its place of anticipated safety, its hitherto undisturbed stronghold, the keddah valley ; and amid angry grumblings from the old females proposes to

find rest and quiet for the day, as feeding hours are now past. How little do the unsuspecting, simple animals think that their movements have been signalled by flags from more than one high tree as they passed, that the sides of the valley leading to the keddah have been occupied since early morning by three hundred silent watchers ; that one hundred more are rapidly closing in behind them, forming a line across the valley which will entirely cut off their retreat ! I had received a great accession of strength towards directing the hunt in the arrival before this time of Mr. Morris, a friend who is a coffee-planter on the Madras side of the Billigarunguns, a keen and experienced sportsman, and who had helped me in my former hunt in July. No one can stand a longer day's hill climbing, or more work in the hot sun, than Mr. Morris, and my being able to place him in charge of one flanking line was a great relief and assurance to me. The Head Jemadar, whose home is in the distant Chittagong, and who has gained more laurels among his fellows in his particular employment of elephant-catching than any man living, is on the left of the valley ; whilst the pick of the hunters and some of my best Bengal mahouts compose the line that is to beat. My shaggy little pony has done a good deal of galloping, often in not very safe ground, by this time, and is now discarded and sent to the rear, to be replaced by Hilda, my riding elephant.

All is silent, but all are ready, and the ominous signal 'advance' is now sounded by one of my attendants on a fog-horn, and is replied to on the right and left of the line. The excitement and anxiety, as far as I am personally concerned, are naturally great, for though every arrangement has been carefully thought out for months, now that the time for testing

them has come, fears on different points naturally present themselves. However, the die is cast, and, comparing small things to great, I can imagine to some extent the feelings of the commander-in-chief of an army when his forces have been put in motion, and it is almost beyond his power to alter their movements. The chief danger to be apprehended in our case—in fact, almost the only one—was lest the herd should outpace the men at the outset and lead them, in their endeavours to keep up, to *break their formation*; and if the herd then broke back it might find a weak point and get through the beaters. As long as the men kept an unbroken array, any temporary check ahead was of little consequence; and though I should have liked to follow the herd with a few picked men, and to hasten them on to the keddah, I considered it advisable to advance myself with the line of beaters. This was supplemented at every fifty yards by the men at the side lines, who turned in and joined the drive as it passed their ~~place~~ ^{as} ~~place~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{as} valley narrowed as we advanced the beating ~~line~~ ^{became} a formidable and close array.

On this occasion the herd gave little trouble. Beyond one attempt to leave the valley by one of their chief paths to the left, which was promptly frustrated by the yells of the hitherto hiding, silent hunters, yells which must have struck terror into the huge animals, which, in common with all jungle animals, fear the sound of the human voice more than perhaps any other; also once when they mobbed together near the stream, merely taking breathing time in their rapid retreat, but on which occasion one of the leading females required a charge of shot in her face as she turned promptly on myself and men when we went to dislodge the herd; the retreat was one of

continued haste on the part of the elephants, and of success on ours. I had abandoned my riding elephant before this time, and I was just up at the keddah in time to see the mob of elephants splashing, roaring, and hustling each other as they entered it, most of them by the bed of the stream, a few through the main gate.

In a moment my trusty gun-bearer Jaffer, who has been my favourite jungle companion for twenty-four years, put down the small mortar or socket for discharging the gun-cotton rockets, and two were sent aloft as a signal for every one to leave their posts and to hurry to the keddah. The rockets made a terrible noise, for, bursting some hundreds of feet above the forest trees, the sound reverberated down the valley, and it must have terrified the elephants. These, however, kept themselves out of sight in the thick cover of the inclosure, and already the gates, which had been dropped the moment the herd entered, were made fast by hundreds of willing hands. The numbers then distributed themselves rapidly, according to previous arrangement, round the keddah, two men at every thirty yards. A path round was quickly cleared and small huts built, to make which waterproof, in case of rain, mats had been previously stored in bundles in the trees, to be out of reach of the only creatures that could injure them, the elephant or the white-ant! It was yet but little past midday, and the cooks were despatched to Boodipudaga, four and a half miles back, to bring up the provisions and cooking-pots; and by evening every one was comfortably settled and their evening meal under preparation. My own servants, on hearing the rocket signal, brought up my small tent, bedding, and everything comfortable; and though Mr. Morris and I were too

HERD IN RETREAT



anxious to eat until we had seen every point of the keddah made doubly secure, which was not till past nightfall, we then found everything comfortably prepared for us.

The moment the gates of the keddah were dropped I despatched a messenger on my pony to Chamrajnugger, eighteen miles away, with a hurried note to be forwarded overnight by runners to Mysore, thirty-six miles, informing his Highness the Maharaja of the success of the preliminary hunt. This was a matter on which much anxiety was beginning to be felt; for when all the elephants left the low country in October for the hills, it was feared by many that any attempt to turn them down again might fail. The boldness of promising, in July, that a catch of wild elephants, which were then roaming the jungles, should be made in November, began to be appreciated, and the joy which the good news afforded to his Highness and to all in Mysore, was perhaps the greater inasmuch as it was unexpected. The elephant hunt was the *pièce de résistance* of the Mysore programme; the other items were of the ordinary Indian character; thus, when the main attraction was assured, every one felt relief.

It will be understood that it was impossible to bring off the portion of the hunt above described in the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince, for it was impossible to bring up the elephants to any fixed date, even for royalty. We were fortunate in effecting our object with so little trouble, and though I did not originally intend to secure the elephants so long in advance, the opportunity was not to be neglected when it presented itself.

There was now to be an interval of seventeen days before the arrival of his Royal Highness to witness the driving into

the small inclosure, and the tying up of the beleaguered elephants. The day after the drive one half of the hunters were allowed to return to their villages, as it was the busy time of harvest, when every hour was important to them ; they came back again in a week and relieved those who remained on guard ; and this arrangement prevented hardship being felt by any one. The elephants grazed, and drank of the fine stream flowing through the inclosure, and made few deliberate attempts to escape. In fact, there were very many parts of the trench, on the steep hillsides, which they never visited, and where, as far as they could know, there was no obstruction to prevent their escape but the presence of the watchful hunters and their bright fires. As the fodder in the centre of the inclosure decreased, the elephants were obliged to come nearer and nearer to the trench for the bamboos and grass still remaining there, and finding they were not molested, they soon showed a good deal of confidence. Photographs were taken of them across the trench. The sight of a man moving about erect was, however, usually too much for them, though they did not notice him if sitting down ; and they either retreated promptly or odd animals would charge forward to the brink of the trench, whence they retired, looking very foolish, amid the jeers of the hunters. Towards the end of their captivity fodder became so scarce that it was necessary to supply them with two or three hundred coolie-loads daily.

There was plenty of work to be done during the seventeen days before his Royal Highness's arrival. Of this the chief was the preparation of a road fourteen miles and a half in length, viz. ten from Hurdanhully to Boodipudaga, and four and a half on to the keddah. Some parts of this gave

great trouble, in the eradication of stumps of large trees which we felled, but by the required date the road was made a very fair driving road throughout. In this and in all other works subsequent to the capture of the elephants, I was assisted in the most efficient and hearty manner by Major Pigott, D.S.O., her Majesty's 21st Hussars, who, with an Englishman's love of adventure, worked day and night in helping to make the royal visit a success ; and how much of the details upon which the comfort of his Royal Highness largely depended were arranged by Major Pigott, no one but myself knows.

The royal camp also had to be prepared, but I was relieved of this duty by other officials ; and by the wise orders of the Dewan of Mysore the ryots who carried out this special work were brought from a distance, as those of the neighbourhood had sufficient employment in the actual hunting operations. The hitherto quiet neighbourhood of Boodipudaga now began to be enlivened by much bustle and preparation. Strings of carts carrying tents and stores daily arrived, and a canvas city soon sprang into existence. It consisted of one wide main road, terminating at one end at his Royal Highness's tent, and flanked on each side by the tents of his Highness the Maharaja ; Colonel Sir Oliver St. John, K.C.S.I., R.E., British Resident in Mysore ; Mr. K. Sheshadri Iyer, C.S.I., the Dewan or Prime Minister to his Highness ; and of the other visitors who were invited to be present, and officials whose duties necessitated their being so. Native shopkeepers were established with stocks of rice and other provisions for sale to the camp followers ; a temporary post-office was opened ; strings of villagers brought eggs, fowls, and sheep for the camp ; and a small herd of milk cows was collected. At this juncture a

slight scare arose, of cholera, and alarmed the medical authorities ; but the real ailment was merely severe and, in one case fatal, indigestion, caused by feeding men who were accustomed to the grain cholum upon raggi. This they ate in inordinate quantities, and the result was choleraic symptoms. Many of the men probably hardly got enough to eat at home, and they ate in excess when they had the chance ; and this, after a hard day's work and a prolonged fast, resulted in a seizure strongly resembling cholera. There was no cholera in the neighbourhood, nor, when the men's rations were reduced, were there any more cases.

The day of the royal visit at length arrived. It was a long drive from the city of Mysore to the royal camp of Boodipudaga, fifty miles, and owing to the route selected, *via* Atticulpoor, the last five miles had to be ridden at midday, in a hot sun. The royal party, however, and the gentlemen accompanying, arrived at 1.30 P.M., and after bath and breakfast, a start was made for the keddah. His Royal Highness the Prince and Sir Edward Bradford rode on an elephant, and I accompanied them, to explain to his Royal Highness, as we rode up the valley, the arrangements by which the herd had been impounded, and what the further programme was. His Highness the Maharaja, the British Resident Sir Oliver St. John, and other gentlemen, including the native noblemen present, rode on horseback, whilst the Dewan trotted along in comfort on my small bullock-cart, which is well adapted for jungle travelling. By this time a well-made temporary road had been finished to the keddah, through the very thickets through which we had driven the elephants nearly three weeks before. The stream had been

bridged where the road crossed it, and none who now saw the locality for the first time could well imagine what an undisturbed solitude it had so lately been.

Arrived at the keddah gate the party had to proceed on foot, outside the inclosure, to a sort of jungle grand stand, for the design and construction of which Major Pigott deserves the credit. This overlooked, at a distance of thirty yards, the gateway through which the elephants were to be driven into the small keddah, or inclosure in which they were to be secured. The pavilion was screened with leaves, as were also the gateway and barricades, &c.; and the whole of the inclosure and the ground in front of it, where all had recently been trampled and bare, were now converted into a dense, cool covert, by the simple horticultural expedient of sticking feathery bamboos and leafy saplings into the ground, to a height greater than the elephants' backs. The pavilion was sixty feet long and ten wide, and a level space had been made for it by cutting into the steep hillside, and using the earth for banking up the floor. Along the whole length of the pavilion a bench, made of bamboos, extended, and the floor and roof were neatly matted. The rope by which the gate of the keddah was suspended was led to this place, and secured so that by cutting a small cord the gate would be released. His Highness the Maharaja was entrusted with the knife for cutting the cord, an experienced hunter standing near to say when the correct moment had arrived.

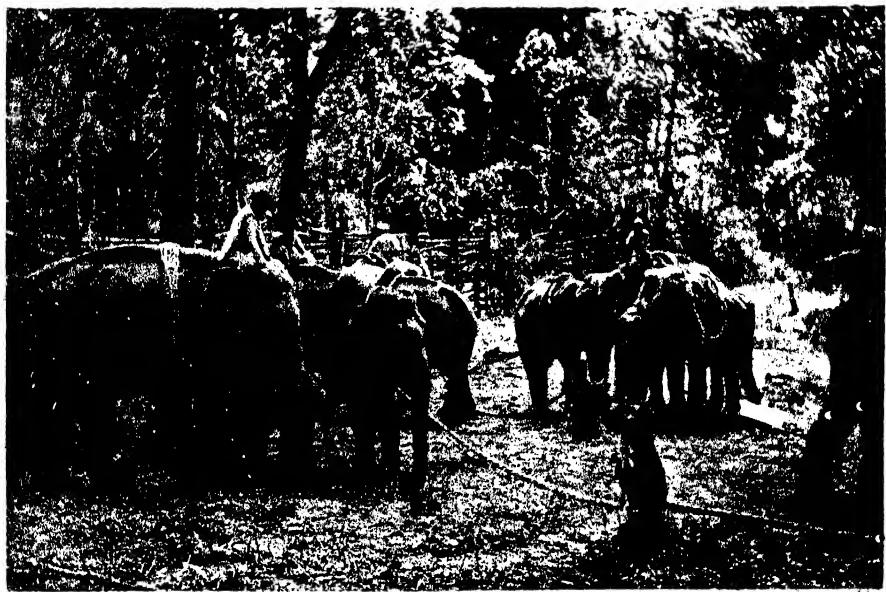
All had been prepared for the drive before the arrival of his Royal Highness and party. The beaters were in position, and only awaited the signal to begin. I had had a small platform constructed in a tree which overhung the stream

about twenty yards from the gate by which the elephants would enter the first inclosure, and where it was necessary for me to station myself, to help the men at the moment of getting the elephants through the gate, and where they sometimes break back, or charge the beaters. I had had this platform made large enough to accommodate two besides myself, in case his Royal Highness the Prince desired to see the drive from this point, which I recommended. This his Royal Highness elected to do, and, accompanied by Captain Harvey and myself, the Prince climbed the ladder into the platform, which was made comfortable by an elephant's soft pad being spread as a cushion to sit on.

The signal was now given and the beat commenced, and after varied fortunes, the herd breaking back more than once, the animals came and stood close to the tree where we were hiding in the screened platform. The Prince had a good view of them here, at the distance of but a few yards. The herd ought, rightly speaking, to have been driven in at the first attempt, and under ordinary circumstances would have been ; but the excitement of the occasion had affected the beaters, and in their endeavours to do their work particularly well they entirely overdid it, and drove the elephants about until it was a wonder some one was not killed. Though this was unbusiness-like, it at least made the drive more exciting for the visitors. At last the herd descended the bank of the stream, under our tree, and in a compact mob, each individual struggling not to be last, they crowded through the gateway into the first inclosure, urged on by several charges of small shot which his Royal Highness plied them with. The herd continued its flight through this inclosure into the inner one,



TYING UP IN STOCKADE.



TYING UP IN STOCKADE.

above which on the hillside, it has been mentioned, the visitors' stand was erected, and the rope controlling the gate of which was in his Highness the Maharaja's hands. The illustration shows the stockades, screened as described, whilst two or three elephants' heads are just visible, coming through the bamboos near the small forked tree on right of picture. The elephants made no halt in the first inclosure, and as soon as all had entered the last one the Maharaja dropped the gate, which was quickly secured; and thus the promise of the Maharaja, to show his Royal visitor a drive of wild elephants, was accomplished!

It was only intended to confine the elephants in the inner inclosure until the gate of the outer one was thoroughly secured, as there was no water for them in the inner one. All was made secure in a short time, when the dividing gate between the inclosures was hauled up, and on a few of the hunters climbing on to the stockade and showing themselves, the elephants retired into the first inclosure. They were then left for the night, with the run of the two inclosures, which were guarded all round by the hunters, with fires. But the poor animals had been now eighteen days more or less closely invested, and they seemed to have given up all hopes and idea of effecting their escape, so they were quiet enough, and browsed eagerly on the bamboos and young trees that had been used to 'make a garden,' as the men expressed it, of the inclosures. The illustration opposite shows the herd on the following morning, after all the bamboos had been devoured or trodden under foot.

His Royal Highness and party returned on horseback, accompanied by men with torches, to the camp at Boodipudaga,

whilst Major Pigott, Mr. Morris, and I remained in our comfortable snug little camp on the nice dry ridge above the keddah ; and, being all old campaigners in field or forest, I think the consideration of having a warm bath ready and a sufficient, if not very luxurious, table awaiting us a few hundred yards away, influenced us as much as our sense^o of duty in staying at the keddah, despite the kind invitations we received to join the royal party at dinner at Boodipudaga.

Next morning, November 26, I was surprised to hear it begin to rain before daybreak. The downfall was steady, though not heavy, and seeing no chance of an immediate break, I proceeded in my little bullock-cart, drawn by my high-caste trotting bullocks ‘Mahadappa’ and ‘Nunjanna,’ to the royal camp. About 1 p.m. the weather became fine, and his Royal Highness and the visitors started for the keddah to see the operation of tying up the captives. A platform had been previously constructed close to the gateway, from which the spectators could get a close view of the tying-up operations ; and near this the ropes for tying the elephants were piled. I had preceded the royal party to the keddah, and had caused the elephants to be all driven into the inner inclosure, where they were temporarily confined whilst the gate of the outer inclosure was opened and the tame elephants were admitted. These were twelve in number, and were animals which I had sent from Dacca, 1,000 miles away in Bengal, to Mysore, some months previously. They were all females except one, and were all highly trained animals, that had been employed for years in the Bengal keddahs with the 150 or more others that formed the staff of ‘koonkies’ there. ‘Koonkies’ is the term applied to the trained elephants by the aid of which the wild



ones are secured ; but the general belief that these evince great skill in their work, and even help the hunters of their own accord, has no foundation in fact. They are exceedingly docile, and will allow the men to move about among their huge legs, taking care not to injure them intentionally or by inadvertence ; and they will perform such common duties of an elephant as picking up anything they are ordered to, pulling a rope, &c., but though I have had the cream of trained elephants at work under my supervision in Bengal for many years, I can affirm that I have never seen one apply itself, undirected, to overcome any difficulty or to prevent any complication. To do so would be quite opposed to the elephant's nature, which is one of repose and contentment ; thus no elephant will continue to labour at any task, unless within hearing or sight of its master, nor will it offer to do any work which it is not called on to assist in. An elephant's excellent qualities of obedience, patience, and equable temper, cannot be overrated ; and when it is considered that its labour is performed at times when it would, if left to its own instinct, be resting ; also probably in the hot sun, instead of in the shade that it loves, its good temper cannot be spoken of too highly.

The koonkies now put into the inclosure rejoiced in such fanciful native names as 'Queen of the Stars,' 'Flower among Pearls,' 'The Beloved of Radha,' &c., and their mahouts were experienced men from Bengal, whom, with the Keddah Jemadars, who were my chief assistants in many matters connected with the hunt, accompanied me from Bengal, where they had all been employed under me in the Government keddah department for many years. These elephants were

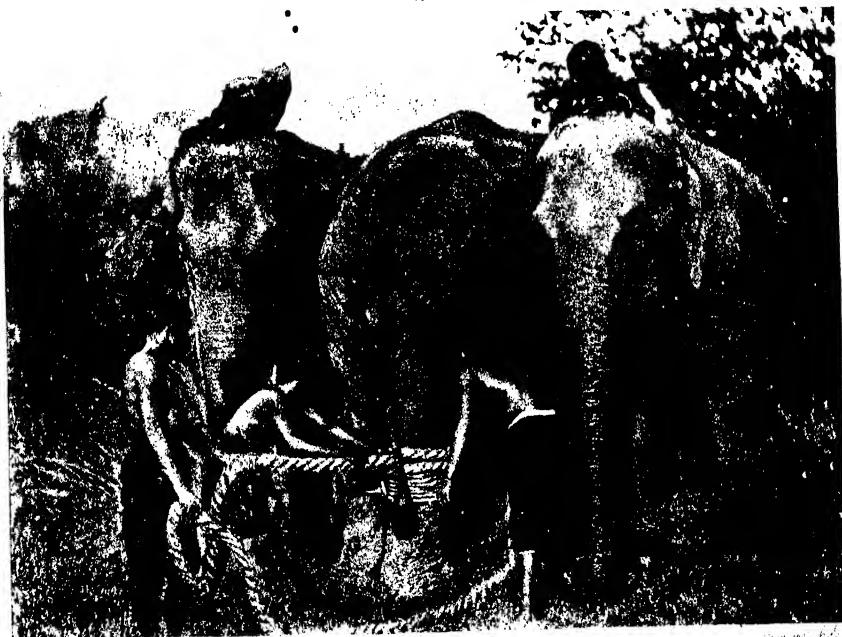
now drawn up in a row awaiting the re-admission to the outer inclosure of the herd, which was temporarily confined in the inner one. Some of them had ropes disposed as a sort of ladder down their shoulders, by which the men on foot could quickly climb on to their backs during the tying-up work if danger threatened ; and seated behind the mahouts on the backs of two of the best elephants were the chief rope-tiers, Fyzoo and Gunni, who, with no clothing but a pair of short drawers, and with the ready ropes in their hands, were anxious to begin the difficult and often dangerous work of lashing each elephant's legs together.

His Royal Highness the Prince, his Highness the Maharaja, Sir Oliver St. John, and visitors having taken their places, the gate dividing the inclosures was opened, and the herd was driven towards the inclosure where the koonkies were. As soon as some ten or twelve elephants, however, had entered, the others were frightened back and the gate was closed, the object being to make the work of the koonkies more easy by only giving them a few elephants at a time to deal with. Among the elephants that were cut off from entry was the mother of a calf, which latter found its way in, in advance of her. Missing her little one, and divining where it had gone, the mother charged the gate with the force of a battering-ram. The men had just commenced to secure it, but she burst it open, and though the heavy flap gate dangled on her head and back, scraping over her tough hide in a manner which must have been unpleasant, she got through, and joined her young one. One of the men was knocked over by the elephant's rush against the gate, and the elephant ran almost over him as he lay stunned by the blow ; but she had not



PUTTING ON LEG HAWCER

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PUTTING ON LEG HAWCER

BINDING A WILD ELEPHANT

seen him, and he was quickly dragged beyond danger by his comrades.

The wild elephants now approached the koonkies, which were drawn up in a line, and with outstretched trunks seemed anxious to learn who the strangers were ; but when they came too close they were admonished against familiarity by a heavy butt. No sooner had the dividing-gate been secured than the work of tying-up commenced. A tame one was ranged up along each side of the largest wild one, whilst another was placed face to face to it to prevent it advancing. The rope-tiers now slipped to the ground, and, standing close behind the wild elephant, dexterously secured its legs together by thin ropes in a figure of 8. Each rope was twenty feet long, and not thicker than the thumb, to be light and easily handled. Five or six were put on to each elephant's hind legs, which were thus closely hobbled together. During this time the tame elephants on each side of the wild one squeezed it tightly between them, and, it being unable to see behind it, it was not aware of what was being done to its hind legs, as the ropes were lightly tied. A soft rope of loosely twisted jute, as thick as a man's arm, was now secured to one hind leg and the end taken to a tree by the rope-tier under shelter of a couple of tame elephants. Two turns being taken round the tree, the wild elephant was backed against it from where it stood, several yards away. This was done by the tame elephants between which it stood being backed, whilst the elephant facing the wild one butted and forced it to retire. This was not done without struggling on the part of the wild one, which now, for the first time, felt that its hind legs were hobbled. However, its struggles were unavailing against the

combined efforts of three animals as powerful as itself, and acting in concert under the guidance of their riders, and the wild one was soon braced close to the tree, and made fast.

It was not till the tame ones left it that it seemed to appreciate its position or used its full efforts to free itself. But when its recent treacherous companions were withdrawn, the wild one at once commenced every effort of which it was capable. It threw itself forward, often with its forehead on the ground and its hind legs raised straight behind it, and pulled in a position which would have insured its falling heels over head had the ropes given way. The bark of the tree was quickly stripped off under the chafing of the ropes, and the smooth trunk below, wet and slippery with sap, acted as a swivel, allowing the elephant to go round it with ease. The topmost twigs of the huge tree shook under the heavy jerks it was subjected to, and it seemed marvellous that the soft, "silky jute ropes could stand the strains they did.

In this way the larger elephants were quickly secured, when the time of the youngsters came. For all of five and a half feet in height and under, the simple plan of lassoing was adopted. Each tame elephant had a stout soft rope fastened round it, about fifteen feet of the rope being free, and having a running noose at the end. This was held open by the mahout with both hands, and thrown over the head of any young elephant that offered a good chance. More entertainment was afforded to the visitors by this part of the operations, perhaps, than by any other. It often happened that the young elephant shook off the rope at the first attempt to lasso it, and after this it seemed to become quite alive to what was intended against its liberty. It was a point of honour with each



mahout to secure any particular calf upon which he once begun, and the efforts of the calf to keep out of the way of its pursuer were fully equalled by the latter's pertinacity. No one meddled with another's chosen game, though it often happened that one man might have secured a calf that was giving a friend a tedious chase. All was done with a deliberation which made the scene the more amusing. A calf would walk slowly along, just beyond lasso reach of the mahout, who, high up on the neck of a tall koonkie, followed it with eager eyes and lasso held wide open. The smallest movement right or left of the intended captive was faithfully followed by the koonkie, guided by the mahout's knees. Any injudicious increase in speed by the koonkie would be taken by the youngster as a signal to better its pace, and all that could be done was to follow persistently in the hope of something distracting the calf and offering a chance. The men showed great patience and good temper. Sometimes the calf would walk under one of the large elephants which had been tied up, and its pursuer would have to go round, finally to be played the same trick by the calf's coming back again. Or it would stop in a position against another calf or large elephant that prevented the noose being thrown. Even after the cast was made the noose might be thrown up by the ever-ready trunk, or the youngster would get its fore feet through and become caught round the body instead of the neck, when its cries and ridiculous strait were very laughable. In such cases another noose was generally thrown round its neck and the first one released. The slip-knot of these nooses had to be secured at the right point round the neck by a small cord to prevent them drawing too tight and strangling the calves ; and often,

the tame elephants had to be made to kneel down to bring their mahouts within reach of the youngster's neck. Taken all through, the youngsters certainly gave an amount of trouble out of all proportion to their size, whilst their loud cries and petulant behaviour were a great contrast to the silent and dignified manners of the full-grown ones.

In this manner all the elephants, thirty-seven in number, were secured, and after large cables had been put round the necks of the large ones, they were all marched out, tied to one or two koonkies according to size, and were then fastened in a large clearing among the trees, where the undergrowth had all been removed. Here fodder had been cut and stacked in readiness, and, despite the strangeness of their position, none of them refused the succulent grass and bamboo leaves that were placed before them.

On the evening of the day of the tying-up operations, his Royal Highness, Sir Edward Bradford, and Dr. Jones, instead of returning to the Boodipudaga camp with the rest of the party, remained at the keddah, at the camp which Major Pigott and I had occupied all along. Next morning, November 27, his Royal Highness, Sir E. Bradford, Mr. Morris, and myself, started on ponies up to a higher range of the hills in search of bison. After a ride of three miles we arrived at a beautiful spot where two small tents had been pitched, and here we exchanged our ponies for two elephants, which had wooden, cushioned seats on their pads, more suitable for shooting in forests than a howdah. Here four Sholigas were awaiting us, with news of a herd of about thirty bison, which were in a valley not far off. Taking a Sholiga upon each of our elephants, to assist in looking out, and with Gorrava and



ERIK ADT

Madah, two of the best trackers in the hills, on foot, we started ; a third elephant carried our spare gunmen and luncheon. There was not much chance of getting a bison at this time of the year. The grass and undergrowth were so high as to prevent any game being even visible, except to those mounted on elephants ; and in such circumstances it generally happens that only the head of an animal is seen, its body being quite screened by the jungle. This was what happened when, after several hours' patient tracking, Gorava and Madah, who had worked at the trail, hidden by the undergrowth, and who could only be followed by the mahouts by the movement of the grass and bushes as they passed through them, they being themselves invisible, came up with the bison. A huge pair of horns and head, staring with startled eyes from a distance of forty yards, was the only mark the Prince had to fire at, and this from the back of the moving elephant. The bison was hit, but not severely, and though Mr. Morris followed it next day with the trackers, it was never seen again. But though the sport was poor, the beauty of the hills at this elevation ; of the huge forest, with its deep glens and distant views of the low country ; and the silence and calm that prevail where man and his works are not ; compensated in a large measure, and made the day an enjoyable if not very eventful one. His Royal Highness and the rest of us, except Mr. Morris, who remained to follow up the wounded bison, returned to camp at the keddah that night.

Next day, November 28th, his Royal Highness, the Maharaaja, and party, were to return to Mysore. On the way from the keddah to the Boodipudaga camp, his Royal Highness shot a few birds, and was much pleased at the novelty of riding on

my small cart which, drawn by a pair of trotting bullocks of the well-known Mysore breed, forms an easy and convenient method of getting about the jungles. After breakfast at the Boodipudaga camp, the whole party was photographed, and his Royal Highness then bade farewell to the Mysore elephant jungles, with warm thanks to those who had been engaged in entertaining him therein. The party rode to Atticulpoor, five miles, and thence proceeded in his Highness the Maharaja's drag to Mysore, forty-four miles, which was reached by evening.

By the liberal and kindly orders of the Dewan of Mysore, I had been furnished with a sufficient sum of money to remunerate all who helped on this great occasion, and it is satisfactory to think that the event will be pleasantly remembered by the hunters, villagers, and minor officials, who worked so hard to make the occasion a success.

The illustrations are, with two or three exceptions, from photographs by Mr. C. Brown, of Bangalore, an artist of more than local renown, and who may claim to be the first in the field in thus adventurously photographing wild elephants. Mr. Brown took many other exciting pictures in addition to those reproduced above.

CHAPTER V

MYSORE TO TRAVANCORE

THE extremely successful keddah operations over, his Royal Highness and party took leave of the Maharaja, and travelled eighty-five miles by railway over an undulating tableland, past gardens of plantains, the Palm of Paradise, so called because the Mussulmans prettily fable that of its leaves Adam and Eve made their garments, past thickets of close-growing sugar-cane, and groves of graceful areca palm, to Bangalore, where the British resident, Sir Oliver St. John, sometime resident in Hyderabad, Baroda, Cashmere and Kandahar, received the party. The native city and the cantonment of Bangalore, which has been assigned to the British by the Maharaja, are situated at a height of upwards of 3,000 feet above the sea-level on a cool and bracing plateau. Bangalore is consequently one of the most pleasant and popular stations in India, but owing to their inveterate carelessness, our soldiers suffer much from chills, the most deadly and insidious enemy of the Englishman in India. The station is also an excellent site for military operations, which are carried on with full vigour by the British and native cavalry and infantry, and the horse and field artillery which always garrison Bangalore ; and our troops now

fit themselves for actual warfare on the scene of many fights of former days. The peasantry still regard powder and shot with unconcern, the result, however, not of use, but of natural apathy. Some time ago a battery dropped a shot close to a village, and inquiries were at once instituted as to whether by accident anything of the sort had happened before, and whether the people objected to such dangerous practice in their immediate vicinity. The villagers who were examined said : ‘O yes ! Those gentlemen of the artillery are always *aiming* at us, but as no one gets hurt we have no objection, and don’t think any change necessary.’ Historians tell us, too, that when the south of India was one big battle-field, the peasants would go on cultivating around the combatants, only pausing to ask which side had won. That *was* an interesting question, for it meant a change of landlords.

A very large Eurasian community resides at Bangalore, near which a small colony has been founded for the purpose of inducing East Indians to settle as farmers on the Mysore plateau. The experiment has met with but little success, ‘partly owing to want of capital and to the fact that the colonists prefer to live in Bangalore itself, and are absentees ; but the chief cause of failure is that East Indians cannot compete with the natives as agriculturists. The natives produce more at less cost, and are content with smaller profits. The Whitefield experiment somewhat resembles our ‘allotment’ system, which works well when land is good and conveniently situated. Unless, however, the soil is rich and the farmer competent, neither ‘settlements’ nor *petite culture* are likely to succeed when ordinary farming fails.

It goes without saying that his Royal Highness was received

right royally in a great British cantonment. The special features of the reception were arches of fragrant sandalwood, and an aquatic nautch, girls singing and, dancing on a float, as the procession passed the big tank near the railway station.

Saturday was devoted to luncheon with that hospitable corps the 21st Hussars, and a fête at the horticultural garden called the Lal Bagh, which was first laid out by Hyder Ali, who, for his military services, was granted the fort and district of Bangalore by the Raja of Mysore, whose kingdom he subsequently usurped. The garden contains a rare collection of tropical and subtropical plants.

A curious feature of this entertainment was the exhibition of groups of living Indian characters—Hindu and Mahomedan. The weird and uncouth appearance of some of them was startling. Among the most noticeable were :—

Sivachar Kambis.—Devotees of the temple of Nanjengode, who also collect contributions for its benefit.

Kondalas.—Mahrattas who worship a goddess called Amba Bhavani. They sing the praise of the deity, and their songs are accompanied by the most peculiar music.

Budubudikes.—A set of Mahratta soothsayers, who go about the streets early in the morning and pretend to reveal the future. They are said to pay nocturnal visits to burial-grounds, and to interpret the language of birds. A small drum carried by them is believed to inspire them with the knowledge of the future.

Siddis.—These represent the ferocious unbelievers who went to war against Hussein, grandson of Mahomet. They sing a weird war song.

In another part of the grounds actors were playing a

Hindu drama, which seemed to attract almost all the native gentlemen in the place, and so crowded was the audience in front of it, that it was impossible to see or hear much. The Prince, however, visited it and listened to the following prologue, which the principal actor sang in his praise :

Prince Albert Victor ! son of India's Empress' son !

Accept beloved Prince ! the hearty regards and loyalty of India's sons to the mighty British Crown. We are delighted to welcome you here. May prosperity ever be yours whose kindly qualities endear you to all.

May the righteous Empress long continue to reign over our land, where England's valour has ensured peace, and justice secured love.

This dramatic company, patronised by our generous Maharaja, feels honoured by your royal visit. May you ever be happy !

Roses grow to perfection here, and bungalows in Bangalore are quite commonly half-covered by orange bignonia, and surrounded by pot gardens of roses and Neapolitan violets.

At the Lal Bagh the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the horticultural exhibition building ; in the night he witnessed the illuminations, and after attending Divine service on Sunday, left Bangalore in the evening to pay a visit to his Highness the Maharaja of Travancore.

Before leaving his Royal Highness witnessed a parade of all the troops in the garrison, a very interesting sight. The regimental institutions, and the stable management of the 21st Hussars, under Colonel Hickman, are of extraordinary perfection. Nothing, however, in the great town and cantonment of Bangalore surpasses in interest a visit to the lines of the Madras Sappers and Miners, who are as great in the arts of peace as in those of war.

They make all their own equipments, and are experts as carpenters, coopers, painters, smiths, armourers, gunsmiths, bricklayers, tile-makers, stone-cutters, masons, telegraphists, photographers, printers and surveyors. No man is admitted into the corps unless he knows some trade, and no man enlists who, for caste or other reasons, is above putting his hands to anything. No less than 500 children, too, are educated in these lines, and you may see funny groups of little boys seated on the ground and tracing the figures of the alphabet in the sand. The leader of the tiny class calls out the name of the letter, on which all the others take it up in a sing-song chorus, and repeat it, and trace it in the sand, until its shape and name are well impressed in their little memories. We hear and write a vast amount 'about' and 'about' technical education, but here apparently is the actual living thing.

'Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur'—nothing comes amiss to the Madras Sapper. He will fight any one in any country, and live anyhow amongst any class or nationality. You may see him on parade, as the Prince did, quite the smart soldier, or you may see him sitting on a rug, as I have, clothed in khakée, and wearing medals, being solemnly dragged around a ball-room by a fatigue party of his comrades, to put a superlative polish on a floor he has already made as slippery and ice-like as cocoa-nuts, cloths and energy can make it.

The great want of Bangalore is good water. The place stands higher than the country surrounding it for many miles, isolated rocky hills excepted. Divers schemes have been tried in vain, and a great effort to supply the want is now being made by the Resident and by the Governments of Madras and India. At present the genial manager of the existing works

will offer you a glass of water from different taps, of any colour you like, and he profoundly disbelieves that any colour is unwholesome. Too much indeed is put down to water every day of our lives, but soldiers must have enough to wash in, and the quantity, at any rate, should be sufficient. ‘Every death is put down by the doctors to bad water,’ says the manager, ‘and unless a man is thrown off his horse and dies *on the spot*, he too will hardly be allowed to have met his death from any other cause.’

Apropos of water, a temperance institution has been started by a charitable lady in the place, and the legend over the door runs in the Tamil language: ‘Hindus-liquor-avaunt-place,’ which is more popularly rendered, by the neighbours, Hindus-not-getting-drunk-house.

A local legend goes to show that in 1815 a temperance man would have found Bangalore a dangerous place of residence. On a tombstone in the Agram cemetery is the following inscription :

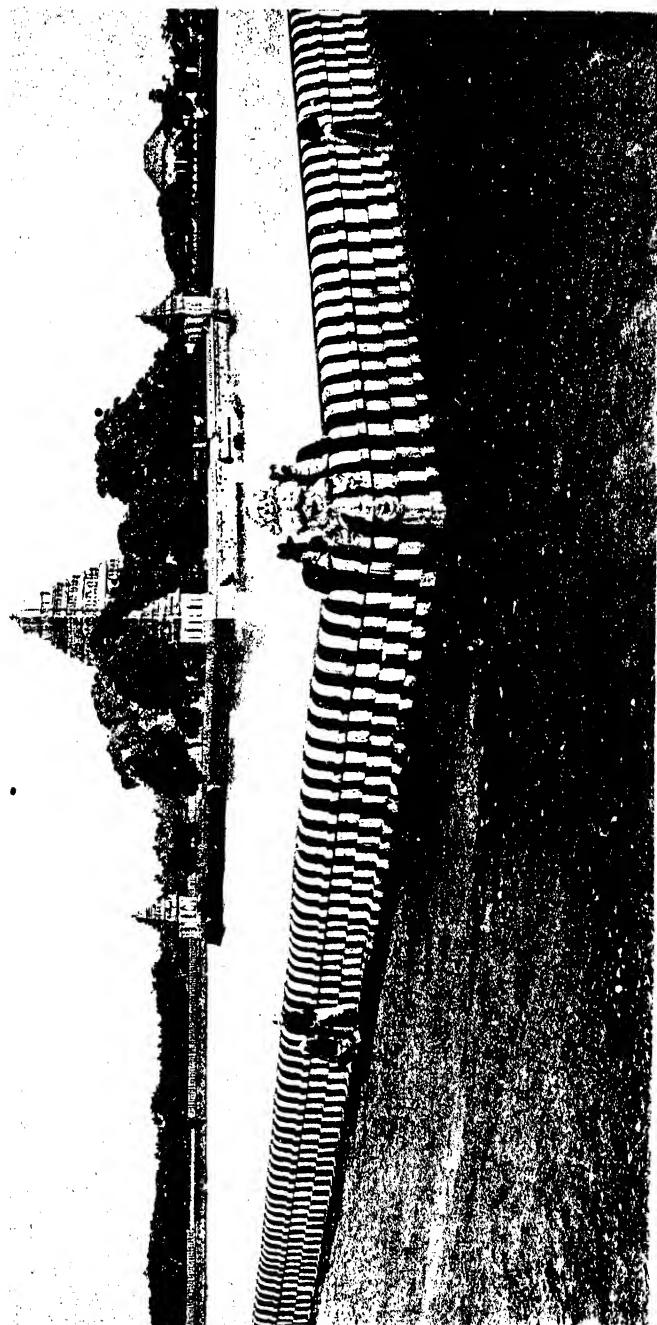
This tomb protects the remains of John Wilson, Private 84th Regiment. Urged unhappily to the awful crime of mutiny, he suffered the last sentence of the law with manly fortitude and hope, and the consolation of a Christian. Aged 25. November 1815.

And it is currently reported that John Wilson was shot for refusing his tot of rum !

Another tombstone in the Ulsoor Road cemetery bears, *tout simplement*, the honoured name of ‘John Peel.’

It had been arranged that, on the way from Mysore to Travancore, the Prince should halt at Madura, open the new bridge built across the river to commemorate the visit of the

DRAFT TANK AT MAGURA



Prince of Wales in 1875, and visit the magnificent temples, the pride of Hinduism and of Southern India. This town of sacred towers and holy quadrangles should be seen by all who pretend to have grasped the present state of religious feeling among the Hindus. The temple is the very social, political and religious heart of the district of Madura. The streets of the town all converge upon it, and supply it day and night with an unending stream of worshippers. Within the corridors are shops and tables of money-changers, without it are spacious rest-houses for the accommodation of visitors. It is always open, always full, and enormous sums of money are being spent from year's end to year's end, in painting in fantastic colours the grotesque images of gods and heroes, which throng and crowd on each successive step of the pyramidal towers. In no city of any country I know is a sacred edifice so manifestly the centre of the life of the community. It may be said, of course, that the adherence of the people to their own religion is conventional, and that they disbelieve it in their hearts. But as we cannot read hearts, we must be content to judge Hindus, as we do Christians, by outward and visible signs.

Besides its temples, Madura possesses, in the palace of Trimul Naik, an architectural fortune. This beautiful edifice, fast falling past repair, was restored by the taste of Lord Napier and Ettrick, and where the deputy of the Hindu Emperor of Vijayanagar once sat in state, an English judge, and an English collector, now unpretentiously administer law and justice, in the lofty halls of the palace.

In the bedroom of the great Trimul Naik the judge sits, and on the walls hangs a picture of Sir Philip Hutchins, K.C.S.I.,

now member of the Viceroy's Council, once judge of Madura, where his memory will long be cherished by its grateful and appreciative, but not unexacting, inhabitants.

The great Raft Tank, too, is a work of surpassing merit. In the centre of a large artificial lake is a masonry island, on which among beds of oleanders is built a garden temple, for the god whose turn it may be to have a change of air. With much pomp, the idol is conveyed across the water on a raft, while dancing girls posture and sing around it, and the people make merry on the stone-bound margin of the lake.

The occurrence of cholera prevented his Royal Highness from visiting Madura, no less to his own regret, as I can testify, than to that of the great Zemindars and the people of the district, who had arranged to give him a reception worthy of its past history and present importance.

CHAPTER VI

TRAVANCORE

THE route southwards from the foot of the Mysore plateau past Madura to Tinnevelly passes through what, in classic Indian times, was dense forest inhabited by wild beasts and monkeys, whether or not the contemptuous Brahmans who wrote history so described the dark aboriginal races they met upon their march.

Long after classic Indian times, in the seventeenth century, much of what is now well cultivated and thickly populated land was dense jungle, full of monkeys. Tavernier tells us that the monkeys on one side of the road were so hostile to those on the other, that none could venture to pass from side to side without running the risk of being strangled.

Ever so long ago, as the story books say, Rama, prince and hero, exiled from his throne, travelled through this vast forest, whence the demon ruler of Ceylon bore off Sita his ravished wife. The bereaved Rama invoked the aid of the kindly and cunning monkey folk, who recovered Sita unharmed from the demon's clutches.

To allow of the passage of Rama's army to the Golden Isle of Ceylon, a bridge was built across the sea. Animals of all classes assisted the hero, including the squirrel who brought

his acorn. Pleased with the little creature's desire to help, Rama stroked him gently, and to this day all Indian squirrels have three golden stripes down their backs, the marks of the god's fingers. When the military operations were over, the bridge, I suppose, was washed away. At any rate, you cannot cross now by way of Adam's bridge. The Zemindar of Ramnaf, who was waiting at Madura to receive the Prince, bears the hereditary title of 'Guardian of the Bridge' or Sethupati. Rama's bridge has disappeared, the wells are no longer filled with milk, and the mark of the god's footstep is no longer seen upon the rock, but the monkey folk still chatter about the temples, and the country folk still call the Zemindar 'The Keeper of the Bridge.'

In these days, you travel through the great forest by rail regardless of the demon of Ceylon, and you halt at intervals of ten miles or so at towns and villages. Yet are the old conditions by no means forgotten. At a station on the way, the book-stall boy offers me a translation of the *Ramayana*, or tale of Rama, the Iliad of the East, just as in England you would be offered the last new 'shilling shocker.' The preface to this work runs: 'Natives of India evince a great aversion to poems. It is hoped this translation will give them a just appreciation of English poetry, whose peculiar melody and comprehensive expression is suited to convey the loftiest and most sublime thought.' What follows is, I dare say, no worse than some of our Latin hexameters at school. For example :

The giant king, when woke from his long sleep,
Rushed out, forgetting the by-word 'Look ere you leap.'
At such a scene the monkeys were with panic seized,
Each fled for life, for fear it would to death be squeezed.



H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE, G.C.S.I.

The little train runs along its metre-gauge way through fields of rice, past high, waving crops of sugar cane and castor oil, gilded by the sun by day and silvered by the moon by night; past thickets of copper-coloured croton, clumps of large-feathered bamboos, and groves of little-feathered tamarinds, gold-dropping laburnums, and forests of cocoa-nut and palmyra trees. Not seldom you cross the sandy bed of a big river, beneath which trickles to the sea a rill of living water, which a few hours of rain will convert into a raging torrent. All along the way you are reminded that, 'Here in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm.' Often above the trees rise the tall towers of some temple of Siva, or of Vishnu, who came down upon earth and was made man in the person of the very hero hymned above. Yet more often, in the shady groves, are images of demons, horses, and elephants—the gods of the untaught poor. Beneath a sacred fig tree, the leaves of which no Hindu, wanting fuel, would ever burn, lies the image of a cobra. Upon the trunk of a tamarind a streak of red proclaims the presence of some spirit of the place, whose 'shadowy answers' are waved to worshippers by the graceful boughs of the tree. Before the shrine of one god are strewn rose leaves, the earth before another is wet with the blood of cocks and goats. Everywhere is the dread goddess of evil and of small-pox, feared, propitiated, and approached in prayer. On every side is some tall temple or fantastic fane. The ground whereon you tread is holy, as you are reminded by the name of every other place you pass. Yet these diverse temples are not all of different creeds, as we should say. The professor of the most degraded superstition, when he goes to the town, worships at the temple of the Brahmins, and is welcomed there. He may

have only a little light ; the more reason for not casting him out. The Brahmin pantheism is sufficiently comprehensive to include all within its tolerant fold. If the English dominion in India ceased, and the missionaries left with their compatriots, it is not unlikely that the Brahmins would adopt the few low-caste converts to Christianity. Christ they might represent, like Rama, as an avatar or incarnation of one of the great gods, and some of the Roman Catholic missionaries would probably be canonised for their noble and self-sacrificing lives. It is only to Europeans that this toleration seems strange. In the neighbouring empire of China, one and the same man may be a Shintoist, and a follower of Confucius will certainly worship his own ancestors, and will very probably be a bit of a Buddhist into the bargain. When I say that Christians are few, far be it from me to disparage the results of the earnest labours of better men, but the Christians *are* few, for they are but 73 of the population of India, and their Christianity, as I have seen it, too often breathes but little of the spirit of the sermon on the mount. Again, of the fractional total Christian population in India nearly three quarters ($74\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) are found in Madras, Travancore, Hyderabad, Mysore, and Cochin, the territories, with the exception of Cochin, visited by the Prince and referred to in these pages. An officer who has served for fifteen years in Madras and its neighbouring Native States may well be mistaken, but he has at least had exceptional opportunities of forming an opinion. In Travancore and Cochin the great majority of the Christians are Roman Catholics, or adherents to the Syrian Church.

That his Royal Highness did not visit the very interesting State of Cochin was due to no omission on the part of its cur-

teous and enlightened ruler, whose invitation the Prince was regretfully constrained to decline, as the time at his disposal did not allow of further visits in the south. The royal family of Cochin, which comprises a very large number of individuals, is remarkable for the harmonious relations which ever exist between all its members. The peaceful and prosperous villages of the little State are hidden in groves of fruitful cocoa-nut trees, and Catholic churches of considerable architectural pretensions tower above the tree tops on every side.

Enough of religion for the moment, but who can travel through this country without seeing how everywhere

The nations have builded them temples, and in them have imaged their god.

Of the temples the nature around them has fashioned and moulded the plan,

And the gods took their life and their being from the visions and longings of man.

A traveller has time to look about him in India. Even from the windows of the train he can see something. It does not hurry. The labourers pause as it passes, and look up to smile and salaam, the station-masters gossip with the more important passengers, and finally the long line of carriages, filled by crowds of profitable natives, and by a few space-occupying and unprofitable Europeans, reaches its destination. As you get further south interminable cotton-fields and tall crops of millet replace the rice, and on your right hand you see the Western Ghauts, and the site of a settlement in which, through the fierce summer days, a cool and balmy air breathes over woods of ilex, eugenia, and rhododendron, another

world than that which here below is winking in the heat of afternoon.

On the evening of the second day his Royal Highness's special train reached Tinnevelly, and with him came Sir Edward Bradford, Captains Holford, Harvey, and Edwards, Mr. Vincent and Dr. Jones. On the morning of the third day the party started for Courtallum, a frontier station between British territory and the beautiful and well-governed State of Travancore. As we drive through the town every verandah, window and roof is crowded, and the carriages pass at frequent intervals under arches of plantain leaves and garlands of oleander. The palms and wild tulip trees are girdled with rings of red and white paint, token of welcome, and occasionally we see a pillar of living verdure. This most beautiful of decorations is peculiar, I think, to this part of India. The mortar is sown with seeds, and on the day desired these sprout into seedlings of exquisite new-born greenery.

The natives of India are still unwilling to think of a Prince as one clothed and apparelled like other men, and might have had some difficulty in distinguishing between Prince Albert Victor and the members of his staff, had not his Royal Highness with great tact anticipated their salutations as he passed along.

On the way, by the roadside, stood the venerable Bishop Caldwell, in cap and gown. The Prince halted to speak with him, the school children sang the national anthem, and a dainty little girl, whose brown limbs were swathed in yellow silk, was lifted up to put a garland of roses around his Royal Highness's neck. The missionaries of the Church Mission Society, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and of the various Roman Catholic Missions, have done much to bring

Tinnevelly to its present highly educated state. Missionaries generally in Southern India are great educationists, and while they show but few converts they urge that they are paving the way for the introduction of Christianity by providing the missionary of the future with an educated public of a higher moral and intellectual type, which will be more prone to become Christian. There is no proof that this is at all likely to be the result. Indeed, there is every reason to think that the spread of education in no way promotes the spread of Christianity. It perhaps destroys, in its recipient, his faith in his own religion, but at the same time it makes him none the less sceptical in his attitude towards ours. Too many are like a friend of mine who said : 'Having received an English education my mind is in a perturbed state. Besides, a Government officer has no time for religion.' Again, if in the future converts to Christianity are to come from the upper and educated classes, it is remarkable that, at present, they come with the most insignificant exceptions from the lowest and most uneducated castes. Not long since the conversion of a single pupil in perhaps the greatest missionary college in India led to a rebellion amongst the boys which for a while threatened to seriously imperil its existence. To state a few facts is not to disparage the devoted and distinguished men whose greater faith or credulity makes them hope against hope, and dream of successes that were not possible, no, not to St. Francis himself, could he rise from the silver shrine in which he sleeps at Goa, and triumph again, apostle of the Indies.

We drove beyond the town for thirty miles, through a stony and rather barren country, between avenues of wild tulip trees bright with red and yellow flowers, and under

bowery banyans, till we reached the British Residency at Courtallum.

All along the plain are tall sand-heaps rising to a height of eight or ten feet. The small, but ineffably laborious, ant is the architect of these little hills. As he tunnels out his home below the earth, he tosses up the sand, and at once excavates a subterranean cavern, and erects an aerial hall.

At the Residency the Maharaja of Travancore and the Resident, Mr. Hannynge, await the Prince's arrival. His Highness, a fair and courteous prince of thirty-three years, was clothed in dark-blue velvet, and wore the light blue ribbon and star of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India. He received his Royal guest with great cordiality, and proposed his health after that of the Queen at dinner, through part of which he sat, eating and drinking, of course, none of the good things provided for his guests. In proposing the Prince's health, his Highness said :

This is the first occasion on which any ruler of Travancore has been privileged to receive and to entertain a member of the Royal Family of England, and I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to do so. I thank your Royal Highness most cordially for doing me this honour, and we welcome you with all the heartiness which springs from the deep loyalty and devotion we bear to your revered grandmother and your illustrious parents. I hope that your Royal Highness's tour will be enjoyable, and that you will find good sport in Travancore. I wish your Royal Highness health, success, and every happiness.

The Maharaja of Travancore is a Kshatriya by caste, though his family adopt the customs of the Malabar Coast, as indeed, to a great extent, even Mahomedans do who dwell thereon. He speaks and writes English perfectly, and takes a great personal interest in the administration of his territories.



COURTALLIEU.

This place is called Kuttalam, or Courtallum, which is, being interpreted, the washing away of sin. A sacred river rushes down a holy hill and falls in foaming cataracts over a black and dripping precipice, into a pool beside the temple walls. The contours of the hillside to the right and left were marked out at nightfall by little oil lamps, and the rushing waters took the varying tints of the pyrotechnist, the luxuriant vegetation of the hillside looking weird and unreal in these unaccustomed lights. Around the temple were dense crowds of natives and bands of dancing girls, laden with jewels and redolent of saffron and jasmine, who wished to march before the Prince. At every turn, by every tree, at every rock, by every name, we are reminded of the sanctity of the place, and of the reverent attitude of the people. What is the evidence on which they rely who say of Hinduism what was said of Paganism when it made its last stand against Christianity, who hold that it has reached—

that last drear mood
Of envious sloth and proud decrepitude,
While . . . whining for dead gods that cannot save
The toothless systems shiver to their grave ?

Surely of such it may be said that having eyes they see not. Since the Prince's visit a dispute arose as to the right of Europeans to bathe in the sacred waterfall, which, but for tactful treatment on the part of the Government, might have given trouble. The claims to exclusive possession on the part of the Hindus were based solely on religious grounds.

The area of the kingdom of Travancore is 6,730 square miles, and its population is about two and a half millions. According to tradition, which, in the only history of the

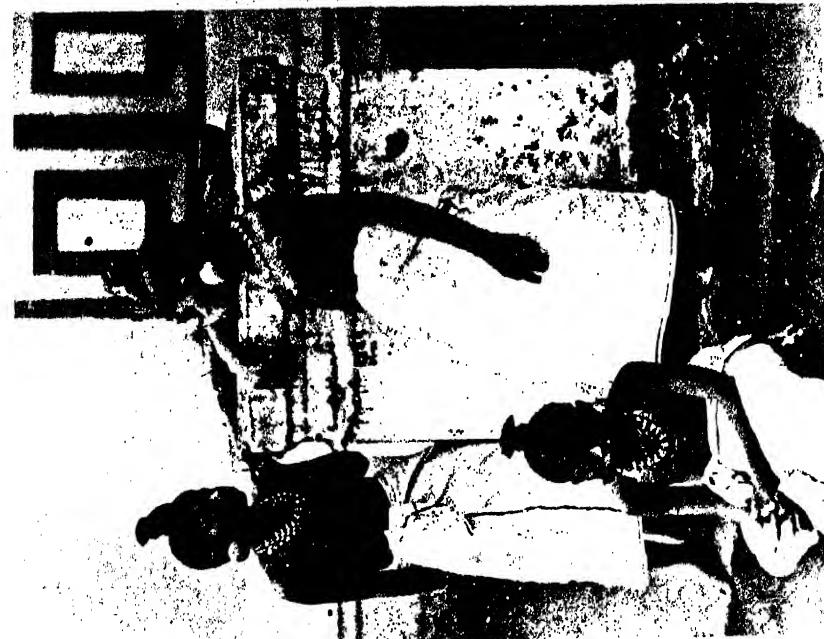
country I know, is treated as authentic, the strip of coast, of which the low country of Malabar consists, was reclaimed from the sea by the god Parasurama, and colonised by the Brahmins, who certainly enjoy in the country even more than their usual pre-eminence. The succession in the royal family of Travancore devolves upon the eldest male member in the female line, that is to say, the heir of the present Maharaja, in the absence of brothers; is his sister's eldest son, and his own children have no claim to succeed him. The kings of Travancore ordinarily perform two great ceremonies, in the case of the first of which a weight, equal to that of the king's body, in gold is distributed amongst the Brahmins, while in the case of the second the Maharaja enters a huge golden tub, which also is subsequently made over to the Brahmins. Until lately men of low caste were not allowed to walk in the same street as the members of the priestly caste, and I myself have seen low-caste labourers shouting aloud in the rice-fields, to let a distant Brahmin know that they were there, and that to escape pollution he would have to alter his course. Till 1830 low-caste women, by the custom of the country, were not allowed to cover their bosoms, and though the Government of Travancore passed an enactment in which it was clearly laid down that low-caste female converts to Christianity were at liberty to cover their bosoms with jackets, they were forbidden to adopt the customs of high-caste Hindu women. The missionaries of the London Mission Society objected to this prohibition, which was subsequently removed in 1859. Caste customs and prejudices are so strong amongst the Hindus in the country, that it requires no little tact to exercise the universal toleration which the administration does, without offending the

Hindus who form 73 per cent. of the people. With the exception of this dispute, the relations of the Government of Travancore with the Christians, who form upwards of 20 per cent. of the people, have ever been remarkably amicable. The earliest Christian Mission is supposed to have been that of St. Thomas, who in A.D. 52 visited the Malabar Coast, and the descendants of the converts made by him now profess allegiance to the Patriarch of Antioch. It will give a better idea of the country than can be gained by a long description to simply state the fact that it contains upwards of 9,000 Hindu pagodas and 840 Christian churches; and it must not be forgotten that of a total area of 6,730 square miles, two-thirds are occupied by jungle, forest and backwater, so that, churches and temples are crowded together upon the remaining third, which is occupied by towns, villages and cultivation. Truly the Hindus are 'a temple-building race.'

When the Prince returned the Maharaja's visit, we saw a very striking oil painting by a Travancore artist, representing a Nair lady of that country, clad in white muslin, and playing the vina, a kind of compromise between the harp and violin in sound and shape.

The Nair ladies, and, indeed, the women of the upper classes in general on the Western Coast, are well-favoured, and often extremely beautiful. I may quote what I have said of them elsewhere. The Nairs are the land-holding class. They are commonly described as polyandrous, but if polyandry implies, as I understand, the existence of more than one husband *at a time*, they are not polyandrous. The fact is rather that marriages are easily made and easily unmade. The Nair lady is very independent. Some one offers a cloth.

That is the proposal. If she accepts it, that is the marriage. If she gets tired of her husband she dismisses him and engages another, but she does not entertain two at a time. Again, the Nair lady, who leads a life of ease, even of self-indulgence, is religious. Any morning you may see her walking around the sacred fig-tree outside the temple yard, her hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, her skin a light bamboo colour with a dash of lemon in its tint, her linen ample and spotless, yet displaying no little of her shapely limbs. In her ears are solid wheels of gold, and around her neck a massive golden necklace. Over her head she holds an umbrella of palmyra leaf, and while she mutters her prayers a babe, perchance, sits astride one hip, supported by a hand. There is probably no country in the world where women occupy so independent a position as they do in Malabar, and it is not superfluous to add that, though the marriage customs of perhaps half of the people, in some respects, resemble a system of free love, women are chaste, and the informal bonds which bind them to their partners are seldom broken. The manners and customs of the Malabar Coast will greatly astonish the average English reader, who believes that the majority of Indian women, and not, as is the case, only a very small proportion, languish in zenanas. The Malabar Coast is altogether exceptional, but the seclusion of women nowhere obtains to the extent generally believed in England. There is no rule of seclusion among Hindus, though the upper classes, particularly in Northern India, adopted the custom from their conquerors during the Mussulman supremacy. The fact is that as soon as any Indian becomes rich, respectable and ambitious, he proceeds to some extent to adopt the Mahomedan custom of seclusion of women,



NAIR GIRLS



NAIR LADY

and probably altogether to adopt the purely Brahminic customs of early marriage and enforced widowhood. These customs stamp those who follow them as people occupying a good position in society, and it is amongst the best born, the best educated and the best respected classes, that those social habits are most prevalent which reformers ascribe to ignorance and wish the British Government to abolish by law. The striking resemblance the customs of Malabar bear in many respects to those of Plato's ideal Republic has been noticed by previous writers.

The Maharaja had made every preparation that kind fore-thought could devise to obtain for the Prince a week's good shooting in his territories. Our hopes were high, but not even good administration can ensure good shooting. Long ago, in a great Indian zemindari, I went out after a tiger and failed to find him. Next day I told the *dewan*, or minister, by no means meaning to complain; but he called up the local official, and, addressing him with the grave and courteous manner, and doubtful English, of the old school said, 'Amildar, Amildar, what administration this? No tiger for gentlemans.' This happened far from Tinnevelly, but here, too, the people are impressed with the importance attached to sport by Europeans. Nearly a thousand years ago there ruled over this land a race of kings called the Pandians, and a petty landholder, held to be of their blood, still lives in the district. Bishop Caldwell once asked a hill-man who governed the country now, and he answered, 'The Pandyan.' 'But what about the English?' suggested the Bishop. 'Oh, they don't govern; they shoot,' said he. I have told this story elsewhere, but it will bear repetition.

It is quite in accordance with the hill-man's idea of the fitness of things that the Queen's grandson should be a good shot and a keen sportsman. Possibly, he may now even give up the Pandyan and finally adopt the English dominion.

We drove on thirty miles to our camp in the forest. Words fail me to describe the lovely scenery. Tall, upright standards of huge timber trees, palms of every kind, including the exquisitely graceful areca, tree ferns, creepers, ferns and flowers, all spring from a tangled undergrowth of iral reed. The pepper-vine clings to the large timber trees, and ropes of rattan, and giant branches hidden in creepers, combine to construct an ever-varying but unending bower. The arches are not of cedar in these sylvan aisles, but the whole scene irresistibly calls to recollection the Laureate's lovely and little-known Alcaic lines :

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse, and cedar arches
Charm.

As you travel in the chequered shade, you would say that every reach of the road had been designed by nature, to show what wealth of vegetation can be presented at once to the astonished and delighted eye.

We crossed, after twenty miles, the river which till then had rushed alongside the road. It is hoped that a railway will soon run from Tinnevelly through this, the Ariankao Pass, to Quilon and thence to Trevandrum, the capital of Travancore, which the Prince, to his great regret, was unable to visit. The Madras Government, true to its forward railway



TAIR HOUSE.



TEMPLE IN ARIANKAO PASS

policy, is prepared to construct that portion of the line which will pass through its own territories, and the Government of the Maharaja is not less anxious that Travancore should no longer be isolated as it now is, and cut off from the railway system of British India by the Western Ghauts, which rise to a height of 4,000 feet, the highest point in the Ariankao Pass being, however, but 1,100 feet above sea level.

At midday we reached the camp, entrenched around by a deep ditch to keep off elephants. Half a dozen little houses, built of bamboo matting, surrounded a central house for the Prince ; a dining-room of bamboo was hung around with pictures of sport, and the white ensign, and the conch or sacred shell of Travancore, were flying from a flagstaff in the centre of the camp. The dining-room was constructed of jungle trees and grasses, a dado of elephant grass ran round it, and a corridor of creepers led from it to the Prince's room. On the walls were photographs taken by Mr. Hannington of various great beasts he had shot.

After breakfast we all started off for a beat. In the dense jungle here this is a very difficult undertaking. The beaters were divided into small parties of ten, more or less, each of which was under the command of a mountaineer, who lives among the beasts of the forest, and is thoroughly conversant with their ways. Each of these captains of ten carried a bow, and a quiver full of arrows. Six small clearings had been made, for gun-stations, by cutting and removing the perfumed lemon-grass. When the Resident fired off his gun as a signal, demoniac noises disturbed the silent woods, parrakeets fled screeching before voices more hideous than their own, dead leaves fell in torrents rustling and creaking through the trees,

and now and again a more concentrated and vigorous symphony of discord raised the hopes of the silent and attentive guns. But not a shot was fired. A wild boar passed within a few yards of me, unseen by all in the long grass, and that was all that came our way. In the fulness of time the beaters came through, and sat down to pick leeches off their legs and thorns from their feet. The fresh tracks of a tiger had been discovered inside, deer had broken back, and several pigs had been seen by beaters, but nothing was bagged.

Next we tried another jungle or portion of a jungle, each gun being posted this time on a little platform, in order to see over the long grass. After half an hour's anxious waiting the beat began, and soon there came a shot from the Prince's station next my own, and then a crashing through the long grass of something which, before it reached me, and before I could make out what it was, fell heavily in the grass. Then the beaters came through, and passed over the place where I supposed the carcase was. They were sent back again to this spot, and soon loud screams of triumph from a hundred throats proclaimed the fact that the Prince had shot a stag—the only blood so far. The sambur runs far bigger than the red deer, and a dozen coolies carried the kill off to camp staggering under its weight, instead of gralloching it on the spot. A little mouse deer not bigger than a rabbit also came out, but was let off by the guns.

On the way home the Prince shot three couple of snipe in a little swamp by the roadside, so he did most of the shooting that day. The stag was dropped by a well-directed ball in the shoulder, but ran a hundred yards or so before he fell. A



third beat produced nothing, so a march of thirty miles, three beats, a deer, and a few snipe made up the tale of the first day. In these jungles it is just as possible to shoot an elephant, catch a *mahseer* (*Barbus mosael*), and shoot a snipe on the same day, as it is in the highlands of Scotland to kill a stag, catch a salmon and shoot a grouse. But in Travancore it must be a very lucky day, and you must get up early.

On the morning of the second day we rose at five, and dressing presented some unusual features in the shape of leech-stockings and salted garters. Each old *shikari* has his own pet protection. Mr. Hannington recommended an arrangement of ordinary socks which might almost invite a leech inside ; but the folds are so fixed that when the intruder enters he is seduced into a *cul-de-sac* (or sock), and cannot satisfy his sanguinary instincts. Large garters, first steeped in salt and then tied below the knee, find much favour with the party, notwithstanding the surgical savour of the plan. Dressing over, we proceeded to march ten miles, through jungle more open than that of the previous day. There were the same great trees festooned with profuse and luxuriant creepers, the same wealth of reed, of flower and fern ; but here were plots and beds of sensitive plant, open glades and broken grassy uplands dotted with frequent but not continuous trees. At the tenth mile the party divided ; the Prince, Mr. Hannington, and Captain Harvey going after an elephant the mountaineers reported to have been seen, but alas ! seen two days ago. This beast had lost one of his tusks. Another elephant, well known to the hill-men, is blind, and always travels with a wide-awake companion. The engineer in charge of this road met him one day, while the seeing partner was absent. The animal stood

still and gazed with sightless eyes on the unarmed road-maker till warned off by his returning companion. An elephant does not take road-makers and road-making on trust. A herd has been observed in these hills, when approaching a newly made bridge, to send its lightest member over first. Intended for men it often gives way, whereon the elephants express their sense of its inefficiency by destroying it. The hill-men give us no encouraging reports of elephant or bison, and they know their business. It is wonderful to see them track a wounded animal. They hurry along very quickly, but nothing escapes their eyes. They will hold a brief board of speechless inquiry on a fugitive foam flake, investigate a down-trodden blade of grass, and wax silently eloquent over a single hair.

The second camp, thirty-four miles from Courtallum and 650 feet above sea level, was as beautifully arranged as the first. The Prince's two rooms were lined with white calico, and matted with fine plaited grasses, and all around the platform, on which the cottage stood, were planted ferns from the jungle. On the tree, in the centre of the square, beautiful white orchids were growing. Around the camp was a trench nine feet deep and twenty feet broad, a very necessary protection against elephants.

In the morning the Prince and his party were unsuccessful, and saw nothing. Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley followed a track from 7 A.M. till 2 P.M., and twice got within fifteen yards of a big tusker without getting a shot at him. They caught glimpses of every part of his huge body except the small space between eye and ear, where alone he is vulnerable. So cramped and dense is the jungle, and so considerable in consequence is the chance of being charged if you wound your

elephant without disabling him, that no sportsman fires at a distance of more than twenty yards, so essential is it to make sure of hitting in the right place. A friend who once lived with me studied elephants' heads in diagrams before starting in pursuit of them. He had anatomical plans all over his table—‘let x be the vital spot.’ The house was full of canisters and powder-flasks, and saucers of mutton-fat and beef-fat, and other fats that suited particular classes of cartridges. Wads marked with various hieroglyphics littered the tables, and he dated his cartridges as other people do their new-laid eggs. He was very particular, but he held straight, worked hard, and made excellent bags.

At luncheon-time we were all rather cast down, and trying to take an interest in the English papers, when news came in suddenly of two elephants, both tuskers. The party I joined, however, saw nothing bigger than a black monkey, which I would not, and a Malabar squirrel, which I could not, shoot. On the road home we met a millipede, three-quarters of a foot, and a blue worm a foot and a half long. So local is the rainfall here that, walking back with the dust on our boots, we came upon the first flood of a roadside torrent running down its hitherto dry bed, skirted it at the full, and passed beyond its source, all within half a mile. Two hill-men were with us, short, black, and aboriginal, with their top-knots worn forward over the forehead, like a lady's fringe, Malabar fashion, and not on the top of their shaven heads, as other Hindus use. In their villages, if villages they can be called, are always two or three houses in trees, in which they can take refuge from elephants, who often revenge themselves upon their fellow-dwellers in the forests for helping the sportsmen to destroy

them. These men know the way about the dense jungles, and their assistance is needed; but an elephant track is not difficult to follow. The big beast, as he moves along, engineers a road to his own destruction. By the way we passed one of the wasteful clearings of our beaters. It had yielded the harvest of two or three short years, and now the once luxuriant wood was changed into a dark and sullen pool of stagnant water, in which the calcined stems of the burnt trees were mirrored like blanched phantoms of their former green and smiling selves. It is impossible to view unmoved the destruction of those glorious forests, which would be an earthly paradise if, with the vegetation, they had not also been endowed with the atmosphere of a forcing-house.

The others had bad luck again. They tracked three elephants for some miles, and, failing to come up with them, the beaters tried to drive them past the Prince. The rain, however, which had not sufficed to damp our clothes, had well nigh washed his Royal Highness and the British Resident off their stations on the rocks, and the noise of the falling drops on the broad leaves and dried *débris* of the jungle had made it impossible for the beaters, without risk to their lives, to go in and drive the elephants out. The great gouts of thunderous tropical rain strike the broad receptive leaves of the forest reeds and trees with incredible force and noise. Again we were unavoidably disappointed.

The gorgeous butterflies that had spread their green, purple, and yellow wings in the sunlight now disappeared, and bounteous nature provided creatures of another kind. Specimens were brought in of flying lizards possessing elementary wings, and long pouches or dewlaps. These rep-

tiles can fly a short distance, generally with a downward tendency.

At dinner plans were made for next day's march of twenty miles, and the head servant announced that 'the sheep, which had gone on as mutton, had died in fits.' After dinner the conversation turned on snakes, and Mr. Ferguson told us that the natives here speak of an eight-foot, four-foot, or six-foot snake. Naturally, we interpreted this to refer to length, but, in fact, it relates to the distance a person, bitten by the snake so described, can walk before he drops down dead. Fortunately, few of the snakes are as bad as they are painted, and oddly enough, after this conversation, crossing the square to the sleeping huts, a snake was viewed. Mr. Ferguson took to pieces with his hands a heap of stones, into which the reptile was marked down in the moonlight. I went for a lantern, and, soon the snake was despatched. While he was measured, and found to be three feet six inches in length, a Sikh orderly brought up another of the same species, killed in the inclosure, measuring five feet six inches, and marked, as the first one was, with poisonous-looking rings.

The first news in the morning, when we rose again at five o'clock, was that another snake had been killed in camp, and a fourth one marked down in Sir Edward Bradford's hut. After a cup of tea, the Prince and Captain Holford started with Mr. Hannington for a third camp twenty miles off, up in the hills, at a height of four thousand feet. The whole party could not go on owing to difficulty of transport and accommodation, so Captain Edwards and I, who were among those who stayed behind, went out to look for the tracks of elephants. We saw marks of their flat round feet on either

side of the road, at one spot by the riverside, but as we were the first out, and as there were no marks on the road itself corresponding with the others, we were bound to conclude the tracks were old, as our black and bow-and-arrowed guide assured us they were. We had to trust him, for the only eye-witness was the golden-rayed cotton flower, whose dark brown orbs had been trampled under foot by the huge beast in his passage. The country here was more open. When Captain Holford and Captain Edwards got up to an elephant yesterday, they were completely hung up in eeral reed, and had they got a shot, and failed to drop the elephant, they would have been in great danger. Just as it is almost useless to fire at a greater distance than twenty, so again is it most dangerous to fire at a less distance than eight yards, for the elephant generally falls to the shot, and may very well crush his enemy to death in his fall. They are not naturally cruel beasts, but one near our camp, some time ago, took to killing wayfarers for the sake, it is supposed, of the loads of coarse sugar which they often carry. A timely sacrifice will appease the rage of the great beast, and if the load of sugar be cast down the bearer can escape. Unhappily, something to sacrifice is not always at hand, and life is lost. The Emperor Shah Jehan and his son were once seated on a hunting elephant, which suddenly became enraged beyond control. The driver turned to the Emperor saying, 'Asylum of the world, he needs a sacrifice. Protect my widow and orphaned children.' Then he flung himself before the angry animal, who rent the faithful driver's body, and spared the lives of his royal masters.

Not far hence, a few days after our visit, a tusker strolling

casually along the road encountered some men splitting shingles. He turned into the jungle to avoid them, but again struck the road a little higher up, and continued his journey, apparently to a bungalow in course of erection. Meeting on his way some ducks, he flung one out of his path with his trunk. He then appears to have been frightened by a man at work near the bungalow, and, turning off the road, dashed through the shed erected as a workshop for the carpenters. Lifting the roof off its support, and charging through a corrugated iron partition, he emerged on the other side with a window-frame round his trunk. One unfortunate carpenter was quietly drilling holes at the time inside, and was badly hurt. The men who carry the post-bags from Courtallum to Trevandrum have to carry torches and bells, to scare off elephants and other wild beasts they may meet on the way.

In the afternoon our small party in the lower camp divided, one section going in search of bison some five miles off, while I lay in wait near a thicket of young reeds, off which an elephant was said to make his daily meal. He went elsewhere, however, that day, and though the others came on bison, they did not get a shot, but only heard a snort, and a stampede through the long grass, and saw the tracks of the beasts when they got up to the place where they had been. After dinner we had a long talk with two hill-men, who sat on the floor and smoked cigars the while, occasionally taking nips of whiskey, beloved of stalkers in every clime.

It is very hard to be in the midst of big game and not to get any, but the fact that game does exist to this extent is due to the impenetrable nature and wide extent of the forest, which makes it most difficult to get a shot at anything.

Ordinarily it takes months perhaps to get one tusker, and his Royal Highness is limited to six days, of which three have gone.

Keddah operations are not carried on here as in Mysore and Assam, but anyone may dig an elephant pit, provided he reports a capture immediately it takes place to the Maharaja's authorities, when he has nothing more to say to it after receiving the prescribed reward, which he gets provided only that the animal is uninjured. The pit is so dug that the elephant's forelegs hang down in it, while his forehead is pressed up against its wall before him. Tame elephants are then brought up, who speak to him and try to make him feel at home in this uncomfortable position, and gradually the pit is filled up till his forelegs are supported, and he walks out between his tame companions, who chastise him if he gives trouble. His hind legs are hobbled, and to the hobbles are tied ropes, which again are fastened around trees, so that at every rush he makes he is pulled up with a painful jerk. Finally, he is led off to a strong house built of the teak of his native forest, where he is pestered and punished and beaten by tame elephants, till at last he becomes fit for use as a timber-carrier, road-maker, and beast of burden, and, if docile and well favoured, he may live to carry a silver howdah, and swell the triumphal or religious processions of the Maharaja of Travancore. The mouths of elephant-pits are, of course, carefully hidden with boughs, earth and leaves, and they are never placed on a track, where the huge beast may suspect a trap. Given a tree near a path, against which an elephant will probably stop to rub his body, and there, where in the ecstasy of friction he may for a moment be off his guard,

yawns before him the destructive pit. It is, however, young ones only that are generally caught.

The jeweller-traveller of the seventeenth century tells us that an elephant, which had once been caught and had escaped, never moved along the forest without testing the ground before it with a large branch, carried in its trunk, before putting down its feet.

On the last day of our stay at the second camp, Captain Edwards and I went out after bison, and Captain Harvey after elephant. We got on the track of forest oxen, as the people here call them, and followed it through a dense undergrowth of forest, which only an occasional shaft of sunlight penetrated. We walked upon moss and damp heaps of leaves and mould, trampled upon ferns and caladiums, were hung up in elephant-reed and bamboo, and frequently held by thorns. After a couple of miles of this, we came out into tall two-edged lemon grass, which cuts and rasps the skin of hand and face, like knife and file combined. Here we lost the trail, and our tracker who carried the knife went off on a cast, and soon came back to say he had heard the bison in the long grass. We followed this time the bow-and-arrow-armed tracker, and finding wet leaves, where a beast had brushed the reeds on the other side of a little jungle stream, we knew we were near, and immediately afterwards had the disappointment to hear a loud snort, and a stampede, and to know we had lost the bison we had never seen. The grass was over six feet high, and we were on them before we knew it.. The trackers were not so keen as they might have been, and several times lost the trail. The one with the knife would sometimes use his weapon to clear the road, sometimes like a diviner's rod to point out the

way, and sometimes strigil-fashion to scrape thick thorns and profuse perspiration from his back.

However, it went far to compensate us for our disappointment to see, on returning to camp, the tusks and feet of an elephant Captain Harvey had shot. He had followed a track for some distance till he heard his elephant pulling down branches, when he went on alone with his gun-bearer, and getting within twenty yards waited the course of events. Soon a black monkey in a neighbouring tree gave the alarm, whereon the elephant moved backwards with his trunk in the air, giving Captain Harvey the opportunity he wanted, and the next moment the big beast was dead. All this is not nearly so simple as it sounds, but a thing that is well done always seems to be easily done. Soon better news still came down from the upper camp, that the Prince had shot a big bull bison. The conversation at dinner naturally took an exclusively sporting turn. I knew that the bone in a tiger's neck was a potent charm, and that, unless you mount guard over his carcase, his head will certainly lack whiskers, when you have it set up; but I was surprised to learn that a regulation of the Travancore State, now of course obsolete, prescribed that when a tiger was shot, his tongue should be taken for destruction to the nearest magistrate, being too dangerous a poison to be left at large. One day I shot a tiger on the Nilgiri Hills, and, under my very eyes, the detached bone in the neck disappeared. It was suggested by the artless gun-bearer, that in some cases the bone was missing. However, there really was something uncanny and unusual about that tiger and its two companions, the whole story of which I have told in the pages of the

PRINCE AND BISON



'Nineteenth Century.' Tiger lore is quite a branch of study, and much there is to learn about the great cat and his ways.

The Morrow was Sunday, and we started to spend a quiet day at the first of our camps, where the Prince and his companions from the hill-top were to join us. They arrived at two o'clock, and then we learnt what had happened to them up above. When they first got on their ground prospects looked bad, for a tiger had killed a small cow bison, and frightened away the herd. On the morning of the second day, however, the Prince, with Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley, found the track of a bison, and, after following it for about a mile, came on a huge solitary bull.

One Iyappen, the head man among the hill-men, acted as chief tracker. He led the way along this fresh trail, followed closely by the Prince, with rifle in hand, Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley bringing up the rear. Having followed up the track for about half a mile, through almost impenetrable forest, the tracker came on the bull, which he pointed out to the Prince, who slowly crept up to within ten yards of the animal and fired. The bison was hit below the shoulder, and immediately fell. The Prince then fired a second barrel, as the beast lay on the ground, inflicting a mortal wound. Then Mr. Hannington at once proceeded to the spot with the necessary apparatus, and photographed the party. The bison proved to be a grand beast, standing nineteen hands from wither to forefoot, and possessing horns measuring thirty-five inches.

No animal, tiger and elephant not excepted, is more dangerous to track than the bison. Nothing illustrates a proposition like a concrete case, so I transcribe below an

account by Mr. Edward Tennant of an experience he and Mr. Baillie, of Dochfour, had with a bison in these jungles a few weeks later.

Baillie and I were away at 6 A.M., to look for the herd of bison we had seen late the previous night. When we got to the top of the hill the mist was so thick we had to stop for half an hour. Going on we made a detour to examine the salt lick, and as we found no fresh tracks there we opened the luncheon basket, and had breakfast while we watched the most wonderful variety of gorgeous butterflies settling on the black mud. About ten o'clock we started again, and soon struck the fresh track of a solitary bull. Following it I suddenly came on him, standing among the cardamom trees about fifty yards off. He was facing me, but did not see me. Baillie was behind, so beckoning to him I took a few steps forward, and fearing that any moment he might see me, took a hurried shot at the top of his shoulder with the ten-bore. He immediately rushed off down the hill, and Baillie gave him both barrels. Away we went after him, and found blood on his tracks to the delight of the hill-men. We soon came up with him, again standing among the cardamoms. I got down to get a clear view of him. Whisking round he went off, and I gave him a stern shot. We then tracked him for about two miles through thick jungles, very slow work, but the blood encouraged us to go on; at last we found he had gone into a patch of (eetah or iral), the very thickest stuff it is possible to make way through—in most places we had to crawl absolutely. Suddenly, the leading hill-men pointed out the bull lying down close by. Baillie was in front, and had his rifle ready; seizing mine I motioned him to fire. Bang! a cloud of impenetrable smoke, then crash! the hill-men and coolies were up a tree, the only one near, in a second—he was coming straight on us we knew, but could see nothing. Hardly able to move, I pulled myself out of the path with my back to it, clinging to the eetah like grim death, and balancing myself in it. Crashing through a second later came the great bull, almost brushing my legs with his huge body. There was nothing to hide me. I thought he must see me, but he passed on out of sight. It was the narrowest of narrow escapes. I was unfortunately on the wrong side of the tree. Baillie had tucked himself on the other

and right side, but he was equally unable to move, even to raise his rifle, while he could have smacked the brute's back, as he passed, with ease. We neither of us could fire as we were cramped up for dear life, and only thought of escaping the monster's charge. My hat had fallen at my feet, and was trampled flat, a fate which would have been ours had we not jumped aside in time. While we were debating what was best to be done we heard crash again close by, and at once the hill-men and coolies resumed their former positions in the tree. Luckily he went the other way, but he had evidently been waiting for us.

On Sunday afternoon we went to a temple in the forest, a solitary fane surrounded by an elephant-trench, and situated in dense forest on the banks of a river. The carp near the temple are sacred to the god, and are fed daily with boiled rice by his worshippers. Many thousands congregate in shallow pools alongside the rocky margin of the stream, and fight and struggle when rice is thrown in, leaping on one another's backs, and on to the rock, in the effort each to get more rice than the other. They are dark green in colour, with a red scale under the eye, and wide yawning mouths. I had never seen fish fighting in a dense crowd, and think this even a more remarkable sight than the daily consignment of fish from Canton to Hong Kong, where you see a glittering stream of scaly, slimy, squirming, struggling fish life spouting from the side of the steamer, and falling into water-tanks in boats below. No one molests these fish. It is said that if a man kills one a tiger kills him, though there is a saving clause to the effect that this doom may be averted by the deposit of a fish of pure gold of equal weight in the temple. Some worshippers there assured me the fishes were the god's children. You cross the river here in a dug-out, worked by a paddle like a garden spade, and holding on to a single rattan

which goes across the stream and back. The dug-out is very crank, and the stream deep and dangerous. It swayed ominously as we crossed, and two fat and pious Brahmins a few days before had been upset out of it, into the pool below the overhanging reeds. The rope of rattan is three hundred feet long, but single strands of six hundred feet are found in these forests. The temple is, like others on the Malabar Coast, built of wood, with high gables and deep eaves and verandahs, suggestive of the abundance everywhere of valuable timber.

An iguana four feet long was brought into camp this evening. The monstrous lizard is fabled to help thieves up walls, and there is a story of a fort being taken by the help of one in old Mahratta days. Its prehensile power is extraordinary, and said to be sufficient to enable it to hold on to a wall, and support a man hanging by a rope tied to its body. I do not know its classical name, but it should be called *Lacerta Poliorcetes*.

On Monday morning we beat three patches of jungle. It was pleasant, before the yells and shrieks of the beaters disturbed the still calm of morning in a tropical forest, to hear the jungle fowl calling, the monkeys booming, and the twitter and chirp of innumerable birds and insects; but we got no shooting, and the Prince, thinking that a bird in the hand was worth much big game that refused to leave the bush, went off to a snipe ground where he had shot before, and took me with him. A road, flanked by a bridge on either side, ran between two rice-fields, through which beaters walked barefoot up to their ankles in mud and water. As the birds rose they generally flew across the road, and in three-quarters of

an hour eight couple were put together, six couple falling to the Prince's gun: The snipe were hard to hit, dodging in and out of the thick high hedge like woodcock, and sailing down wind with the velocity of a driven grouse, and only a fraction of its vulnerable area.

• Then we all met again, had breakfast for the last time in the charming camp, and marched back to Tinnevelly, whence we took train to Madras, where the Prince was to spend a few more days before leaving for Burma. All were sorry to leave Travancore, and agreed with Webster, the Prince's excellent valet, who said, 'Well! for my part I like this *nomadic* life.' Never, I should think, was nomadic life combined with such luxury and comfort as in the dominions of the Maharaja of Trawancore. The journey we made from Travancore to Tinneyelly was accomplished in 1653 under very different circumstances, by a Provençal soldier and his five companions, who fled from Cochin to escape the severity of the Dutch Governor. They were tormented by leeches, lived on charity, and were nearly starved when traversing the forests. The traveller Tavernier, a shrewd old trader, whom I have often quoted, tells the story, and says that he himself got along very well by invariably obliging the Governors and contributing, as far as possible, to the entertainment of their ladies. These, perhaps, would be fair working principles for all time.

It is hardly possible to leave this most interesting and beautiful country, where every prospect pleases, and man too is prosperous and happy, without wondering if Travancore also is one of those misgoverned Native States of whose parlous condition we have heard and read of late. Surely,

Sir Lepel Griffin can hardly have included the land of peace, plenty, and charity in his wholesale condemnation? We will not believe he did, especially as he knew not Travancore. The truth is, that perhaps never has prosperity gone hand in hand with conservatism as it has here. The manners, customs, dress, habits, and life of the people are probably much what they were when ships from Tyre and Tarshish called for purple and for peacocks, and gold was exported for the adornment of Solomon's temple. The bulk of the people are the strictest of Hindus; caste lines are rigidly observed, and succession runs through females, not males; men and women marry, without binding themselves by oaths and penalties not to yield to a desire to part, which is at once anticipated and deprecated by such engagements; in spite of this, the marriage tie is as well observed as elsewhere, and the fabric of society as well maintained. In the midst of this ancient Hindu world exist large Christian communities, some dating from the days of St. Thomas, some disciples of the Pope, others of the Patriarchs of Antioch and Babylon, while in the neighbouring and kindred State of Cochin is a colony of White Jews, who pretend to have settled there when Titus destroyed their temple. Perfect religious toleration has for ages characterised, and does now characterise, the policy of the kings of Travancore and Cochin, themselves in some senses the religious heads of a Hindu theocracy, in every sense the social heads of the most Hindu of Hindu communities.

On this favoured coast the sun ever shines, except when rain falls; the rain in its appointed seasons never fails, and the clouds return not after rain. Consequently crops never wither, and the inhabitants are strong and well fed, while the

women of the upper classes are remarkably good-looking, and in many cases even beautiful. It is a striking illustration of the manner in which population presses upon the margin of subsistence in India, that even here, where agriculture forms the sole occupation of the bulk of the people, and where soil and climate afford every facility for its prosecution, rice to the value of 145,000*l.* is yearly imported. The administration, seeing in this anomalous state of things the probable need of capital, and desirous of making the country entirely self-dependent for its food supply, has introduced a system of State loans for agricultural improvement, whereby poor cultivators can borrow from the Government, upon very favourable terms, sums proportionate to the extent of their holdings.

The government of Travancore, and also that of Cochin, is racy of the soil, and native—with few exceptions—in its personnel. In Hyderābad the Mahomedan lieutenant of the Great Mogul became a hereditary ruler of Hindu subjects; in Mysore, Hindus, Mahomedans, English, and Hindus again, have in turns held sway; but in Travancore and Cochin we have indigenous houses ruling over people who for ages have been independent and subject to no foreign rule.

In the last fifty years, the revenue of Travancore has increased from 380,000*l.* to 776,000*l.*, and its expenditure from 425,000*l.* to 700,000*l.*, the larger revenue being due not to taxation, but to improved trade, and agriculture, and to the prevention of smuggling. In 1886 the Government of Madras congratulated the last Maharaja on the prosperity of the State; in 1887 the same Government recorded its opinion that the present minister's report generally indicated the wish of the administration to promote the happiness and material welfare of the people. In 1888 Lord Connemara, accompanied by

Captain Wingfield and myself, travelled through the country, and carefully inquired for himself into its condition, with the result that his Government congratulated his Highness the present Maharaja and his minister on a prosperous and successful year, and said no fear for the continued prosperity of the State need be entertained so long as its ruler and his minister were, as was shown by their wise and enlightened administration, heartily anxious for the public weal. The year 1889 was also one of continued progress and prosperity, the value of the registered trade of the country having touched 2,030,000*l.* as against 1,700,000*l.* in 1888. That education is not neglected is evidenced by the fact that 38 per cent. of boys and 8 per cent. of girls, of a school-going age, are actually going to school. These are high percentages for boys, and, in India, for girls. In reviewing the progress of the State in 1890 the Government of Madras congratulated the Maharaja and his able minister, Mr. Rama Row, on their increasing revenue and the improvements effected in public works, education, and judicial administration, and in the provision of medical aid for the people.

The great improvements effected in recent years in the condition of Travancore are due in no small measure to Raja Sir T. Madava Row, one of the most distinguished of its ministers, during whose terms of office every department of the administration was reformed and reorganised, while roads and canals were constructed in every direction. Sir Madava Row, whose recent decease all friends of India deplore, has found a worthy successor in his kinsman, the present Dewan, Mr. Rama Row, who labours with an honesty of purpose, which has made him some enemies among wrongdoers, to advance the prosperity of Travancore and the well-being of its people.

CHAPTER VII

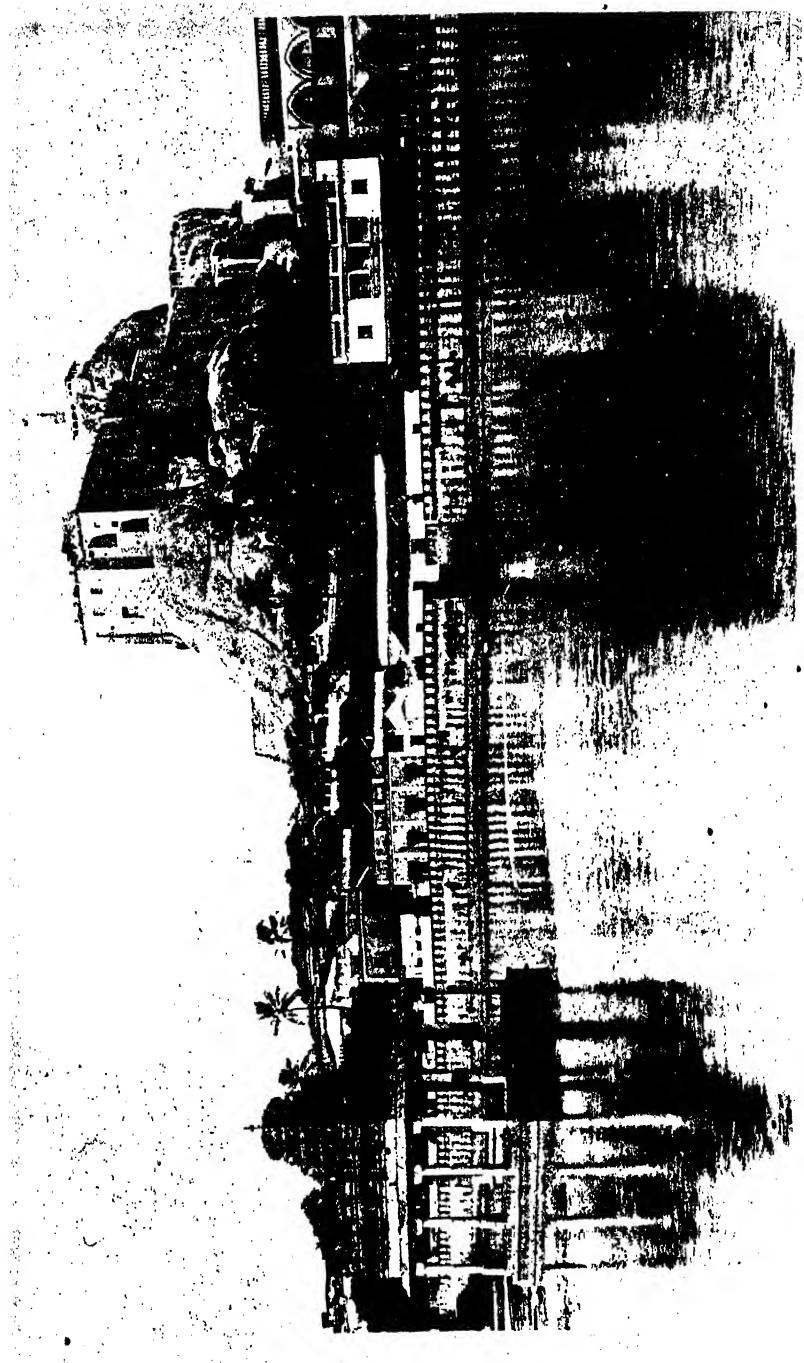
TRAVANCORE—MADRAS

It had been arranged that, after visiting Travancore, the Prince should see Trichinopoly on his return journey, and pay another short visit at Madras, before embarking for Burma.

A halt was accordingly made at Trichinopoly on the 11th of November—by an odd coincidence the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875—and a programme was drawn up, which included fourteen events in twelve hours. Immense crowds awaited the arrival of the train. The Prince alighted in a room hung with countless strings of oleander flowers of exquisite beauty, and the streets were thronged as he drove to the rock and the town of temples called Srirungum, situated on an island in the sacred river Cauvery. The rock of Trichinopoly is perhaps the most striking of all the natural forts or *droogs* with which nature has provided the south of India—forts which were well nigh impregnable before the use of ‘villainous saltpetre’ was brought to such a pitch of destructive perfection. Winding steps are cut in a rock, which rises upwards of 270 feet above the streets below, and the stone stairs pass through one temple sacred to Siva—

The god of the sensuous fire
That moulds all nature in forms divine—

and lead you to another, sacred to the divine remover of obstacles—commonly known, from the shape of his figure, as the Belly-God—on the top of the monolith mountain, whence a lovely view is obtained of the surrounding country. On either bank of the Cauvery, spread, as far as the eye can reach, green fields of rice and groves of palms, cocoa-nuts, and plantains glittering in the sun-light, while blue hills bound the range of vision on every side and melt away into the horizon. At our feet lies the town of Trichinopoly, and immediately below us the little artificial lake surrounded by stone steps, on the bank of which stands the house said to have been once occupied by Lord Clive, whose military genius first saw in this fort the key to the Carnatic. A little farther on the towers of Srirungum rise from the forest of cocoa-nut trees, which thickly clothe the sacred isle, whither our route lay on descending the rock. In Madura, the temple is the centre of the town, but in Srirungum the temples are the town. The street, as you pass down it, merges into a corridor, which is the entrance to a temple, and a few more steps land you in a thousand-pillared hall. Meanwhile, buying and selling, talking and shouting, go on just as they did in the street outside. The womb of the temple, of course, you do not enter, but just outside it the treasures and jewels and the god's table service, consisting of a quantity of huge golden bowls, were spread for the Prince's inspection. There were aigrettes, and anklets, and gauntlets, encrusted with rubies, and emeralds, and diamonds, but the stones were uncut, and looked like glass that had been lately breathed upon, and the great golden



images of cows and peacocks, the silver cars, and the golden canopies, are all in fact of very moderate merit, and designed in the meretricious style of Hindu art, known in England chiefly by that hideous product called ‘swami jewellery.’ Most beautiful work is done in India. Alas! that so much that is far from beautiful should be encouraged by the bad taste of European patrons. A Hindu god looks well in a Hindu temple, but on an Englishwoman’s neck or wrist he is ludicrously out of place, and thoroughly exhausts, at her expense, even a divine appetite for vengeance.

As the world grows older, and communications increase, and distances are annihilated, the universe becomes one great market, and the cheapest products that will serve the purpose alone survive. The decline of particular arts and manufactures synchronises with the introduction of others which ultimately, at any rate, pay better than those which have been abandoned. At the same time, from an artistic point of view, it is impossible to look upon the establishment, for instance, of cotton-mills at Bangalore and Tinnevelly, as a compensation for the destruction of the lace manufactures of Madura, of the palampores of Trichinopoly, and of the ‘flowing water’ muslins of Masulipatam. In olden times in India, as in Japan before the Revolution, a famous artist or artisan was generally attached to a local chief, and maintained for life, while he fashioned some masterpiece, which might redound not less to his patron’s glory than to his own. At the present day we see the wood-carving and brasswork of Madura, the lacquer and inlaid work of Kurnool, and the beautiful mat manufactures of Tinnevelly, dying under our eyes; the few remaining manufacturers being maintained by orders given them

by individual Europeans. Southern India was once famous for carpets, but few worth having are now made outside the jails. Malignant magenta dyes replace the fast native colours, and it is now exceptional, even in an Indian house, to see an Indian-made carpet. The introduction of kerosene oil has put a stop to the manufacture of the branched Brazen candlesticks,—beautiful works of art, and a striking contrast to English lamps, which as a rule are only tolerable when entirely hidden by a silken shade. If Europeans in India, instead of forcing their own patterns and designs upon Indian artisans, would give them unfettered orders for those products in which they really excel, much might yet be accomplished; but to frequent want of taste must be added general want of money. The Hindu artisan is a slow workman, and time must be paid for; and Englishmen in India have less and less money to spend as every year goes by. Much of the decadence of art is due to what I have ventured to describe, somewhere else in this little book, as the cardinal sin of educationists in India—the omission of all that is Oriental from the curriculum laid down in Oriental schools for Oriental children. Mr. Natesa Sastri, an accomplished gentleman who has commendably Oriental leanings and is proud of them, has made the excellent suggestion that art associations and societies should be started in India, and that Government should aid such undertakings. He also suggests that influential native associations, which generally confine themselves to political reform, might with advantage give attention to this subject.

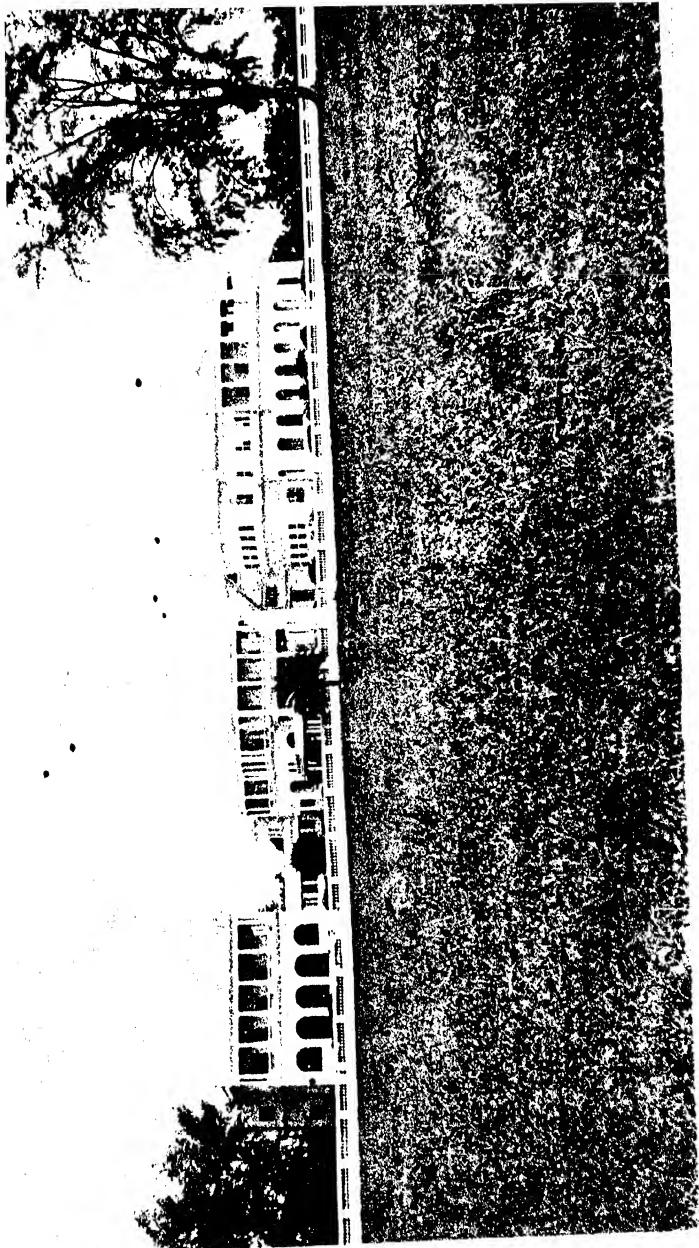
In the afternoon of the Trichinopoly day, Mr. Fawcett, the representative of Government there, gave a garden party, one of the features of which was a talc and tinsel palace, in

gorgeous colours. The Tondiman, or Raja of Puthucotta, was present. This Prince is the descendant of a chief who materially helped the English, under Clive and Lawrence, in their early struggles with the French. In recognition of his aid a large measure of independence has always been allowed to the Puthucotta State, which, during the minority of the Raja, is now most efficiently administered by the Dewan Regent, Sir Shashia Shastri, C.S.I., one of the very ablest of the band of native statesmen who have gone forth from Madras, that *officina proconsulum*, to govern Native States all over India. The area of Puthucotta amounts to 1,100 square miles, and it is situated in the centre of the Maravar and Kallar country, the inhabitants of which were tribes of hereditary robbers till British rule rendered their profession contraband. To enable the law to deal adequately with such an exceptional state of affairs, a special and technical offence, punishable with extraordinary penalties, has been created. It is called ‘Dacoity,’ that is to say, robbery accompanied with violence, committed by more than five persons, in pursuance of a common aim.

Though good administration and severe punishments have reduced the occurrence of this serious crime to a minimum, the spirit that inspires such deeds is not dead but dormant. It would revive in a moment, as it did all over Burma, were the bonds of law and order relaxed. Human nature is ever paradoxical, but surely Hindu human nature is a paradox of paradoxes. I know the Maravar well, and have lived in his country for upwards of two years. He is an excellent fellow and a good sportsman, fond of shooting and hawking, good tempered, manly, and, as I have found him, endowed with a

positive preference for truth. But once let a band of Maravars, animated with a common purpose, start on a plundering expedition, and they become fiends incarnate. Rape, murder and torture are ordinary incidents of their outing. They will cut off a woman's finger, or tear off her ear, rather than wait to remove the ring. They will wrap oiled cloths around her tender hands, and set fire to them in the hope of extracting, from intolerable torture, information as to the whereabouts of treasure. A Maravar who came to me with a complaint one day, was shot dead, within sight of my tent, by the opposite faction who resented an appeal to an outsider! For this outrage, however, they paid dearly, and the capture and subsequent execution of the ringleaders of the gang are now sung in a local epic in the Tinnevelly district, the leader being treated as a hero, while great glory is given to myself for having overcome him! Not long since, after a visit to the great irrigation works of the Godâveri, I had occasion to mention that Sir Arthur Cotton, who was chiefly concerned in their construction, was almost *worshipped* by the people. And here is another instance how any event the least out of the common seizes on the Hindu imagination and is commemorated in their folklore. I have continually heard lyrics sung in Tinnevelly in honour of Mr. Puckle, who left it only the other day, but is fast becoming a mythological character. Before anything strong and masterful the Asiatics are ready to bow down and worship, but everything weak and wavering they at once despise. Now, if Mr. Puckle was known to want anything done, the people of Tinnevelly always volunteered to do it.

On our return from the south we found the Governor in



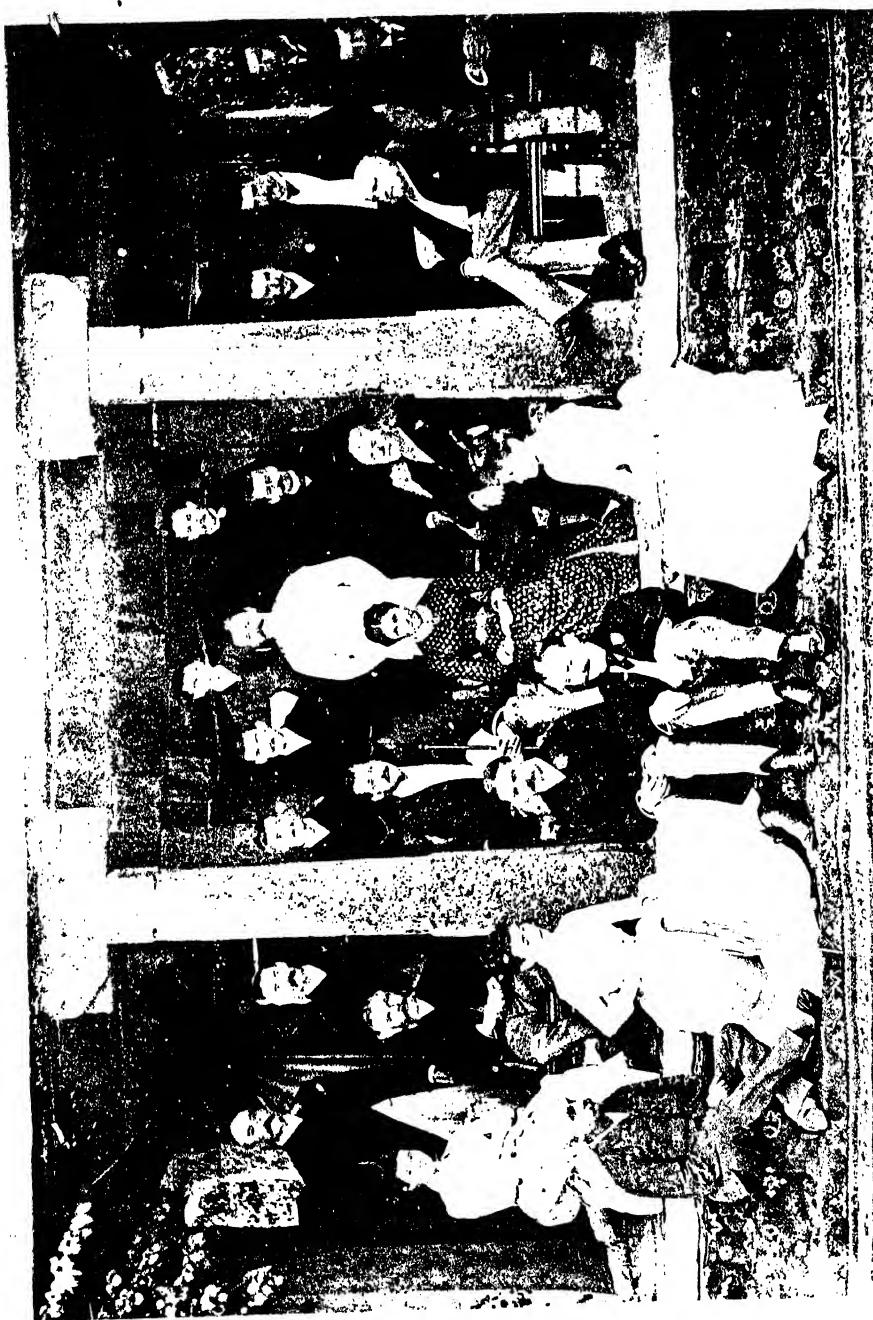
residence at Guindy Park. This charming house is situated at a distance of seven miles from Madras. It consists of three garden houses, each of two storeys, connected by corridors so arranged that every breath of air that stirs comes through the open verandahs and into the spacious rooms. The walls of this airy palace are faced with a material compounded of mortar and sea-shells, locally known as chunam. It takes a very high polish, and in a clear atmosphere untainted by smoke maintains the most perfect whiteness, a purity equal to that of the Pearl mosque at Delhi, and infinitely greater than that of the Duomo at Milan, or the Taj at Agra. It is the whitest house in the world. The gardens abound with endless varieties of beautiful creepers, bignonia, thumbergias of many sorts, yellow allamandas, pink antigonum, passion flowers, clematis, stephanotis, and blazes of bougainvillier.

Beyond the lawns, across a terrace and sunken ditch, stretches a spacious park of five miles and three-quarters in circumference, well wooded, and rather overstocked with spotted deer and antelope, and also containing hares, quail and snipe. The late Mr. Adam, whose death after a short residence of six months among them was so much regretted by the people of Madras, used to say, ‘you have a charming house, out of which you can walk and shoot snipe; you have a swimming-bath outside your door, a racecourse at your gates, and a pack of foxhounds meets close to you twice a week. What more can a man want?’ In fact, Guindy is an ideal residence—for six weeks in the year *bien entendu*. For a longer period one cannot commend a climate which saps the strength and sicklies everything o'er with the pale cast of enervating languor.

At Guindy, under the Governor's hospitable roof, were gathered together, to meet his Royal Highness, the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, better known in India as 'Lord William's mother,' Sir Charles and Lady Arbuthnot, Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, Lord Claud Hamilton, and others.

In the evening the town was illuminated, and the Governor drove the Prince some eight miles, across the river Adyar and past the temple of Mylapore, a place of some note in ecclesiastical history, and now the headquarters of one of the three Bishoprics, nominations to which are reserved to the king of Portugal under the recent Concordat entered into with the Pope. The ancient church of St. Thomas is believed to have been at the Little Mount, but whether 'Messer St. Thomas the apostle,' as Marco Polo calls him, met his death there, or at Mylapore, is doubtful. The Venetian traveller says, 'an idolater of the country, having gone with his bow and arrow to shoot peafowl, not seeing the Saint, let fly an arrow at a peacock, and this arrow struck the holy man in the right side, insomuch that he died of the wound, sweetly addressing himself to his Creator.' Sir H. Yule appears to be of opinion that this happened at Mylapore, or Peacock's Town, and not at the Little Mount.

The trustees of the old Hindu temple are all men of mark. One of them is Raja Sir T. Madava Row, K.C.S.I., erewhile Minister of Travancore, Indore and Baroda—a native statesman of whom the Madras Presidency may well be proud, and one whose views and opinions on Indian subjects carry equal weight in England and in India. The complete accord in which Sir Madava Row has ever been with men of light and leading in Madras, has of late been somewhat broken on



account of his having disapproved the scheme drawn up by the Madras Congress Committee, for the introduction of representative institutions into India. Sir Madava is entirely content with Lord Cross's bill, and thinks that the proposed increases to the existing Councils, the right to put questions, and the right of discussion of the budgets, are most important concessions. The scheme drawn up by the Madras Standing Congress Committee in May 1889, was virtually adopted by the fifth Indian National Congress, which met at Bombay. It provided that the Legislative Councils of the Government of India, and of Local Governments, should consist of a number of members largely in excess of those of the present Councils, not less than half of whom should be elected. It provided that all male British subjects above twenty-one years of age should, subject to certain conditions, have votes, and that representatives, at the rate of twelve per million, should be elected by these voters to an electoral body, which body in turn should elect members to the Legislative Council of the Government of India, at the rate of one per five millions of the population, and to their own Provincial Legislatures at the rate of one per million of the said population, certain provisions being made for the due representation of minorities. All elections were to be by ballot. The Indian National Congress, then following the lead of the Madras Standing Committee, unanimously rejected the provision of Mr. Bradlaugh's bill, that the electorate should consist of representatives of Municipalities, Local Boards, Chambers of Commerce, and other such associations. The Madras Committee considered the question of the constitution of the electorate one of principle, and held that the electorate proposed by Mr.

Bradlaugh was not popular, nor, in the main, elected ; further, that it was subject to undue influence and, in certain cases, even to extinction at the hands of the executive Government. In an able report on Mr. Bradlaugh's bill, the Madras Committee explained that his proposed electorate, which originated with the Calcutta branch of the Congress, would naturally be preferred by Europeans and the European Press, inasmuch as it would place the power, nominally conceded, in the hands of bodies of men apparently independent, but virtually in the hands of Government. Sir Madava Row, in his recently published 'Political Opinions,' says :

Several European politicians express approval of the National Congress, but most of these approvals may be of the polite or cursory sort ;

and, referring to Mr. Bradlaugh's draft as one more likely to be accepted than that of the Madras Committee, he counsels the acceptance of any measure which would make the Legislative Councils better than they are at present. He advises the Congress not to endeavour to explain away the abstention of Mahomedans and Parsees from the movement, and not to assert that all India is panting for what the Congress wants. At the same time, he wholly approves of the extension of the Legislative Councils, and of the discussion of budgets by such extended Councils. Criticising Lord Cross's bill, Sir Madava said :

I do not care much about the non-concession of popular election, because careful observation and experience convince me that popular extension at present would have ensured the failure of the extended Councils, whereas nomination would probably be their success. Non-representation is better than misrepresentation, and who is to represent

the mute millions of India? I put the question earnestly and emphatically, and not without grave anxiety in relation to the solid interest of the great majority. There is reason to fear that they will not be adequately or faithfully represented by those few abnormally developed natives who clamour to enter those Councils. It seems to me that the real protection of the mute millions in respect of their religion, morals, education, industry, property, social and civil usages, and economical interests must mainly devolve on the general (that is, non-elected) members of those Councils, and on the Government as a whole. It is an immense and awful responsibility. I trust it will be borne honourably and beneficially, as it has hitherto been.

The great majority of the people who retain their religious beliefs and social usages would decidedly prefer their *non-representation*, to their *mis-representation* by those who have given up those beliefs and those usages.

Sir Madava Row concluded his most interesting little volume, which should be widely known and studied, by an eloquent eulogy on British Administration, as compared with its predecessors in India. His secession was a serious blow to the Madras Congress Committee, the more particularly because his independence and honesty of opinion *vis à vis* of the Government, were known and recognised by all, as was the fact that, at his age and in his position, he had nothing to hope, and nothing to wish for, at the hands of the Government. By his recent death India and England have been deprived of an honest friend and a fearless critic. His place will not readily be filled again. Reformers who, in spite of the recent weighty and statesman-like utterances of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, are not unwilling to introduce modified representation into India, should take counsel with those who know the country, and should ascertain the opinions of men who are familiar with the agriculturist, who knows and

cares nothing about Legislative Councils, and would consider the franchise a hardship and nuisance. Such reformers should consult those who have had some experience of the mercantile classes, who are indifferently educated and take no sort of interest in politics. And they should know the views of those who have had dealings with the working classes, the most illiterate of all, who are absolutely incapable of comprehending what the franchise is, and would look upon its grant as an elaborate piece of mockery perpetrated by an absolute Government. The lawyers, officials and schoolmasters—and of these classes the Congress Committees are composed—are, in fact, those who are least interested in the stability of the Government of the country, and who have the smallest stake in it. I have quoted Sir Madava Row's opinion, that the masses would rather be non-represented than misrepresented by men who, whether for good or for bad, have given up those beliefs and usages, which are their own household gods. An Indian official, who held one of the highest appointments in the country, said that the substance of all the petitions he had ever received might be abstracted in three words: *takus maaf karo*, that is to say, remit the taxes; and if any candidate could persuade any electorate that he would bring about such exemption, he would doubtless beat any other candidate, irrespective of any other consideration. Congress petitions have been largely signed, and Congress meetings have been largely attended by cultivators, under the impression that such petitions and meetings solely tended to the abolition of taxes. A Government official myself, I cannot assert that Governments have always been happy in their nominations, but of late years, broader and more liberal principles have prevailed,

and, generally speaking, the nominees of Government on the Legislative Councils are now in every respect representative men. If there is any class which is over-represented, it is that which fills the ranks of the Congress committees—a class which Sir Madava Row says misrepresents the masses of the people. As a proof of the soundness of Sir Madava's views I would mention that I think that two bills only have originated with non-official Hindu members of the Madras Legislative Council. At any rate, I know that such members have introduced two bills recently, one to 'provide a form of marriage' for the inhabitants of Malabar, who have possessed one since the world was young, another to introduce a radical change into the system of Hindu inheritance. The first of these bills certainly is, the second probably will, if persevered with, prove to be, extremely unpopular with the Hindu community.

Another trustee of the Mylapore temple is Mr. Justice Muthuswami Iyer, C.I.E., the first Native who was appointed a High Court Judge in India, not more distinguished for his ability as a lawyer than for a command of English possessed by few of the English themselves. Mr. Justice Muthuswami's judgments are drawn up in a style that recalls those written in the days of Lord Eldon, before the storm and stress of ever-increasing judicial labour had brought about a divorce between literary elegance and law. The third trustee is Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Row, who twice has administered the State of Indore for Maharaja Holkar, and now chiefly concerns himself with promoting widow re-marriage and other reforms.

A passing word on this subject may be allowed to one who has studied it with great interest, and endeavoured to ascer-

tain what the feeling of the people really is on the subject. In the first place, early marriages and prohibition of the remarriage of widows are by no means universal customs, as is too generally supposed. In Madras it is confined to a comparatively small proportion, say 20 per cent., of the gross population, viz., the Brahmins and those who follow Brahminical customs. In Bengal and the North-Western Province a larger, but in the Punjab a lesser proportion, I believe, follow this practice. At the same time it must be allowed that these customs are looked on as meritorious, and that those who are rich, and aspire to raise their social position, are ever prone to adopt them. But is there any proof that the resulting evils are as great as they are represented? The movement for widow remarriage was started at Rajahmundry, but on a recent visit to that enlightened town I made every inquiry I could, and carried away the impression that the people did not support the movement, and regarded its promoter with suspicion, if not dislike. Nowhere in the Madras Presidency have I found any earnest or widespread desire for such a change except among a few individuals in Madras itself, and it must ever be remembered that the 450,000 people of Madras do not represent the 35,600,000 living in the Presidency, as the 3,800,000 of London do the 35,000,000 of the United Kingdom; if, indeed, London does represent them, for we have frequent proof that, politically at any rate, it does not.

Everywhere from English men and women you will hear that the Hindu widow is habitually ill-treated, that woman generally occupies a degraded position in a Hindu house. As to the treatment of the widow, no doubt her lot is in some respects a hard one, but her hardships, I believe, as the result

of patient inquiry and not of ready assertion, are habitually and grossly exaggerated. As to women generally occupying a degraded position, it is absolutely untrue and contrary to all reason. Why should the Hindu, who is admitted by all who know him to be a good father, good son, and good husband, be unkind to his daughter, his mother and his wife? The fact is that he is admirable in all the domestic relations of life, and that woman has her full share of influence in a Hindu house, is satisfied with her lot, and would consign all reformers to the crows. Under the present system every girl gets married, and, again as the result of inquiry and not of assertion, I believe that Hindu marriages on the whole turn out as well as those of Europeans. I am far indeed from subscribing to the doctrines of the Kreutzer Sonata, but who will deny that the results of the earnest and anxious choice of parents among their own relations and caste-fellows are likely to turn out more satisfactory than those of the hasty unions of strangers, in which, from the very necessity of the case, the eye and the heart, for a season, overrule the judgment and the head? Who shall compare the marriages of the ordinary crowd with the rare unions of choice spirits? Mrs. Fawcett has accused me, in the 'Contemporary Review,' of advising Hindu women to try their husbands, as if a husband were oleo-margarine, or tenpenny claret. I acknowledge the wit and reason of her criticism, in this behalf, of my recent article on meddling with Hindu marriages published in the 'Nineteenth Century' for last October. But I must rejoin, that those Hindu women who do try to live with their husbands generally succeed in hitting off a working compromise, and I do believe that the less romantic love runs riot in a Hindu home the better. It is

different in the bountiful isles of the West, where generations of culture, a temperate climate, and Christian chivalry have produced the perfect woman, of which type every Englishman may hope to meet one example in his life. It is believed, however, that in fact English maidens, more or less approximating to this type, are not unusually to some extent guided by their parents' wishes in regard to the most important event of their lives. However that may be, my clients have feet of clay; and it is well for them, in the circumstances in which they find themselves, that they should carry out engagements solemnly made on their behalf by their lawful guardians.

Again, is it true that girls undertake the duties of domesticity and maternity at so unripe an age as is represented? My inquiries show that those who marry young do not, as a rule, in Southern India, join their husbands before the age of fourteen or fifteen. In Northern India they often go to their husband's homes earlier, but consummation, it is believed, very rarely takes place until that age. Occasionally we hear of some case of brutality; one or two have lately come to light, and immediately following the last an agitation is set on foot to raise the age of consent in the case of wives, but what are laws without morals, and what law can restrain an unbridled brute of a husband in this behalf? Now, in England, girls marry at eighteen, some at sixteen, and among the peasantry they marry, I believe, earlier than in the middle and upper classes. 'The cold in clime are cold in blood,' but in India a girl of fourteen is as much grown up as an English girl of eighteen years. We hear a great deal of the head-shaving question, and it is sad to see a young woman shorn of her raven tresses. But if the local law of womankind sanctions

and prescribes this, why interfere? We shall hear next of an attempt to prevent Japanese ladies from blackening their teeth, or Chinese women from squeezing their feet. It is said that pressure is brought to bear on the younger widows. Moral pressure no doubt is, and it will be a bad day when moral pressure counts for nothing with young girls, be they wives or widows, English or Hindu.

I hope the census, which has just been held, will assist in showing with what intemperate exaggeration the whole question has been treated, and to what extent the evils, to which the reformers call attention, granting that they are evils, do really exist. Meanwhile, the Madras newspapers complain that the reformers themselves at the metropolis cannot be got together to discuss the question, in which they are—and of course the country is—so interested.

- Looking at the native newspapers for the last week, I see the majority in Bengal and Bombay are averse to any change in the marriage laws, and protest against legislation. The ‘Mahratta’ says :

That irrepressible reformer, Mr. Malabari, is again to the front. The London ‘Times,’ as was to be expected, has lent its helping hand, and coolly assures us that a stigma rests on the fair name of British rule in consequence of the inaction of the Government of India. This shows once more how foreigners, however wide their experience, and however broad their sympathies, are, from the very circumstances of their position, incapable of gaining a true insight into our domestic economy.

I quote the ‘Mahratta,’ because it is the exponent of the views and opinions of the educated classes of the Deccan. As to the London ‘Times,’ it has climbed down very considerably, but its earlier leading articles exhibited a deplorable lack of

appreciation of the difficulties attending any legislative interference with the marriage laws of India, and of the great danger that results from taking seriously the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.

Leaving the three trustees and their temple, the procession passed on to the Victoria Public Hall, where nautch girls entertained his Royal Highness. Now that every other person you meet has either just come back from, or is just starting for, India, time and type would be wasted in describing a nautch.

Next day, the Prince again went snipe-shooting to Chingleput, where the party, consisting of three guns, accounted for fifty-three couple, and in the evening five hundred guests were asked by the Governor to meet his Royal Highness at a ball at Guindy Park. I have already attempted to describe this beautiful house, but to see it aright you must visit it as the Governor's guests did that night, 'by the pale moonlight.' Then the house looks a marvel of airy architectural purity, and the lawns and gardens discover new beauties in the soft uncertain light.

On Saturday, the Prince received a private visit from the Prince of Arcot, which he returned the same day. The Prince of Arcot is the representative of the Nawabs of the Carnatic who were lieutenants of the Nizam, just as the Nizam was the lieutenant of the Great Mogul—lieutenants who became, however, more or less independent of their master, as he did of his. In the beginning of the century, Lord Wellesley deprived the Nawab of the Carnatic of his independence, as a punishment for having assisted Tippoo Sultan in his hostilities with the English. In 1872 the title of Amir-i-Arcot was bestowed

on the family in lieu of that of Nawab of the Carnatic. The sanad, or grant, translates the title ‘Amir-i-Arcot, that is to say Prince of Arcot.’ Now, Amir is an Arabic word meaning ‘noble.’ It is the title of the ruler of Afghanistan, and in Walter Scott’s novels every Arab (or Saracen) Chief is called Emir, that is Amir. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that a wholly unnecessary and very unsuccessful attempt was made to translate the title into English, which has resulted in the use, in the case of the Amir of Arcot, of a title not used by the English, except in the case of the heir to the throne.

After returning the Amir of Arcot’s visit the Prince proceeded to the Leper Hospital. His Royal Highness, like his illustrious father, takes a great interest in these institutions, and made a point of visiting them. Of the 168 inmates of the Madras hospital, thirty-two were Europeans. The unfortunate inmates sang the national anthem, and seemed much gratified by the visit. The Madras Government has been constant in endeavours to improve the condition of the lepers at Cochin and Madras, and the Roman Catholic and Protestant chaplains have spared no pains and sympathy to alleviate their sad lot. It has, however, I venture to think, been too hastily taken for granted, so far as India is concerned, that this dread disease is on the increase. During the last few months, in the many contributions on the subject to periodical literature, a general increase is assumed. Whatever may be the case in Scandinavia and the South Pacific, there is no proof of other than the normal conditions in India. Such statistics as are available show no doubt that there have been more admissions than formerly into Government hospitals, but this can be explained by the greater interest and sympathy exhibited in

regard to lepers, and by the fact that greater care, naturally leading to an increase in their numbers, is, in consequence of the movement started by the Prince of Wales, now bestowed on inmates of our hospitals. Possibly, the increase in the numbers of lepers within hospitals may coincide with a decrease in the number of sufferers without, for if the disease is contagious, as is widely but not universally held, it must be the more propagated in proportion as more of those affected by it are at large. In Madras the hospital possesses gardens and lawns for gardening and exercise, the lepers have animal pets, and are provided with books and musical instruments. The local paper with unconscious irreverence states that their religious scruples are respected, ‘the Hindus having a Swami house containing deities, drums, and other necessaries; the Catholics, a nice chapel in which are a reredos, a picture of the Blessed Virgin and candlesticks; while the members of the Church of England are provided with a nice chancel and a harmonium.’ The ‘Madras Times,’ reviewing the native press on the subject, says, ‘there appears among the leading native papers to be more disposition to commend the moderation of the Government’s proposals, than to accuse the authorities of half-heartedness.’ This refers to the determination of the Government of India to await the results of further investigation before taking legislative action to bring about the compulsory segregation of lepers. Meanwhile, the Government of Bombay, taking advantage of a local enactment, has grasped the nettle, and no one interested in this painful subject should omit to visit the Leper Hospital without the city, where I think as many as two hundred unfortunates are most carefully tended and comfortably housed by the solicitous regard of

Lord Harris, and are prevented from mixing with their fellow creatures, who have escaped the curse which has fallen upon themselves.

Saturday, December 14, the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice, was spent by Prince Albert Victor in retirement at Guindy.

Sunday was devoted to church, and to a drive on the magnificent Marina, which, with the Chepauk Park and other improvements which have transformed the foreshore, Madras owes to her late Governor, Sir Mounstuart Grant Duff, and his lieutenant, General Sankey.

It is doubtful if there is a finer Marina in the world than this, which stretches from the picturesque and ancient Portuguese village of St. Thomé, past the old palace of the Nawabs of the Carnatic, a beautiful building restored by Lord Napier and Ettrick, past other modern and less beautiful edifices, to Fort St. George. Beyond comes the new High Court now in course of erection, the offices of Messrs. Arbuthnot, and other great merchants of the city, and then the harbour, whence, on the morning of Monday, December 16, his Royal Highness embarked for Burma after a visit too brief to satisfy his hosts, but not too brief, they hope, to have convinced him of the pleasure it gave the Governor, and the people of the Presidency, to entertain the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, whose visit is yet well remembered, and the eldest grandson of the Sovereign.

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